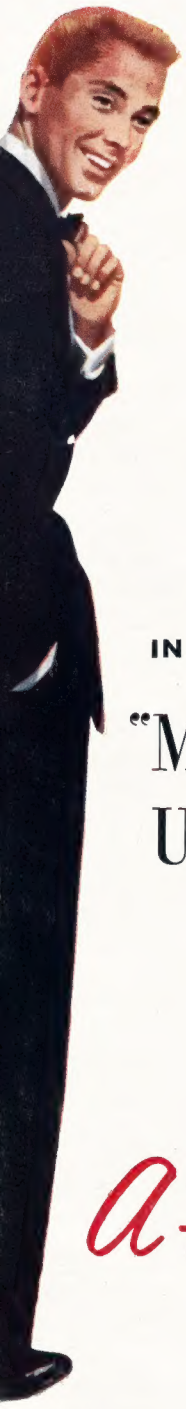
DECEMBER • 35 CENTS

Redbook

The Magazine for YOUNG ADULTS



Martin and Lewis:

How Long Will $6,000,000 a Year Hold Them Together?

IN REDBOOK'S MARRIAGE CLINIC:

"My Parents Support Us-And I Hate It!"

A Holiday Fiction Bonus:

4 HEART-WARMING SHORT SHORT STORIES

Deliciously yours!

P.S. Isn't it a pleasant surprise how much more delicious food tastes when you serve it attractively? The deep rich color of Hunt's Catsup helps the picture...but the real enjoyment comes from Hunt's spicy, tart-sweet flavor. Mmmmmmm...try it! Hunt--for the best.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Hunt Foods, Inc., Fullerton, Calif.

Gently, almost reverently, her full red lips closed around the rim of hell! Sip by sip and slip by slip, she hit the depths!

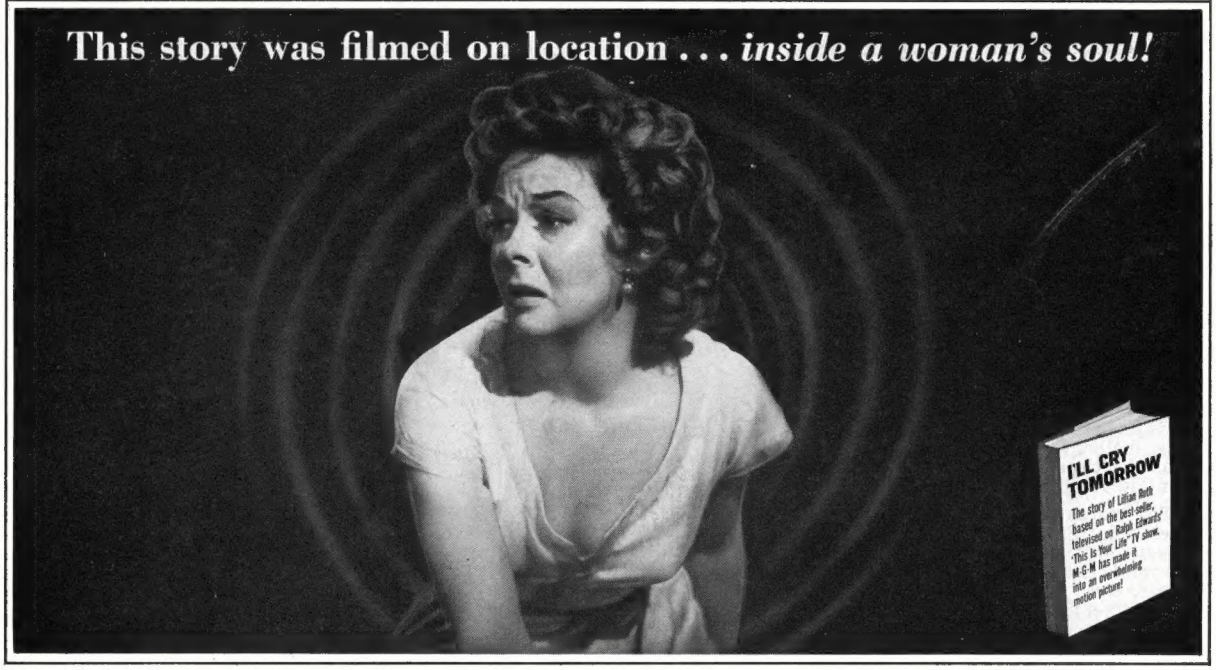
I'LL CRY TOMORROW

Millions wept unashamedly when they read Lillian Roth's frank revelations in the best-selling autobiography "I'll Cry Tomorrow". Now, in intimate detail, the story of her life is told on the screen—and it is a story of indomitable faith and courage you'll not soon forget. M-G-M has made it into a distinguished and inspiring motion picture!

She woke up one morning in a strange hotel room—not knowing where she had been—or whom she had married.

A fabulous star who became a personality before she became a person ... who almost had to die before she started living!

Susan Hayward tops her triumphant dramatic performance by singing the hits Lillian Roth made famous from Broadway to Hollywood!


This story was filmed on location ... *inside a woman's soul!*
I'LL CRY TOMORROW
The story of Lillian Roth based on the best-seller, televised on Ralph Edwards' 'This Is Your Life' TV show. M-G-M has made it into an overwhelming motion picture!

From M-G-M starring

SUSAN HAYWARD · RICHARD CONTE · EDDIE ALBERT · JO VAN FLEET
DON TAYLOR · RAY DANTON

SCREEN PLAY BY HELEN DEUTSCH and JAY RICHARD KENNEDY · DIRECTED BY DANIEL MANN · PRODUCED BY LAWRENCE WEINGARTEN

Based on the Book "I'LL CRY TOMORROW" by LILLIAN ROTH, MIKE CONNOLLY and GEROLD FRANK • An M-G-M Picture

Hear the songs in the M-G-M Records Album

PICTURE *of the Month*

Movie biographies have a tendency to be all sweetness and light. Especially is this true when the film is about a living person. Today we report that an electrifyingly frank motion picture has been made of "I'll Cry Tomorrow"—the story of Lillian Roth.

Miss Roth's book was so unsparing of herself that it turned into a gripping volume that topped best sellers. Now, it is an M-G-M film of the same title and with even greater impact!

Often shocking, ultimately inspiring, always fascinating, it stars Susan Hayward as the famed singer who was sitting on top of the entertainment world till she reached for her first drink. The Hayward performance is simply wonderful. Her portrait of a star from Broadway's bright lights to the blackouts on Skid Row and back again is a stunning study of a girl whose strengths ran deeper than her sins.

You'll see the birth of a great new blues singer, too. For Miss Hayward does her own vocals of ballads and such to-be-belted-out songs as "Red Red Robin" and "Sing You Sinners."

Richard Conte etches a brilliant full-length, full-depth characterization of Tony Bardeman, the most frightening man that Lillian Roth met (or married) at the bottom of the bottle. Eddie Albert is superb as the man who had strength enough for two and gave Lillian a reason for living—himself. In the demanding role of Katie Roth, the stage-mother who traded her child's tender years for the will-of-wisp of stardom, Jo Van Fleet is infinitely compassionate.

Powerful as was the "This Is Your Life" telecast in which Lillian Roth bared her private life, the full story of "I'll Cry Tomorrow" cried out for filming. Now on the screen, truth was never more naked, triumph never more inspiring.

Producer Lawrence Weingarten, director Daniel Mann, scenarists Helen Deutsch and Jay Richard Kennedy, and studio M-G-M have magnificently made sure that "I'll Cry Tomorrow" will be remembered for many tomorrows.

★ ★ ★

M-G-M presents "I'LL CRY TOMORROW" starring SUSAN HAYWARD, Richard Conte, Eddie Albert, Jo Van Fleet, Don Taylor and Ray Danton. Screen Play by Helen Deutsch and Jay Richard Kennedy. Based on the Book "I'll Cry Tomorrow" by Lillian Roth, Mike Connolly and Gerold Frank. Directed by Daniel Mann. Produced by Lawrence Weingarten. An M-G-M Picture.

DECEMBER • 1955
VOL. 106 • NO. 2

Redbook THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG ADULTS

WINNER OF THE BENJAMIN FRANKLIN MAGAZINE AWARD FOR PUBLIC SERVICE ARTICLES

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COVER PAINTING BY JON WHITCOMB

The short stories and novel herein are fiction and are intended as such. They do not refer to real characters or actual events. If the name of any living person is used, it is a coincidence.

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WHAT'S NEW IN RECORDS

Christmas Bargains

BY CARLTON BROWN

● **For those** on your Christmas list who are building classical record collections, you'll find many fine gift ideas in the leading lines of low-priced LPs. Though the reissues are derived from masters made before the introduction of improved recording techniques of recent years, they have been treated to rejuvenating processes that give them greater clarity and fullness of tone than they had on the original 78-rpm disks.

RCA-Victor's Camden series now numbers more than 150 titles, all reissues of best-selling Red Seal and popular disks, (such as Dvorak's "New World" Symphony performed by Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra under the alias of the Warwick Symphony) at $1.98 per 12-inch LP. Camden's albums of six records each, at $10.98 for a boxed set, are splendid introductory anthologies of opera, ballet music and symphonies.

Among the attractive new performances on RCA-Bluebird singles ($2.98) are Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 5, by MacMillan and the Toronto Symphony; Schubert's Symphony No. 9, by Barbirolli and the Halle Symphony; Tchaikovsky's "Swan Lake," by Robert Irving and the Philharmonia; Liszt's "Les Preludes" and Hungarian Rhapsodies Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 6, by Rudolf Schwartz and the Philharmonia, and Sibelius' Symphony No. 2, by Barbirolli and the Halle Symphony.

What makes the low-priced LPs especially attractive as presents is that you can wrap up two or three of them for the price of a single standard release. Columbia's Entré has a handsomely boxed three-disk album of Rossini's comic opera, "The Barber of Seville," sung by Caspir, Stracciari, Baccaloni and Borgioli with chorus and orchestra of La Scala, Milan, for $5.94. Another Entré set of three disks is devoted to Bach's six Brandenburg Concertos, by a distinguished group under Fritz Reiner.

Recommended Remington singles ($1.95) are Prokofiev's Piano Concerto No. 2, by Jorge Bolet, pianist; also Gershwin's Concerto in F, by Alec Templeton, pianist, both recordings with Thor Johnson and the Cincinnati Symphony; Tchaikovsky's Piano Concerto No. 1, by Conrad Hansen, pianist, and the Rias Symphony; "Flamenco," by Carlos Montoya, guitar, and Lydia Ibarrondo, mezzo-soprano, and Offenbach's "Gaité Parisienne," by the Rias Symphony.

"I HAVE THE NICEST HUSBAND"

Many a man would like to hear his wife say that. So here's a tip.

Get her one of those new kitchen telephones that hang

on the wall. Convenience is just the half of it. She'll be so proud!

It will be a conversation piece in more ways than one.

Especially if it's in color.

Bell Telephone System

THE XMAS GIFT THAT RINGS A BELL. For mother, daughter, dad or son, a telephone in the kitchen, bedroom or hobby room is a swell Christmas gift... one that keeps on giving the whole year through.

BETWEEN THE LINES

● Even if we were feeling glum around here, we'd still wish you a merry Christmas. Matter of course. From all of us who work at REDBOOK to all of you who read it. However, we're most *un*glum. We are downright merry and thankful. This has been a good year. Now, in its 53rd year, our magazine has more readers than ever before. (Thanks to you!) It seems likely to have made the largest gain in newsstand sales of all the major magazines. It won new advertising friends. (Thanks to you again, because advertisers are forever counting readers' noses.) It won the Benjamin Franklin Gold Medal Award for Public Service for "the most distinguished and meritorious service by an American magazine of general circulation." This being the season to count one's blessings, REDBOOK is counting its — right in public.

● Speaking about this particular issue, we have a blessing in the form of an article by Le Nell Webb on page 32. She is *not* a professional writer. Saying that doesn't imply that she is lacking in the words and skills possessed by those who make a living at writing. However, you will find that she taps a very deep well of emotion simply because she is writing about a subject close to her heart.

Le Nell Webb, a young housewife and mother who wrote from her heart.

Her moving article is called "The Healing of Sharon Webb." Sharon is Mrs. Webb's little daughter, who was born with a defect in her hip joint which threatened to make it impossible for her ever to walk. While Sharon was undergoing the ordeal of seemingly endless treatment (which the doctors felt had only a small chance of success), the despairing mother made a promise to God. She vowed that if the child was cured, she would write the story of the experience in which faith played such an important part.

What's going on in the Webb domicile these days, now that Sharon's healing is complete? The washer, the drier and the ironer, primarily, because all the three kids, Sharon included, are running fast in pursuit of their special delights. Transplanted Texans, they live in California where the father of the family, Jim, is a captain in the regular Air Force. "I don't know what bits of our existence would interest your readers," Mrs. Webb said. "It's all pretty ordinary, but so are we." Ordinary? Well, you'll be the judge after reading about them.

When we first told Mrs. Webb that we were moved by what she had written and that we wanted to publish it, we asked her to clarify a few passages in the article. One of the points we raised was the unusual phrasing of the daily prayer which came into being at the first sign of Sharon's healing: ". . . thank You, for making the bone to grow . . ." "Was that *really* the way they prayed?" we asked. She replied: "I can't change the wording of the prayer. We did say 'making the bone *to* grow' and we still do. There was no bone in the beginning — it had *to* grow. I've tried to follow REDBOOK's advice everywhere else, but the prayer must be written the way we say it."

So be it, and we're awfully glad to have her, and Sharon, in our Christmas issue.——W.B.H.

COMING NEXT MONTH:

What Your Doctor Should Charge— Compare your own bills with the first reliable lists of medical fees ever published

HOW MANY CHRISTMAS SONGS DO YOU KNOW?

● Answer each question with a song title and give yourself 10 points for each one you get right. Score 100 and you are right in tune with Christmas. Score 60, still in key. Score 40, slightly off pitch. Score 20, flat. Score 10, how are you at Scrabble?

	SCORE
1. Why are the kids excited?	
2. Give the exact name of an animal with a W. C. Fields proboscis.	
3. Lets hitch up the horses and go on one.	
4. A decorator's holiday order.	
5. A wish for Christmas weather.	
6. These are always an important part of Song #3.	
7. A country known only to children.	
8. What are you dreaming of at this time of the year?	
9. Describe Switzerland at Christmastime.	
10. What would you like to read in a telegram delivered on December 24th from a loved one far away?	

ANSWERS ON PAGE 90

This Christmas song quiz is based on the repertory of currently performed musical works maintained by the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers (ASCAP).

NEW MUM MIST PROTECTS EVEN THE 2 IN 5 WHO PERSPIRE FREELY

Here's deodorant protection you never thought possible!

New Mum Mist spray deodorant *stops perspiration instantly and for hours.* Contains miracle hexachlorophene to *prevent odor all day long*—even if you are one of the 2 in 5 who perspire freely.

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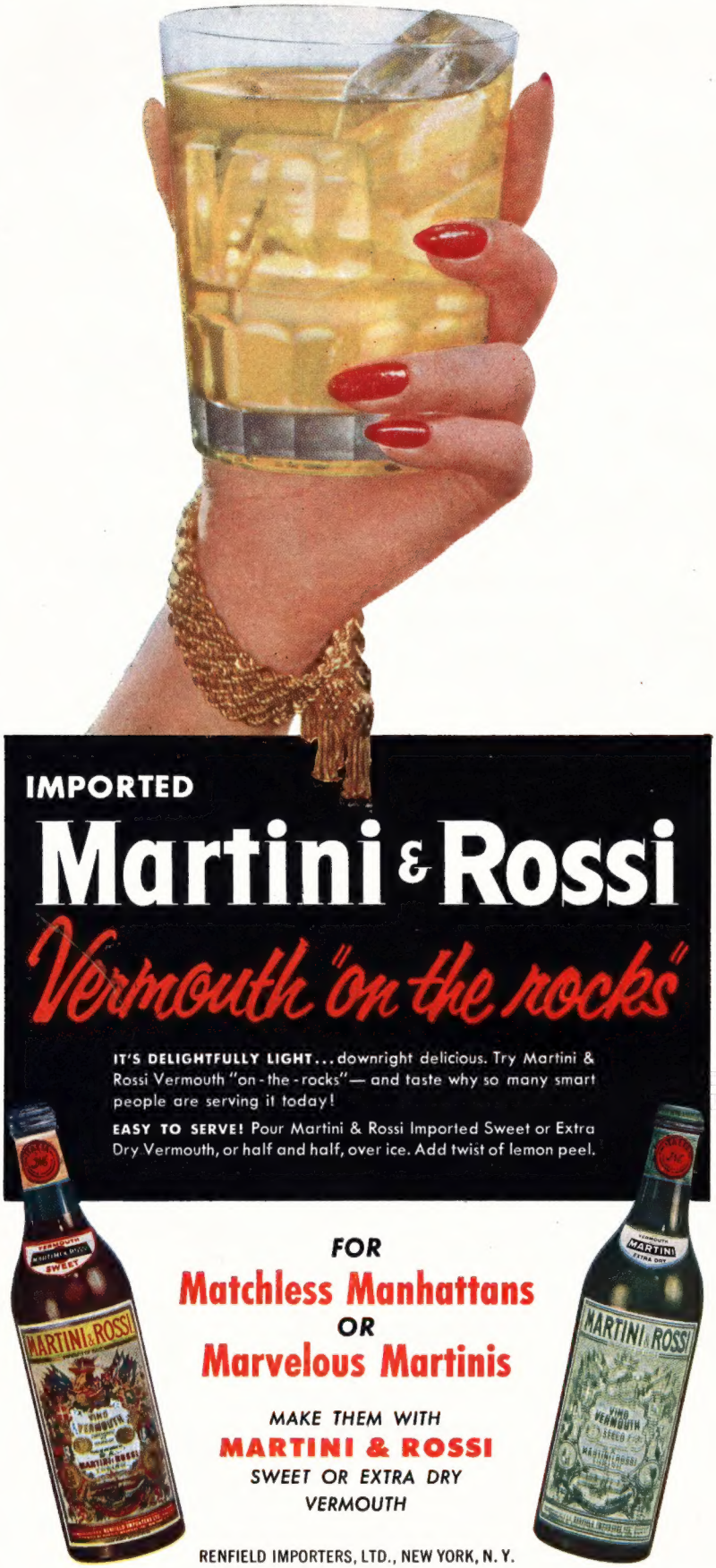
with hexachlorophene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EASY TO SERVE! Pour Martini & Rossi Imported Sweet or Extra Dry Vermouth, or half and half, over ice. Add twist of lemon peel.
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OR
Marvelous Martinis
MAKE THEM WITH
MARTINI & ROSSI
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VERMOUTH
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Lillian Roth ***(Susan Hayward) in her***

"GUYS

● Count on Mr. Goldwyn to create excitement for whatever he does. He not only bought one of Broadway's finest properties, "Guys and Dolls," based on Damon Runyon's stories, but he gave it unusual casting. Marlon Brando has his first singing and dancing role as *Sky Masterson*, a gambler who will bet on anything. Jean Simmons is *Sarah Brown*, a plain Salvation Army lass who goes berserk in an Havana nightclub, thereby giving Jean one of her best scenes. Frank Sinatra is the perfect choice for *Nathan Detroit*, owner of the oldest floating crap game in New York. Vivian Blaine and others who created wonderful Runyon characters on the stage are also in the cast.

More songs have been added to the Frank Loesser score and a new group of Goldwyn Girls assembled, making this a hit show for the eye and ear. *(MGM release)*

first movie role, and, later, as an alcoholic victim.

"I'LL CRY TOMORROW"

Hollywood discovers a thrilling new singer among its stars—Susan Hayward

● Already one of Hollywood's greatest box-office attractions by virtue of her beauty and acting ability, Susan Hayward has started a new career for herself—she is a very fine singer. As *Jane Froman* in "With a Song in My Heart," Susan only mouthed the words to Jane's singing. But as *Lillian Roth* in "I'll Cry Tomorrow," she puts across the tunes as well as Lillian or almost anyone else ever did.

Since Miss Roth has had the courage to tell her experiences in a book and on television, almost everyone is familiar with her inspiring story; how she made a million dollars by the time she was in her early twenties; how she dropped into oblivion through alcoholism and then recovered. The film is so well made and Miss Hayward turns in such an excellent performance that even those who know the Roth story well will be highly entertained. *(MGM)*

AND DOLLS"

Samuel Goldwyn spent five and a half million dollars to make this a great movie musical

Sky ***(Marlon Brando) lures strait-laced Sarah Brown (Jean Simmons), a Salvation Army girl, to Havana in order to win a bet.***

Nathan Detroit ***(Frank Sinatra) always makes good on his gambling promises, but keeps his fiancée waiting fourteen years.***

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DECEMBER BEST BETS IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD

Blood Alley—John Wayne and Lauren Bacall, in an old ferry boat, save a Chinese village from Communists.

The Great Adventure—A small boy's life with nature in Sweden; beautifully photographed. * Nov.

Magic Fire—Colorful dramatization of the life of Richard Wagner, with rich score from his operas.

Man With The Gun—Good Western, a bit like "High Noon" and "Our Town." Robert Mitchum, Jan Sterling.

The Treasure of Pancho Villa—Exciting drama of a theft of gold and its effect on Gilbert Roland, Rory Calhoun and others. * Nov.

FILMS

"THE ROSE TATTOO"

When Tennessee Williams wrote "The Rose Tattoo" as a play, he had the famous Italian actress, Anna Magnani, in mind for the leading role. She was unable to appear on the New York stage but quickly accepted the chance to make the movie. "The Rose Tattoo" is the story of *Serafina,* (Miss Magnani) a widow who lives in the memory of her marriage and refuses to believe her husband was unfaithful. She forces her way of life on her daughter (Marisa Pavan), denying her a chance at romance. But what might be a tragic situation becomes gay and lively when fun-loving *Alvaro* (Burt Lancaster) falls in love with *Serafina* and brings her back to reality.

The film has a good bit of the earthy realism found in "Open City," in which Miss Magnani also starred, and is distinguished by the fine acting of the cast. *(Paramount)*

"THE DESPERATE HOURS"

"The Desperate Hours," the story of an average family caught in a dangerous and dramatic situation, has been made into a suspenseful and interesting film.

The plot concerns a family held prisoners in their home for two days by three escaped convicts. The father (Fredric March) and his daughter (Mary Murphy) are allowed to go to work, but the son (Richard Eyer) and the mother (Martha Scott) are held as hostages by the leader of the convicts (Humphrey Bogart). At different times the members of the family try to outwit the criminals or get word to the outside world, but it is the father's strategy which eventually solves the tense situation, saving the family and trapping the criminals. *(Paramount)*

Simba—Tense, interesting story of life at present in the Mau Mau section of East Africa. * Nov.

The Tender Trap—Bouncy, jolly romantic comedy with Frank Sinatra, Debbie Reynolds and David Wayne.

Trial—Glenn Ford tries to save a young boy from a murder charge and runs into Communism. * Nov.

**Previously reviewed in Redbook*

TO MAKE FOR THE HOLIDAYS

A suggestion we hope proves interesting and fun to do

Actual size of cooky 3"x4" big

Jolly Santy Cooky

Everyone falls in love with this cooky. It is so simple to make with easy Jolly Santy Cooky Cutter. Such fun to decorate, too—and very wonderful-tasting. Only 30¢ postpaid, recipe included. Address given below.

• Unlike old-fashioned, ordinary kind of cutter—this Jolly Santy Cooky Cutter is of modern, sturdy plastic that molds, shapes, cuts all-in-one. Quick, easy.

This molding and the shaping give the Santy a 3-dimensional, lifelike look. So realistic, Santy seems to be saying "Merry Christmas."

Included with each cutter is a new, easy recipe which makes an extra delicious sugar cooky, along with some delightful tips that are easy but lend a professional touch to the decorating.

IF INTERESTED

To get JOLLY SANTY COOKY CUTTER *described*, send your name, address and 30¢ with your order to the FOUR MCB'S BOX 4246-W, Tulsa, Oklahoma. *There is no charge for postage.*

Jolly Santy cutter is red which doubles its attractiveness for you to give for Christmas.

These Santy cookies themselves suggest a most desirable and welcome gift to be made and given one to each member of a family.

Also use as holiday place cards and ornaments for your tree.

Treat for the Holidays AND EVERY DAY!!

Refreshing, delicious Wrigley's Spearmint Gum is a wholesome, satisfying bit of sweet—not rich or filling. Doesn't interfere with mealtime and the pleasant chewing eases holiday tension. *Just try it.*

AJ-166

Put gay packages of Wrigley's Spearmint Gum in Christmas stockings; and hang on your tree.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

HOW MUCH *SHOULD GOD* DO FOR YOU?

■ *In September, two* REDBOOK *articles presented both sides of the stormy religious controversy that centers around the teachings of Dr. Norman Vincent Peale. "The Case Against 'Easy' Religion" by William Peters and "The Case for 'Positive' Faith" by Arthur Gordon stimulated an overwhelming response from our readers. Here are some of your letters.* ED.

Who dares to call it an easy religion? Try living up to the ideals of positive thinking for just a week and then decide whether it is an easy religion. Under no circumstances does one have to work harder or more conscientiously than when one is guarding his heart and mind against the unhappy negative thoughts and words that can so easily slip into being.

J. LUCILLE COULAM
Rockford, Ill.

Accept my gratitude for the thorough and accurate presentation of what I have come to call "the cult of the comfortable." To me, Dr. Peale is just bringing into focus the philosophy of "thinking will make it so," or "when you wish upon a star, your dream will come true."

H. M. JOHNSON, JR., PASTOR
East Audubon Baptist Church
Louisville, Ky.

The critics can say what they will—people will continue to love and honor Dr. Norman Vincent Peale because he loves them, understands them and brings them a religion that *works*.

I wish I could tell each of Dr. Peale's critics what he has done for me, what hurts he has healed, what hopes he has offered, what doors he has opened.

MRS. EDWARD GOWAN
Oakland, Calif.

Success, in the Christian sense, isn't to be credited from the viewpoint of the public relations man's scrapbook. Dr. Peale influenced millions, gave them contact with the church? So what? In the words of Christ, "If the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch." Dr. Peale's approach is popular? Again, so what? If popularity is a mark of Christianity, then Sally Rand was the depression's apotheosis of faith.

J. ARLEN MARSH
Cleveland, Ohio

It will be very interesting to note popular reaction to the Peters and Gordon articles. I am sure most people will be glad to have this controversy presented by these able writers and, personally, I feel that Dr. Peale will have many new supporters as a result of the articles.

HOWARD M. LESOURD, PH. D.
Executive Assistant to Dr. Peale
Marble Collegiate Church
New York, N. Y.

Arthur Gordon has very ably answered the flagrant ignorance of the "holier than thou" critics of Dr. Peale—those who are still arguing over how many angels can dance on the head of a pin.

CAROL KIRKLAND
Dallas, Tex.

The accusation against Dr. Peale: he misses the essential facts of sin and repentance. His followers' answer: Dr. Peale preaches a faith for the common man, a faith which may seem oversimplified to the theologian, but which can reach the mass of men. He is practical, not scholarly or abstract.

But here is the joker! Sin is *not* an abstract notion. Repentance is *not* something only theologians worry about. Sin is essential to Christianity because it is *real, concrete and all-pervading*. In other times these facts were brought to the common man—witness the great revivalists and the prophets.

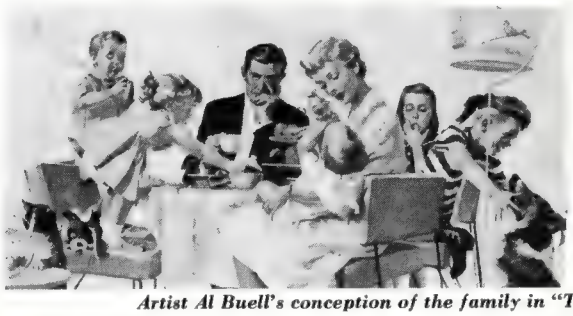
Christians may well rejoice in the many who have been helped by Dr. Peale and led back to the Church. But they can equally well regret that he does not use his powers to convey the whole of the Christian message to the man in the street.

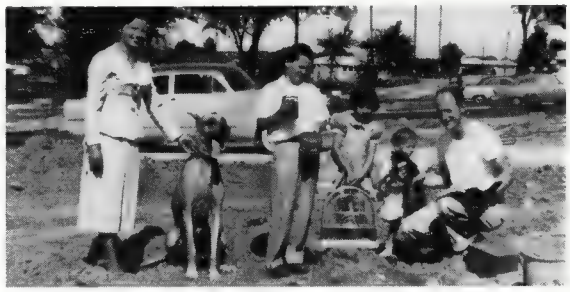
DANIEL MERRILL
South Bend, Ind.

The ministers who prefer to harp on original sin, picturing the horrors of purgatory and hell, may continue, but I refuse to listen.

MRS. R. LESLIE JAMES
White River Junction, Vt.

WHO'S ZOO?





Artist Al Buell's conception of the family in "The Long Vacation" resembles Mrs. Cox's family.

My husband and I don't know whom Marian Gavin had in mind when she wrote about that hectic family of people and pets in "The Long Vacation," (September) but we're willing to take a bet. We are currently nine in number—Mamma, Daddy, Bill (8½), Cyn (5) and Sandy (almost 2), plus one Great Dane named "Chigger," one cat of undetermined heritage named "Licorice," one very scared, worthless parakeet named "Pete," and one very ugly turtle named "Oscar."

My poor husband doesn't know when he comes home at night just what he will find. Our "menagerie," as he tolerantly calls it, has included, besides the three kids, canaries, guppies, goldfish, one snake (that didn't last very long because mamma can't stand them), assorted clams, caterpillars, a family of Great Danes (eight in all, two of which were permanently kept in the house until the death of one last fall), a family of cats (six in all—and all in the house) and butterflies by the score.

Just about the time we think, as did the father in Miss Gavin's story, that we can't stand another minute of it, something happens to make us realize just how lucky we are. God's been good to this family and my husband's been merciful!

CAROL COX
Madison, Wis.

■ *We thought you'd like to see Mrs. Cox's family (we couldn't wait!) so we asked them to send us a picture. The result is shown here, together with Mrs. Cox's comments on it.* ED.

If the setting seems a bit queer, let me explain. My husband is a plastering contractor and this time of year is very busy for him. It was impossible to get him at home for a picture, so we went out "on the job" to get it, hauling our menagerie with us.

From left to right, we are: Mamma (me) with "Chigger," Bill holding the jar with the frog and the can with the bat (the turtle escaped last week but these two had already joined us), Cyn holding the cage housing "Pete," Sandy strangling "Licorice," and Daddy.

CAROL COX

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Toilet Water,
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3.00
Bubbling Bath Crystals 1.50
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NEW! Shaving Mug,
After Shave Lotion,
Cologne, Talcum 4.25
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Pressurized
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Greetings
IN FRAGRANCE
from SHULTON
New York
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WHISKEY FLAVORED TOOTH PASTE!!

SCOTCH • RYE • BOURBON

Genuine 6 Proof Stuff

Why fight oral hygiene—enjoy it! Here's real he-man tooth paste that's the best argument yet for brushing teeth 3 times a day. Full size 2½ oz. tubes are flavored with the real thing. Don't hoard (there's plenty) so give 'em for gifts. **Send $1.50 for each tube** and start living.

GREENLAND STUDIOS

Dept. R-3, 5858 Forbes St., Pittsburgh 17, Pa.

LONE RANGER TEPEE TENT

$5.00 ppd.

Your little cowboys and Indians will practically "live" in this gaily decorated tent with the Lone Ranger and Tonto on all 4 sides. Sets up *BOTH INDOORS AND OUTDOORS!* No center pole or stakes needed . . . four corner poles included to support tent. 3½ feet x 3½ feet at base, 44" high. In bright chartreuse, it's the favorite gift of the young set!

Write for FREE catalog.

BODINE'S

503 E. Preston St., Baltimore 2, Md.

Personalized

COV-A-ROBES

Luxurious comfort. Fluffy, absorbent Terry Cloth. Ideal for after-bath, beach, that dash to the phone, between clothes changes—or just plain loafing. Keeps you dry and toast-warm. Easy to launder; never need ironing. Snap on or off in a jiffy; adjust to fit perfectly.

LADIES' An attractive sarong while applying make-up, washing hair, etc. Choice of gay colors: Azure Blue, Canary Yellow or Snow White..... **ONLY $3.95**

MEN'S Great after showering, while shaving, or in locker room. Big roomy pocket for cigarettes, shaving gear, etc. Snow White. **ONLY $2.95**

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Back

Artistically monogrammed in contrasting colors with any first name, or 2 or 3 initials. Men's or women's sizes: small, medium or large. Send check, money-order or cash. Add 25c to each Cov-a-Robe ordered for postage and handling. Orders shipped same day received. *No C.O.D.'s.*

DOBBS PRODUCTS CO., 900 W. Lake St., Dept. 813, Chicago 7, Ill.

YES, 100 TOY SOLDIERS FOR $1

To introduce our line of molded plastic toys, we'll ship you 100 Toy Soldiers for only $1. This big colorful assortment includes 4 Riflemen, 8 Machinegunners, 8 Sharpshooters, 4 Infantrymen, 8 Officers, 8 Cannon, 4 Bazookamen, 4 Marksmen, 4 Tanks, 4 Trucks, 4 Jeeps, 4 Battleships, 4 Cruisers, 4 Sailors, 8 WAVEs, 8 WACs, 4 Bombers and 8 Jet Planes. Each toy is completely assembled, designed to scale, and measure up to 4½". Order several sets NOW; your kiddies will love them. Send $1.00 plus 25c for postage and handling for each set of 100 toys to:

SAN-VAL SALES COMPANY

5711 Lankershim Blvd. N. Hollywood, California

Tops in the

Candy is dandy, especially if your kitchen copycat makes it herself. Toy mix makes 6 oz. each of chocolate, peppermint and butterscotch candy—without cooking—just by adding water. 8 aluminum utensils, including a 6" lazy susan, plus the mix are $2.25 ppd. Artisan Galleries, 2100-R N. Haskell Ave., Dallas 4, Tex.

Christmas carolers, standing 'neath a quaint lamppost, look as if they had stepped right out of a Dickens manuscript. Clad in Old English felt costumes, they're realistically snow-flecked and stand about 6" tall. Perfect as an unusual buffet centerpiece, 4-piece set is only $2.95 ppd. Breck's, 353 Breck Bldg., Boston 10, Mass.

Snow foolin'—this is one of the cutest salt and pepper sets we've seen! Of white ceramic, 3½"-tall Mr. Snowman and his flirty spouse are hand-painted with any first names. Dressed for the holidays, they wear matching red ribbon as a scarf and bow. Pair is only $1.50 ppd. Stratton Snow, Dept. R-12, P.O. Box 1898, Delray Beach, Fla.

Marvelous Mike, the robot with a brain, operates a tractor without buttons, wires or springs. Adults and kids will get a thrill out of watching him drive the big 14" steel tractor and bypass obstacles automatically. Complete with batteries, $9.95 ppd. Order from Magic Mold, Inc., Dept. R-12, 467 Livonia Ave., Brooklyn 7, N.Y.

• **Order directly from stores, enclosing check or money order. (No COD's please.) Unless**

Sweets for little savers!

BUBBLE GUM BANK

100 extra Gum Balls $2

Put in a penny, nickel or dime and out pops a rainbow colored gum ball! Works just like a real vending machine; teaches thrifty habits, too! Gayly colored base, clear plastic globe filled with gum balls (100 extras included) and key. For fruit balls or jaw breakers, too! Ideal for gifts! Sorry, no C.O.D.'s.

MEREDITH'S Evanston 32, Ill.

TV BOOTIES BY PATEE

$1.95 PAIR PPD.

Will Not Slip Off Washable Babies Love 'Em

Something new and novel for the Baby. Made of finest corduroy with soft fleecy lining. Colors for every wardrobe, white, pink, green, blue, red, yellow. Sizes S-2 mo. M-6 mo. L-1 yr. Guaranteed to please or money refunded. Gift wrapped. Rush orders now for Christmas delivery to:

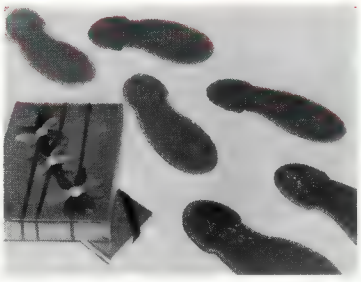
State Size and Color **CYPHERS & BROWN** Colo. residents add 2% tax

P.O. Box 215, Aurora Branch, Denver 8, Colo.

Shops

PHYLLIS SCHWEITZER HART
SHOPPING EDITOR

From Florence, Italy, comes this distinguished-looking ice bucket to play host at holiday parties. Of hand-hammered aluminum, mirror-polished to look like sterling, it has a heavily-insulated body and cover and holds 2½ quarts. Gift-boxed, $4.95 ppd. The Mail Mart, Cobbs Bldg., 355-X Lincoln Rd., Miami Beach, Fla.



Santa's footprints prove that his jolly old self had quietly tiptoed in. Place them on the floor, stairs, etc. For laughs, tack or tape them on the walls and ceiling! 12 velvety red footprints in size 11½, sprinkled with North Pole glitter, $1.95 plus 15c postage. Bancroft's, Dept. 670, 1112 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago 5, Ill.

Cute as the devil! Little red sinners are the most lovable Lucifers that ever came from Italy to grace your ears. With pitchforks in hand and pointed tails, 1"-high wooden twosome is sure to cause a sensation. So feather-light and comfortable to wear, pair is only $1 ppd. Tartaglia Imports, Dept. R-12, Laguna Beach, Calif.

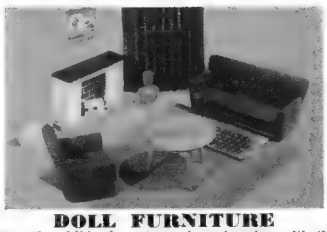
A whopper of a gift idea for the man or woman who enjoys fishing is a year's membership in the Plug-of-the-Month Club. Each month he will receive a proven plug, lure or fly depending on the kind of fishing he likes best. Year's subscription, $15. Write to Plug-of-the-Month Club, 4000 N. Poinsettia Ave., West Palm Beach, Fla.

personalized, all merchandise may be returned for refund. Mention REDBOOK when ordering.

CANDLELIGHT and MAGIC

Pure magic for your mantel, sideboard or night table. Ivory china base and candle-holder shield a real wax candle. Concealed metal spring automatically raises candle as it burns. China is highlighted with gold and pastel floral sprays . . . boasts a handle to tote candle from place to place. Complete with one candle. 9¾" high overall. An inspired idea for your own home . . . a charming gift!

$3.00 each; $5.75 pair
POSTPAID
Write for FREE catalog.
SETH and JED Dept. R-12
NEW MARLBOROUGH, Mass.



DOLL FURNITURE

Happy the child who sets up housekeeping with this imported Swedish furniture. Well-designed, made of wood, custom painted and upholstered. Each set complete with its own parquet floor, rugs, pictures. **6-pc. Living Room Set** illustrated has 6"-long upholstered sofa, arm chair, natural pine coffee table, fireplace, log basket, deco-rative trim. All for.....$3.95

Also available: **7-pc. Dream Kitchen** (metal-topped sink, hanging cabinets, work bench, 3-burner stove, pine table and chair); **7-pc. Provincial Dining Room** (5" Grandfather's Clock, round table, 4 upholstered chairs, buffet); **7-pc. Bedroom** (bed, mirrored dressing table, bench, dresser, 2 night stands, chair). Each set is.....$3.95

Send for FREE Christmas Catalog!
WARD PHILLIPS COMPANY
12 E. Main Street Carpentersville 7, Illinois

A WAYNE ORIGINAL — WRITE FOR CATALOG

Marriage Medal

Precious way to say "I love you"...recalls moments to years of wedded bliss. A perfect momento for "her" charm bracelet, or "his" key chain.

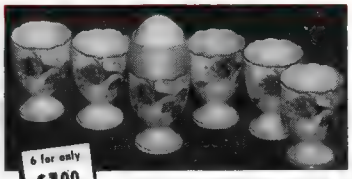
In Sterling Silver OR Gold Filled
1" dia. $4, 1-1/4" $5, 1-1/2" $7
In 14 Kt. Solid Gold
1" dia. $15, 1-1/4" $30, 1-1/2" $40
State full name and number of years married prices include engraving, fed. tax & postage.

Wayne Silversmiths 546 So. Broadway Yonkers 5, N. Y.

RELAX IN

PATAKWA MOCCASINS — Ideal Gift

from the Indian Reservation Country of soft, washable sueded cowhide, with flexible padded soles. **BLISS TO WEAR** indoors or out with cuffs rolled up or down.
HANDCRAFTED in Natural, Turquoise, Brown, Red, Em. Green, Golden Corn, Russet, Indian White.
FOR MEN AND WOMEN in sizes 4 to 8.....$4.95
in sizes 9 thru 12.....$5.95
FOR CHILDREN too, in natural or brown only.
Sizes 5, 7, 9....$2.95 Sizes 11, 13, 2....$3.95
Send cash, check or m. o. For COD's send ⅓ deposit. Immed. delivery. Satisf. guar. Gift orders care u'ly handled.
OLD PUEBLO TRADERS Box 4035, Dept PR2 Tucson, Arizona



CHRISTMAS GIFT SPECIAL!
MOSS ROSE EGG CUPS
Snowy-white China

A very special "lucky" purchase makes possible a phenomenal saving. You'll fall in love with these delightful china egg cups for a brighter, cheerier breakfast table—or brunch or luncheon. Serve eggs in these rare "show-offs" . . . fine white china delicately decorated with dainty moss rose floral. Set of six, just $1, postpaid. *You must be delighted or your money refunded.*

FREE! Christmas Gift Catalog. Write for it!
HELEN GALLAGHER, 413 D-12 Fulton St., Peoria, Ill.

Ladies' Electric Razor, $3.95

Exclusively feminine razor for use by women only! This new electric razor is especially designed to enhance feminine beauty. Your legs and underarms need the gentle smooth clipping action provided by this AC motor razor. Lets your skin have long-lasting smoothness for three times as long. This razor is made for the softest skin. We can offer this special purchase for a limited time only. Handsome pigskin grain leatherette case free. No COD's. Money-back guarantee. Send your check or money order NOW.

Ladies' Electric Razor.....postpaid $3.95
GAYLORD WOOD Dept. R Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

PICNIC HAMPER of FLORIDA SUNSHINE

Finest quality NAVEL oranges and grapefruits, topped with kumquats, PLUS 1 lb. guava jelly, 1 lb. temple orange marmalade, and 1 lb. cocoanut patties.

Fine imported hamper, size 18 by 9 by 11 inches. Approx. weight 30 pounds.

#100——9.95
prepaid in U.S.
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WISE "DELUXE" PRODUCTS
(Gifts within your budget)

6 jars—guava jelly, sea-grape jelly, calamondin marm., tangerine marm., preserved kumquats, and orange blossom honey.

#200—6-½ lbs. 3.25
#300—6-1 lbs. 4.95
Prepaid in U.S.A.

WISE FRUIT CO.
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CUCKOO CLOCK

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Now only $3.95

postpaid . . . duty-free

Direct to you from EUROPE

Low price only by direct import. German weight and pendulum CUCKOO CLOCK. Excellent timekeeper. Cuckoos every quarter hour. HAND CARVED. Antique walnut finish. Shipped direct from Free Europe with strange foreign stamps. Order as gifts, too. (Not more than one addressed to the same person.) Send only $3.95 each. No COD's. Postman collects 15c foreign packet fee which can't be prepaid. Money-back guarantee. Order today.

SEVEN SEAS IMPORTS, Dept. E89C
1717 Westwood Blvd., Los Angeles 24, California

The Perfect Gift
FOOT FREE SLEEP

Give the pleasure of refreshing, rejuvenating sleep. Restless sleepers love this amazing BLANKET SUPPORT because it neatly lifts the covers for marvelous foot free sleep and relaxing comfort. With your feet free, tensions vanish — you relax and sleep better. Fits any bed. Arms fold flat during day. A perfect gift for invalids, aged and arthritics. Money Back Guarantee. Immediate delivery. Send only $3.98 plus 25c postage.

Canada $4.98 Tax Incl.
BETTER SLEEP INC. Dept. 425 New Providence, New Jersey

Santa's Best Gift for Cats

This soft, billowy **Kitty Cootie-Chaser** kills fleas, lice while cats nap. Stops biting, scratching, helps prevent mange. Inviting catnip aroma. Praised by fanciers who enter pets in shows. Long-lasting. 14x18 in. **$2.49**, in Gift Box. Extra inner pad **$1.50. For Dogs—Flea-Seat-Pad.** Kills fleas and doggy "B.O." Two sizes—15x28 in. **$3.49**; 28x36 in. **$4.98. Money-Back Guarantee. Send No Money**—Order C.O.D., or send check, we pay postage. Sudbury Laboratory, Box 881, Sudbury, Mass.

Tops in the Shops

Frosties give a stained glass effect to your windows, doors and mirrors. Snow crust Christmas cutouts, printed in gay holiday colors and designs on an opalescent material, are easily applied and removed. Set of 44 pieces, enough to decorate the entire house, is only $1 ppd. Jehco Prods., Box 27667, Los Angeles 27, Calif.

Orlon sweater with a romantic neckline, three tiny buttons and flattering push-up sleeves could be your prettiest dressy blouse. Of softest interlocked Orlon, it's washable and mothproof. White, blue, pink, moss green or apricot in sizes 34-40. Just $2.99 plus 20c postage. From Paris Shops, 509-R Main St., New Rochelle, N.Y.

Draft Dodger set is a most heart-warming gift for a little girl. Red and white striped flannel sleeper, with knitted cuffs, comes with a matching tasseled stocking cap and booties. 15"-tall doll, with curly Saran hair, wears the identical outfit. Sleeper, for 6 mos. to 2 yrs., $3.25. Doll, $5.95. Set, $8.95 ppd. Hudelson House, Dept. R, Pomona, Kan.

Pipe this! If you like to smoke in bed, here's a pipe that's safe. Large block of Algerian briar gives a full hour of smoking pleasure. Smoke is cooled as it travels through 35" of braid-covered rubber tubing. Monogrammed with one Old English initial on block front. $2.50 ppd. David P. Ehrlich Co., 207-R Washington Street, Boston 8, Mass.

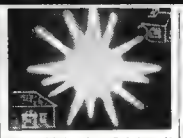
Doggie dress-up for the Christmas season sports your pet's name on his own warm blanket. Red, green or blue wool felt, with name in contrasting color, comes in sizes 8" to 18". To determine size, measure your pet from neck to tail. Mention breed when ordering. $2.95 ppd. Decor by Delanor, Dept. R, Fort Dodge, Iowa

Engraved Christmas ribbon adds a festive touch to your holiday gifts. Decorated with raised designs that won't chip or peel, red ribbon repeats, "Merry Christmas" in silver; green says, "Joyeux Noël" in gold. Each 50-yard roll, 7/16" wide, is $1; 2 rolls, $1.95 ppd. Spencer Gifts, 562 Spencer Bldg., Atlantic City, N.J.

BANCROFT'S GIFTS

MAKE CHRISTMAS SHOPPING EASY
★ ORDERS SHIPPED SAME DAY RECEIVED

THE THREE WISE MEN
HERALD CHRISTMAS, FROM YOUR FRONT LAWN
A most fitting symbol of Christmas hospitality! The Three Wise Men form a stately procession to extend a warm greeting to guests. Heavy, weatherproof metyl-methacrylate retains its brilliant coloring year after year. Anchor in soil on self-attached stakes, or mount on gate, house or indoors around Christmas tree. Each is over 27" tall.
CK 6227, Set of 3.....**$3.95**
THREE WISE MEN, ILLUMINATED.
As above, but with bulbs, cords, reflectors.
CK 6228.....**$5.95**



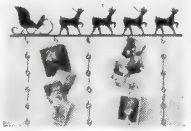
"Star Light, Star Bright..."
This 3 dimensional, 12 pointed "Star Bright" glows in the dark with gorgeous luminous color. So realistic, so lifelike, it could well have served as a guide for the Magi! Gleams indoors or out; on tree, windows, doorway etc. Durable plastic, 12" in diameter.
CK 6210, Set of 2, $1.50

THE BOOK THAT TALKS
A voice built into every page! Each different animal on every page talks in its own particular way. The cows mooo, the dog barks, the sheep go ba-a-a! Press the entire book and they all sing out in a happy barnyard chorus. Loads of farmy fun in a riot of bright, gay colors. Almost more educational than a visit to a farm.
CK 1905.....**$1.50**

100 Gold Foil Seals with Personal Greetings
Dress up holiday letters, packages and cards with glamorous GOLD FOIL SEALS! We'll print real distinction inside the gay holly border—ANY 4 word greeting (Merry Christmas, Season's Greetings, etc), and ANY 2 first names or family name. State greeting and name.
CK 7465D, 100 for $1.00

PERSONALIZED "MIDNIGHT COACH" SIGN —G-L-O-W-S In The Dark—
Your name and house number G-L-O-W in the dark! Charming Coach Sign adds friendly warmth to your house—helps guests find it, too. Imagine! Artistically hand-lettered with any family name and house number—and it can be seen DAY or NIGHT! An enchanting addition to lawn, house, mailbox, post or tree. Specially molded from weather-proof metyl-methacrylate with rich black hammered crinkle finish. 5¾" high, 15" long.
CK 3664 P.....**$1.00**

Santa Talks to Your Child...
. . . and calls him by name! Imagine the thrill he will receive when he hears Santa talk directly to him. Santa talks about being good, discusses his reindeer, etc. Unbreakable plastic record is individually recorded. Watch Junior's eyes pop. Play it year after year. State child's name.
CK 4698 D.....**$1.00**

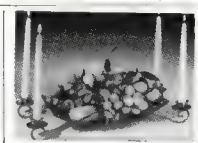


Christmas Cards on Display
Christmas was never more festive! Reindeer and sleigh parade across mantel, wall or window showing off treasured holiday cards. Impressive wrought iron rack is over 40" long—displays up to 144 cards so that each is individually seen. Rack folds for storage, or can be used as mail holder.
CK 7346.....**$2.00**

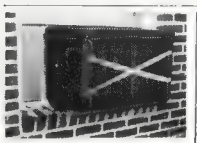
Walk On Ice Without Falling!
Ice on the sidewalks? Don't worry! Now, you can avoid dangerous, painful slips and falls. Put on "no-slip" Foot Grippers and hardened, rust-proof steel teeth give firm footing on the slickest ice or snow. Fit easily over boots, shoes or galoshes. Elastic band adjusts to any men's, women's, children's shoes.
CK 4713, 2 pair.....**$1.00**

Full Size Electric Fireplace
Just like the real thing! Logs actually GLOW and FLICKER. Complete with realistic red colored bricks, green Xmas Holly Wreath, simulated andirons and logs. Life-size—almost 4 ft. wide by 4 ft. tall. Vinyl coated Kraftboard. Sets up in 90 seconds. With cord, socket, flicker, bulb.
CK 4553 S.....**$3.95**

Reversible Christmas Table Cloth
Use it all year round! On one side a colorful pattern of holly, bells, poinsettia, etc. sings a Merry Hello. Other side has smart red and white check. Of stainproof, fire-resistant vinyl. Use under tree, too.
CK 5090, 54" x 54" **$1.29**
CK 5091, 54" x 72" **$1.79**
CK 5092, 54" x 90" **$2.49**
CK 7626, 54"x108" **$2.99**



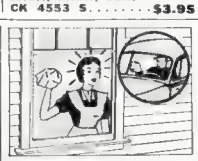
Stately 4-candle Centerpiece
Decorate your table with light and loveliness! Styled in the modern, casual manner of simplicity . . . this handsome centerpiece with iron lace bowl holds your own arrangement of fruit, flowers and 4 candles. Crafted of jet black wrought iron. For formal or informal dining. 7½" x 18".
CK 6298.....**$2.95**



Air Conditioner Cover
Don't let rust, dust, rain or snow make your air conditioner old before next summer. Turn about is fair play. Your air conditioner keeps you cool all summer—so give it proper care during winter. Made of water-repellent duck, it keeps mechanism and finish in perfect condition. Fits all units snugly—prevents vent drafts.
CK 6133.....**$3.95**

REAL SNOW SKATES!
Healthful winter fun—and no ice needed! Snow Skates are made just like miniature skis from steam-bent hardwood with grooved bottoms. Aluminum heel plates and sturdy ankle straps let youngsters fairly fly over snow in safety. Over 16" long—they're gaily trimmed in bright red. Adjustable to any child's foot.
CK 3509.....**$1.79**

WATERPROOF NAME MITTENS
Healthful answer to children's wet, soggy mittens! They're hand-lettered with any boy or girl's FIRST NAME so they can't get lost. Plastic coated and water-tight, they always remain flexible. Fleece jersey lining prevents cold, chapped hands. State child's name, and age for size.
CK 3816 P, Red; **CK 3817 P,** Green. **Pair**.....**$1.00**



STEAMPROOF CLOTH
Just one rub over any glass surface does the job! Chemically treated, steamproof Miracle Cloth keeps glass crystal clear. Auto windows won't sweat . . . eye-glasses remain fog-free . . . even cooking won't steam up windows! One gentle application is enough to prevent fogging for months.
CK 1978, 2 for.....**95c**

Personalized Denture Dish
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These Rocket Shoes are the newest in fun for small fry! Safe and durable, perfectly balanced to give a hopping good time. Adjustable to fit all children from 6 to 12 perfectly. Sturdy caps on front protect shoes. Highest quality steel springs with rubber shock absorbers; protective ankle straps.
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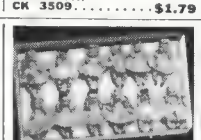

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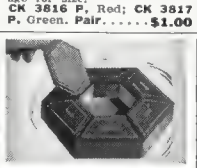

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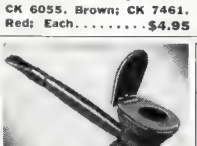

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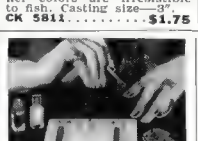

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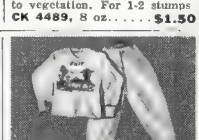

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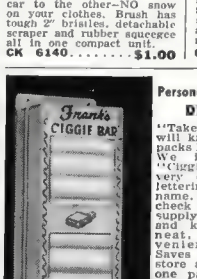

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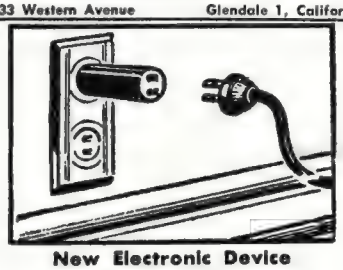

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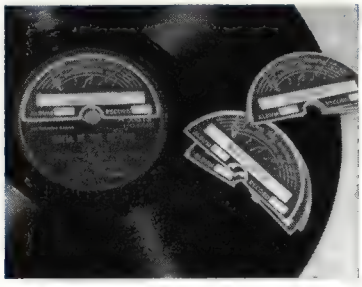

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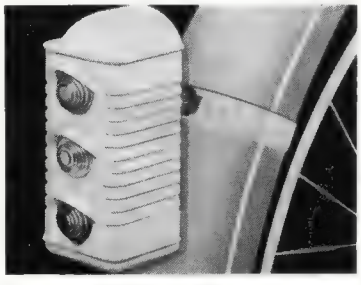

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More on page 26

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Christmas Fiction Bonus

4 HEART-WARMING SHORT SHORT STORIES FOR HOLIDAY READING PLEASURE

The Measure of Love

by Leslie Conger

illustrated by Herbert Saslow

Gingerly, Dulcie ran her finger tips over the little head. "Can she see me, Daddy? Do her eyes work?"

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

The baby lay at Irene's side in the hospital bed, yawning and mewing and giving a little hiccup, full of milk. Absently, Irene smoothed its dark, fuzzy head, but she was not looking at it; she leaned back on her pillow, listening for the nurse's step in the hall.

Unlike the other mothers, Irene had never unwrapped this baby to count its fingers and toes and foolishly make certain that all was well. "A perfect little girl," the doctor had said, with an emphasis that hurt no matter how kindly he meant it. "Nothing to worry about."

But she didn't want this perfect little girl. All she wanted was Dulcie—imperfect Dulcie. The woman in the next bed laughed, talking whispers of nonsense, but Irene fed her baby and turned away, afraid to look at it, afraid to love it. *Barbara.* She had left it to Cal to choose a name. *Barbara.* She shook her head, shaking the image of the baby from her mind, trying vainly to shake it from her heart. *Dulcie, Dulcie, I'm sorry.*

"A beautiful baby," Cal said, bending to kiss her.

"How's Dulcie?" Irene asked. "Is Dulcie all right?"

"Dulcie's fine," he said. "She's learning to skip rope, can you beat it? Amy says she learns just as quickly as if—"

"Is Amy being careful? You're sure she's being careful?" Cal's sister was so young, not even sixteen yet, and there was so much that could happen. "I keep thinking we should have got a nurse—"

"Nobody's sick," Cal said sharply. Then his face softened. "Amy's so proud we asked her. She won't let Dulcie out of her sight—you needn't worry."

Irene sighed. "I just wish I were at home—why can't women have babies at home any more?" *Why did I have to have this baby at all? Why did this have to happen?*

He laughed at her. "Stop fussing, Maw," he said.

She tried to smile, but she bit her lip and glanced out the window. "Cal—next time you come, bring me the dresses I've been making for Dulcie's doll. And my little sewing box. I can take them home nearly finished."

It helped to be doing something for Dulcie. Irene sat and sewed bits of fur on a nubbly wool jacket, sequins on a crisp taffeta skirt, a velvet sash on a gauzy dress—everything chosen for Dulcie's own special enjoyment. She stroked the fur, shutting her eyes.

"Oh, my!" The woman from the next bed stopped on her way out to the hall. "All this must be for your little girl at home. I'll bet her eyes light up when she gets a look at it!"

Irene felt the great familiar pain wrenching at her. She couldn't say it; no, my other little girl is blind.

"Such lovely colors!"

"Yes, she'll be thrilled," Irene said. *Dulcie, Dulcie, forgive me. I didn't mean to have this baby, to deprive you of even a fraction of my love. I wouldn't have planned it this way—it just happened.*

"How old did you say she was?"

"Four," Irene said. "Almost five, really."

"Oh, that's the age—she'll be in ecstasy when she sees the baby."

(What is blind, Mommy? What is seeing? —To know something is there when you can't hear it or touch it. To know Dulcie is across the room, even if she makes no noise at all. That's what eyes are for. —My eyes are for crying, said Dulcie. They make tears. —Sometimes, but a brave girl like Dulcie doesn't cry much. And the tears started in her own eyes. But the last afternoon finally came, and Cal, ready to take them home.

"Did you bring Dulcie? Is she in the car?"

"No—I thought I might have to wait. She's at home with Amy, dancing with impatience."

Dulcie had known about the baby beforehand, of course. And, of course, she had been pleased and excited. But now the baby would be there, real and demanding, greedy for its portion of attention and of love. What would they do with a jealous Dulcie, poor Dulcie who had already had so much denied her? Irene could feel already the agony of a divided love and a divided motherhood, when Dulcie needed it all.

When the car stopped, the front door of the house flew open and there was Dulcie, with Amy standing in the doorway behind her.

"Mommy!" she shouted, and she came running down to where another child's scooter lay across the walk.

"Dulcie, watch out!"

Dulcie tripped and went sprawling.

"Oh, darling, darling!" Irene cried, but Dulcie got up, with a fierce look on her little face.

"Darn," she said, rubbing her knee. "Darn old scooter!" Then she ran up to them, her blonde hair flying.

Irene bent down, half kneeling, holding Dulcie close while the child's hands went lightly over her face and hair. Then Dulcie pulled free suddenly. "Where is she?" she asked. "Where's the baby?"

Cal squatted carefully on his heels. "Here," he said, holding the baby in front of Dulcie. "Here she is."

Gingerly Dulcie ran her finger tips over the blanket and found the little head in its angora bonnet.

"Barbara," Dulcie crooned. Then, "Can she see me, Daddy? Can she know I'm across the room if I don't make any noise? Do her eyes work?"

"Yes," Cal answered. "Her eyes work."

Dulcie sighed. "I'm glad," she said. "Isn't it *nice* she can see me, Mommy?"

Irene's voice came huskily from her aching throat. "Yes—yes, it's—nice. It's wonderful." *Why didn't I know?* she thought. *This is something other children have, and I would have gone on forever, denying it to Dulcie . . .*

"See me, baby?" said Dulcie. "Is she looking at me now, Mommy?"

Irene looked down at the baby's pink, perfect little face, and the baby opened its dark, murky eyes and yawned. "Right now she's too little really to see you," Irene explained. "Little tiny babies don't see very well at first."

"Oh. . ." Then Dulcie searched for the satin-bound edge of the blanket and pulled it aside. "Oh!" she said again, marveling, "she's so little!" She put her head down, very close. "See, baby?" she said softly. "You can see like Dulcie does. I'm your sister, baby." And gently she took the baby's tiny hands and guided them over her own dreamy, smiling face.

Irene stood with her hand on Cal's shoulder, looking down at her two daughters. Dulcie needed Barbara; she had never thought of it that way at all. And as for love, it was not anything to be measured or divided—she felt it released within her, reaching out to them, her daughters and her husband, more than enough love for everyone. . . . THE END

The Teardrop Chandelier

by John Reese

illustrated by Herbert McClure

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THESE TWO PAGES

Joyce went into the dark suite and closed the door. Wally, about now, would be leaving the elevator downstairs. Now he'd be crossing the lobby, passing for the last time under the teardrop chandelier. The old people who dozed every night in the domed lobby would look up, startled by his swift and angry passage. In the light of the chandelier they'd look at their watches and smile at each other.

"Only ten," they'd murmur. "Joyce and her young man must have quarreled. My goodness, I wonder why?"

They weren't malicious. They just had nothing to do—no work, no worries, no ambition except to rest and eat and gossip. This hotel, on the edge of Los Angeles, was geared to the serene pace of the very wealthy, the very old. It was a fortress of security and in its atmosphere of luxurious peace a breaking heart made an unseemly spectacle.

Flunky, Wally had called her. It was the old argument, only this time he wasn't going to let it taper off into painful kisses that got nowhere. He wanted a wife.

"You *like* being that old woman's flunky. It's not the money. You *like* this phony hotel."

"Darling," she had said, "a poor old sick woman who—"

"She's not poor and she's not sick. She can afford to lie in bed and have a registered nurse wait on her, is all. Nurse? You're not a nurse. You're a chambermaid."

"Darling, let's not argue when we don't even know when we'll see each other again," she remembered pleading.

Wally was going east to take a new job. She hadn't really believed he would go.

"I'm not arguing. I'm leaving. If you decide you want to go along, I'll be at my mother's until plane time, and I can wait a week for you to get ready. Otherwise I'm taking off tomorrow. Why stick around? You're not going to talk me into anything. Good night, Joyce."

He was gone. Joyce leaned against the wall in the dark suite and cried. What Wally did not understand was poverty. Not being just hard up, but very, very poor. He had never heard a caseworker nag his mother, "What about your last relief check? Let me see those bills." Joyce had been only ten then. but she remembered that grinding shame clearly. Worse than anything else she feared poverty. A few thousand dollars in the bank would make her feel safe. Why couldn't Wally wait?

But Wally was gone. Joyce tiptoed into her own room and quietly opened the connecting door to Mrs. Nicholas' bedroom. The old woman was not asleep. She sat up and turned on the light and smiled at Joyce, her black eyes twinkling. Mrs. Nicholas had a slight heart murmur and fifty thousand a year after taxes, and she had always wanted a daughter.

"What are you slipping in so early for?" she said merrily. Then she held out her arms and wailed, "You've been crying! Oh my dear, he didn't really go, did he?"

Joyce could not remember ever having cried on anyone's shoulder. She sat down wearily on the bed.

"Yes, he's gone. I should have known he would."

"Don't feel bad, dear," Mrs. Nicholas whispered. "Now you can stay with me forever. Isn't that selfish? Tomorrow we'll get the car out and run up to Paso Robles for a week. Is it time for my medicine yet?"

"Yes," said Joyce. "I'll get it."

She measured out the old woman's drops, which were more psychological than medicinal. Like its opposite, fear, security is a feeling of habit. So is duty. Doing habitual, dutiful things, measuring out medicine in the quiet serenity of this luxurious hotel with the affectionate old woman prattling away helped Joyce forget Wally. It made her remember that she could stay here as long as she liked and be safe forever.

She started back to the bedside with the glass.

Suddenly the floor seemed to leap under her feet. She thought at first it was her own knees, but then the telephone slid off the table and pictures rattled on the wall, and the old woman gave a hoarse shriek.

"Earthquake! My God, Joyce, get me out of here!"

Joyce remembered many earthquakes. but never one

like this. Sash weights hammered in window casements. The whole hotel seemed to buckle in the middle, lurch sidewise and fall back with a groan. All around she heard people screaming.

Louder than everything else was the sound of the quake itself, a deep growl from the earth's guts as its underground mountains broke in two. It was the loudest, deepest, strongest sound the human ear can hear or stand.

"There's nothing to be afraid of," Joyce called.

"Get me out of here before we're all killed!"

Joyce dropped the medicine glass and picked up the old woman, because there was no other way to handle her. The violent jarring did not stop until she got out into the hall, where people were streaming toward the stairs. The elevator cars clanked in their shafts, dust swirled down the hall and, as Joyce panted down the stairs, the lights went out.

She carried Mrs. Nicholas calmly down six flights. Her own moment of panic was gone. Halfway down, the shaking began again. Joyce leaned against the wall and talked soothingly until it subsided. One last crash shook the whole building, and she knew the main shock had spent itself.

She carried Mrs. Nicholas on down to the lobby and somehow found a chair for her. The hotel had emptied violently. People stared up through the dark and dust at the domed ceiling, and for a moment their chattering voices were still.

The teardrop chandelier had fallen! That was the crash Joyce had heard on the stairs. Five tons of bronze and fine imported crystal lay in a shattered heap half driven through the stout floor. The settee under it was smashed flat.

That was the place where Joyce and Mrs. Nicholas used to sit on evenings when the old woman felt well enough to come downstairs. That was where Joyce used to wait for Wally, who did not like to come up to the suite after her.

The hotel quivered again, lightly, and Mrs. Nicholas moaned, "Oh Joyce, are we all going to be killed?"

"Nonsense," said Joyce. "It's all over. These little aftershocks don't mean anything."

Her mind was not really on what she was saying. She was watching with compassion and amazement the pitiful spectacle of these shaken, scared old wealthy people.

Security? There was none, except in youth and love and self-confidence. The great teardrop chandelier, glittering symbol of the false security she had been indulging herself in, had crashed. With it went Joyce's great illusion. These people had everything money could buy, yet the quake had rocked their world hardest of all.

To live under the chandelier was not luxury, but a form of death itself. Poor? There were some things money couldn't buy. Safe? There was only one place she was safe.

Another aftershock twitched the hotel as the uneasy earth shrugged itself into its new shape. The people in the lobby screamed for their lost phantom of perfect security. Mrs. Nicholas clutched at Joyce's hand.

Joyce waited until the shaking subsided again. Then she leaned down and patted the old woman's cheek.

"You wait here a moment," she said firmly. "You'll be all right, do you understand? You'll be all right. I'm coming right back. I've got a phone call to make."

. . . THE END

The chandelier had fallen, half-driven through the floor. That was where Joyce used to wait for Wally.

A Piece of Her Mind

by Joan Vatsek
illustrated by Andy Virgil

She ached to have him kiss her and whisper funny little words of endearment to her.

It was a pleasant enough little kitchen, if you didn't mind having four yellow walls practically within arms' reach.

But Paula was tall and just now felt enormous and cramped. Her hair, gently blonde, was straight and plain, for it wouldn't hold a permanent. Her amber-brown eyes were heavy from lack of sleep at night, when she rolled from side to side trying to get comfortable.

Dinner was simmering on the stove. The dinette table was set. She had six daffodils in a small vase. And she had her hands deep in much-advertised pink suds, doing dishes that had been delayed because she had felt too woozy earlier to do anything more than stumble upstairs and spend most of the day lying down.

The pink suds did not have the desired effect of making her feel glamorous. At the moment she felt so full of dissatisfaction—not to mention Buster—that she was ready to burst.

She leaned against the sink and gazed out at the back yard. There was a small maple tree and a flowering almond as specified—one a tall stick, the other a collection of low sticks.

At the end of the yard the ground sloped downward into a ravine full of straggly second growth and sumac with faded torches.

If she squeezed forward and peered out far enough, she could see a house on her right and a house on her left, identical with theirs. Out of sight were nine other cracker boxes, just like the one they had found that lovely spring day, the only one not yet staked out with a SOLD sign.

This was the one development where the houses were in a price range they could afford—just barely. Now they were in the country.

Oh, they were in the country all right! They were so far in the country that it took Jim an hour and twenty minutes to get to his job in the city. It was seven minutes' drive to the nearest crossroads store. But the air

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THESE TWO PAGES

was fresh—especially as it blew around her ankles through cracks in the shrinking clapboards.

Buster would love it—but she wasn't Buster. She'd been a city girl all her life until that deceptive spring day. Why hadn't anything ever looked like that again? It must have been the light, or the feeling of getting out of the city, or the apple trees in bloom along the hillside.

And she hadn't realized how much she was going to miss having people around, people to talk to. Jim probably had a rosy vision of her being neighborly all day long, when actually she saw the other wives only briefly, hanging out the wash, or over an occasional cup of coffee. That wasn't enough—not nearly enough!

Jim must think it was, though, because when he came home at night, he certainly didn't make any effort to talk to her.

He sat in the one comfortable armchair in the living room, listening to the radio—it would be a long time before a television set could be squeezed into their budget. The radio was on now. A female voice crooned flatteringly, as if addressing itself to an audience of one man—tall, lanky, young and seemingly quite unaware of the fact that his wife in the kitchen was almost ready to scream just to attract his attention.

She wasn't going to do it, though. No matter how much she ached to have him come out in the evening and join her, put an arm around her waist, kiss her behind the ear and whisper funny little words of endearment to her, she wasn't going to say anything.

If he didn't realize—if he wasn't sensitive enough to know how much she wanted his companionship—Paula sniffed, dashed at her eyes with one sudsy hand, got soap in the corners and felt her resolution fast failing her.

She'd decided when they were married not to quarrel with Jim. Marriage counselors said that, if you could avoid the first quarrel, the second would never happen. Both sides must make allowances, said the marriage counselors.

All right, Jim was tired, too. Trying all day to sell insurance to people who were already insured against everything except the hydrogen bomb! Leaving at six-thirty and getting home at seven! Going to bed at nine in order to get up at five-thirty in order to catch the six-thirty train in order to get back home again at seven . . .

All right, all right, Paula told herself wildly. All Jim wanted to do was sit in a chair and relax. What about *her*, just the same? Just because she acted so darned cheerful didn't mean she didn't *need* him—didn't mean she *felt* cheerful.

Paula drained the water out of the sink. But the pink suds remained fluffily where they were. Angrily she turned on the hot water, and it shot out of the unreliable tap, scalding her finger. She gave a cry of pain, drowned out by the radio, and looked in dismay at the delicate flowered china cup that she had dropped and smashed—one of their nicer wedding presents.

"That does it!" she said aloud, nursing her throbbing finger. "That really does it!"

All the marriage counselors in the world be hanged! There came a time when you just couldn't hold in any longer! You had to get things off your mind, quarrel or no quarrel. You had to!

Suddenly she realized that this was the time to put it all into words, to shout it out. It might not accomplish anything, but she'd feel better, anyway.

She found herself standing, arms akimbo, in the kitchen doorway. The crooning radio filled the living room. She was across the room like a fury, clicking off the radio and turned defiantly toward Jim's easy chair.

"Jim!" she exclaimed. "I've simply got to get a few things off my mind. And I'm going to have my say!"

Silence followed the sound of her shrill, angry voice.

"When I married you," she cried, "I was a free woman. I lived in my own apartment in the city with another girl and we shared the chores. We went to the theater, concerts, the ballet, museums, libraries, movies! At five o'clock I was through at the office and could enjoy myself as I pleased. It's true that what I pleased was to be with you and talk about getting married—"

She paused, faltered and then held up her hand like a policeman.

"No, let me finish! What do we do the minute we get married? We move to the country so we can have a family. Then you plump me down here and leave me. I spend the day alone. I spend the night alone—you're so tired you can hardly talk to me even in the two hours you're here and awake.

"And I've *got* to say what I think about the way we're living. Why, we hardly dare add up our bills at the end of the month. We can't even go out for an occasional meal. We can't go to a movie because it means extra driving. Besides you might break down and take me somewhere afterward!

"And all for this! Why, the doors are beginning to warp, the wind comes in the cracks and I already worry about the baby crawling around on icy floors and catching pneumonia!

"Worst of all, I never see you! And when you *are* at home, you sit there!" She glared. "Oh, I know you're tired!

"But please, please, let's not pretend any more that it's fun, that it's all a lark! Don't bounce in every evening as if you didn't have a worry in the world and make me carry on in the same idiotic manner. I don't *feel* like it, Jim! It's a struggle, we both feel grim and let's admit it!"

As if in agreement, Buster moved, in struggling rearrangements. Paula could not help the swift look of joy and wonder that flitted across her face. But immediately she turned stern again.

"That's all very well," she said grumpily, "but *that's* no lark either. So there!"

She turned and marched back into the kitchen. There, she thought. She'd gotten it all out of her system. It *had* helped. She felt much better.

Behind her the silence was prolonged.

She glanced at the clock uneasily, waiting for some sign from Jim. Five minutes passed. Ten minutes. Nervously she stirred the simmering pots on the stove. Needlessly she straightened the gay doilies on the table.

The living room remained ominously quiet.

Paula swallowed hard a couple of times and glanced at the clock. Suppose Jim—

Then the front door opened. She heard firm, familiar footsteps come in. In an instant she had raced through the empty living room, past the empty easy chair, to fling herself into the arms of the tall, gauntly dark young man who stood there and grinned at her.

"You're late!" she cried.

"The train was late," he said. "Then the car wouldn't start. But here I am, so come here, both of you!"

He held her very close and tight, and Paula relaxed in the luxurious security of his arms, feeling peaceful now. What a wonderful idea, she thought happily, to do your quarreling with your husband before he got home!

"Everything fine?" Jim asked in her ear, and she nodded energetically, her head against his chest.

"Everything's fine," she proclaimed. "With both of us." And then, because he looked extra tired tonight, she added, "Did we ever tell you that we love you?"

. . . THE END

To Kiss, or not to Kiss by Russell Beggs

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

I was fifteen minutes early for my date with Clara. so I stopped at the drugstore. Behind the soda fountain, Alan Judson was mixing a Coke for himself. "Hi ya, Marv," Alan said. Until last spring, we had gone to high school together.

"Hello, Alan," I said.

"Heavy date?"

"Just a movie," I said.

Actually, it was a *very* heavy date—my eighth straight Friday night with Clara.

"What's on your mind, Sugar?" Alan said. I knew without looking around that a girl had entered the drugstore.

"I'll take a quart of vanilla ice cream," she said.

"Right you are, Beautiful," Alan answered. They sort of grinned at each other and he flexed his muscles as he got the ice cream for her. He came around from behind the counter with the package and when he gave it to her he leaned over and kissed her. Just like that. No preliminary. No nothing.

He just kissed her.

The girl giggled and there was some conversation about her being new in town but I wasn't listening because I was terribly depressed. To be able to kiss a girl like that, right off—and get away with it! I had had seven dates with Clara and I hadn't kissed her *yet*.

"Going out with Clara?" Alan asked when the girl had gone. I said I was. "A very pretty girl," he went on. "I don't imagine that, when you're out with her, you do much talking."

"As a matter of fact, Alan," I said, "I do nothing *but* talk." I decided then I might as well discuss my problem with an expert. After stuttering around for a moment, I finally asked him how I could know when I should kiss Clara.

"Why, Marv, boy," he said, "you just *know*."

"That's the extent of your advice?"

"What have you done in the past?"

"I've usually just grabbed the girl in question."

"Great!" Alan grinned. Great for him, no doubt, but not for me. Dorothy Jones had just laughed at me, Helen Connell had slapped my face, Janice White—well never mind about *her*.

"For me," I said, "it didn't work. Suppose I just came right out and *asked* her if I could kiss her?"

"*Ask* her! That's the worst *possible* thing you could do," Alan said. "No girl wants to be asked. You just go ahead and do it."

"Alan," I said, "maybe *I'm* the type that should ask."

"You're crazy, Marv; you're no different from anybody else. You just *feel* like it; then you *do* it."

I guess it was time somebody told me I was no different from anybody else because I sailed out of the drugstore and over to Clara's house. I walked up the stairs to her porch with new determination.

She answered the doorbell and I felt very good just seeing her. We sat on the porch swing. "How are you, Marvin?" she asked.

"Fine, thank you," I said; then we talked about the weather and her job at the library. It got darker and she looked very lovely in the twilight. In the middle of our discussion of the weather I got the feeling. I grabbed her and kissed her. She slapped my face and ran into the house.

You see? I should have known I wasn't the type.

I went back to the drugstore. "Did it work?" Alan grinned.

"Not exactly," I said, and then I told him what happened.

"The playful kind," he went on. "Why didn't you go in after her?"

"I started to, but she locked the screen door."

The telephone rang and Alan answered it. "Acme Drugs," he said. "Quart of vanilla? Right. The address? 123 Elm. I'll bring it right over."

My spine vibrated oddly when he said "123 Elm." That was Clara's address. He was going to make a delivery there. He was going to see Clara and she was going to see him and I might as well find myself another girl.

"Be right back," Alan said as he left with the ice cream. But an hour later he wasn't back and I was beginning to feel panicky. I rushed over to Clara's house. I felt like a criminal, sneaking up on the porch from the back way. I peeked over the bannister and saw them sitting together in the swing.

"You know you have the loveliest brown eyes in town?" Alan was saying.

"That sounds like a line," Clara said.

"I mean it."

She laughed. Once she had laughed like that at something I had said and I had felt warm all over for days. She was laughing that way for Alan now. I could read the handwriting on the wall.

"You're very smooth," Clara said.

"I like you, too."

"You," Alan continued, "are the beauty of the world."

"You're getting repetitious," Clara laughed.

Then he leaned over and put his arms around her and started to kiss her, only he didn't because she slapped his face. She slapped it very hard, even harder than she had *my* face. When she took her hand away he tried to kiss her again. She slapped him again. He tried a third time and a third time she slapped him.

"What's the matter?" Alan said. I had never heard him sound so confused. "What did I do wrong?"

"Everything," Clara said. "Just everything."

"Huh?"

"I think they must need you back at the drugstore."

You won't believe it, but he walked right off that porch and started toward the drugstore. Clara went into the house then and I went up on the porch and knocked on the screen door.

"What do you want?" she said.

"I want to talk to you," I answered.

She came out on the porch and sat in the swing. I couldn't tell whether she was still mad at me or not. I sat beside her, looked at her and had that feeling again.

"Listen, Clara," I said.

"I'm listening."

"Clara, I want to kiss you. You think it'd be all right?"

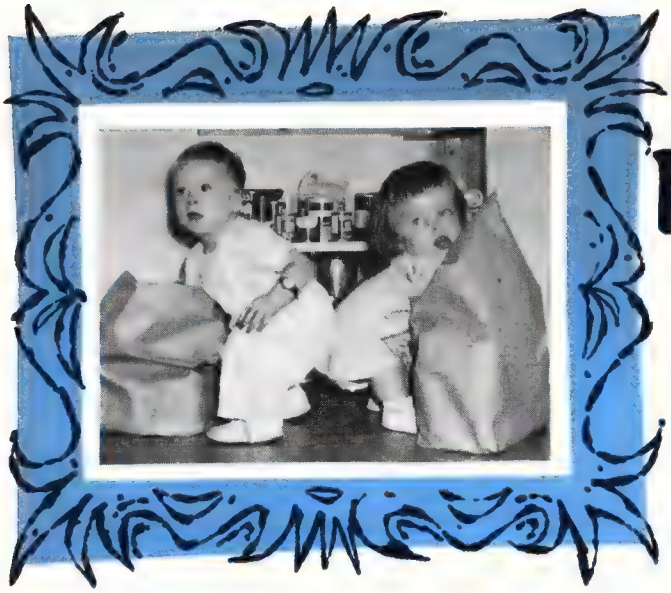
"I think it might."

So I kissed her.

"Sometimes, Marvin," she said a moment later. "A girl likes to be asked."

You know what's better than kissing the prettiest girl in the world? Finding someone who sees things the way you do!

. . . THE END



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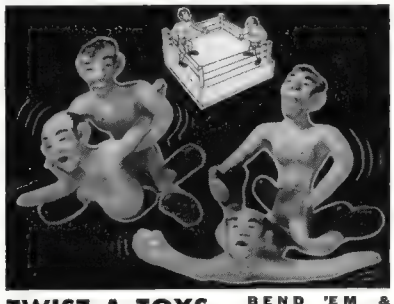

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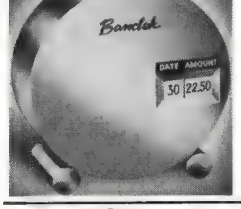

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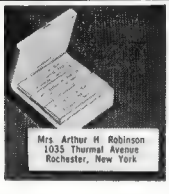

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Tops in the Shops

(Continued from page 16)

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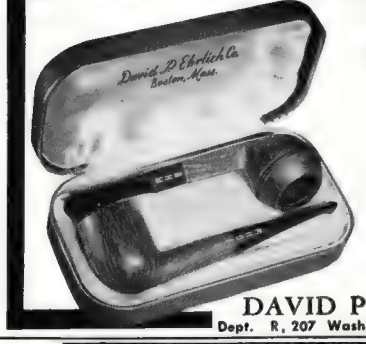

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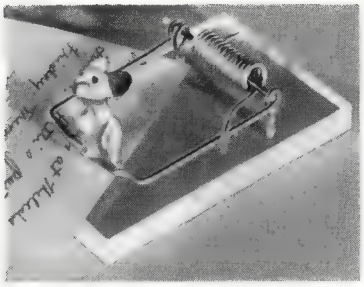
Tops in the Shops



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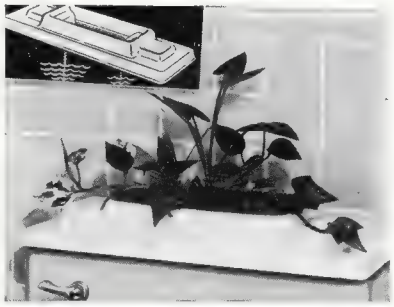

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Makes Knives *RAZOR-SHARP* in 30 Seconds or *CASH REFUND!*

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Gift wrapped with gift card. **$4.95 Ppd.**

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IT'S NOW OR NEVER

Stuck for last minute Christmas presents? Turn to page 12, where TOPS IN THE SHOPS begins, for 11th hour Christmas shopping. Remember, everything is sold on a money-back basis, unless it's personalized. Better hurry!

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AMAZING ALL-IN-ONE PANTY

immediately absorbs all moisture, keeping your child's bed completely dry. Join the grateful and happy mothers helped to new found joy and freedom—protect your child and yourself from the misery, muss and shame of wet beds.

All-In-One Panty is NOT a Diaper!

It is a comfortable panty with a thick, thirsty pad of downy flannel that sops up and retains moisture like a sponge. Soft waterproof fabric forms the outer covering. It gives your child complete protection—night and day.

ENDORSED BY MANY LEADING DOCTORS

They recommend it as the perfect solution for children who cannot help themselves. It washes quickly and easily—may be boiled and bleached.

ONLY ONE STAY-DRY

It is the finest quality ALL-IN-ONE Panty available. Do not confuse it with any other ordinary diaper-panty combinations.

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Address.....
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Every Marble player will treasure this genuine leather pouch which comes filled with 20 marbles. For Miss Pigtails—matching pouch with 8 jacks and a rubber ball. Only..... **$1 ea.**

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WESTERN CLASSICS BOX 4035, DEPT. RPO TUCSON, ARIZONA

"POCKET BELT" FOR GIRLS AND TEENAGERS

"POCKET BELT" PAYS FOR ITSELF

with the savings of lost lunch money or lost hankies. A beautiful accessory to a young girl's wardrobe for school, play or travel. Lovely elastic cinch belt with attractive jeweled buckle makes an ideal, useful gift. Order several now! Choice of Flame Red, Navy, Light Blue, Brown, White or Black. State size or age of girl. Complete with zippered purse and lovely hankie— only ..... **$1.95** ppd.

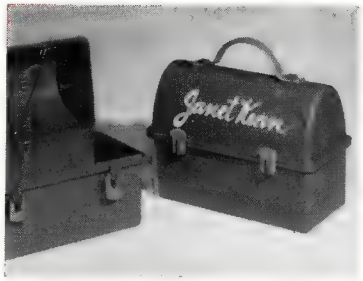
POCKET BELT OF CALIF.
BOX 2911, Dept. R-125, HOLLYWOOD 28, CALIF.

MIST-ER MARTINI

Dry as the desert or wet as you wish, this vermouth spray gives you the proper proportions! Nickelplated brass cap and cork fit any vermouth bottle, always ready for use. With a squeeze of the decorative bulb, you can make a Martini that suits your taste everytime. Gift boxed, to be a welcome addition to any home bar. **$2.95** postpaid. No C. O. D.'s, please. Write for catalog. MARBRITE CO., Dept. RB, 134-51 Springfield Blvd., Springfield Gardens 13, N. Y.

Tops in the Shops

For armchair travelers—gay and colorful travel posters portray the exotic glamour and exciting beauty of foreign lands. 28″ x 42″, in striking colors and designs, they're perfect for decorating playroom, den or club room walls. Six assorted, $3.95 ppd. Order from Blue Horizons, Dept. F-1, Box 93, Belmont, Mass.

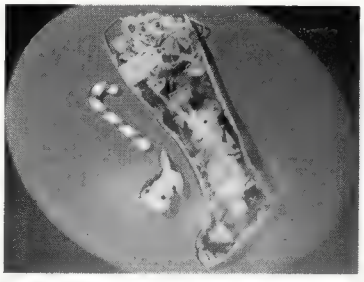


For goodness' sake, the best little boy or girl you know deserves a bright red lunch box. Of unbreakable plastic, it boasts a child's full name in big white letters. 8½″ x 6½″ x 4¼″, it's air-tight, lightweight, sanitary and holds a ½-pt. vacuum bottle in the lid. Just $1.95 ppd. Meredith's, Dept. R-12, Evanston 32, Ill.

Start the new year with a compact and efficient desk appointment calendar for 1956. Indented pages show a week's schedule at a glance and permit instant reference to any day. Year's supply of gray-lithographed pages on 6″ x 8½″ plastic base, $3.75 ppd. Wilson Memindex Co., 149-R Carter St. Rochester 21, N.Y.

Dolls from all nations! Club members receive a French doll direct from Paris as a bonus. Each month, another handcrafted doll, from 8″ to 12″ tall, arrives from a different foreign land duty-free. 3-month membership, $8.75; 6-month, $14.50; 12-month, $26.50. Write to World-Wide Doll Club, Dept. 26, Darien, Conn.

Christmas ties for your prize package —the man in your life! Of bright red pebble-weave silk poplin, gaily decorated with colored sequins, stars and snowflakes, they're full of Christmas spirit for holiday parties. Bow tie, $1; western tie or four-in-hand, $1.59 each, ppd. From Red Oaks, 874-R Greenbay Rd., Winnetka, Ill.



Doggone festive! Christmas stocking for Fido is filled with colorful rubber toys, most of which have a squeak or bell. All seven toys, scented to make them most attractive to the canine set, come in a gift-tagged 18″-long plastic stocking. $2.95 ppd. From Camalier & Buckley, 1141-R Connecticut Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C.

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GREAT FOR PARTIES. Instructions Included.
124 BALLOONS $1.75 —Packed in decorative Xmas stocking. ADD 10¢ POSTAGE PER ORDER.
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NEW! Imported from INDIA

Size 3¾

INDIVIDUAL ASH TRAY

Hand wrought of brass. Engraved color designs inlaid in baked enamel.

& KIDWELL KIDWELL —Box 4186— Phoenix, Ariz.

$1.00 each - set of six $5.00 POSTPAID

No stamps or C.O.D. please.

MISS UNDER THE MISTLETOE

BY RICHARD ARMOUR

Holly is jolly, with berries of red,
But better is mistletoe over the head
Of a girl who has lips with a Number One rating
That are not only red but all ready and waiting.

Christmas trees, too, are attractive and pleasant.
Beneath them you're likely to pick up a present.
But mistletoe means that for him who's not napping
There's a present that's priceless and takes no unwrapping.

Mistletoe's best of the Christmas time greenery:
It adds to the cheer and enhances the scenery.
When the Yuletide is over, we'll miss mistletoe:
The girls may be willing, but how will we know?

So you think the Yuletide has lost some of its joy? Then read this merry tale which proves that

CHRISTMAS IS WHAT YOU MAKE

BY WILLIAM IVERSEN
ILLUSTRATED BY JOE BOWLER

I don't know how it is with you, but getting ready for Christmas at our house is like going through combat training in the Marines. We hit our peak condition about a week before—a grim-faced, hard-shopping family of four, rushing in and out of stores, licking Christmas seals and wrapping packages that have to get to Honolulu in three days.

No kidding, Honolulu. My wife, Marion, has a cousin out there. And just in case this conjures visions of some dark-eyed beauty in a grass skirt, let me hasten to add that the cousin's name is Elsie Kirchmyer, and she's a perfect forty-six. I should know, because when Marion came down with a cold and had to spend a couple of days in bed, I had to waste two whole lunch hours trying to find Cousin Elsie a fancy nightie.

"See what you can find in a size forty-six," Marion snuffled, handing over the charge-account tag like a dying general surrendering his sword. "Something nice, with a little lace. And nothing too heavy, remember. It's warm in Hawaii."

"Then why does she need a nightie at all?" I inquired.

"Because she wants one. I expressly wrote and asked her for a hint, and she said she'd like something to make her feel elegant at bedtime."

"How about a bottle of Scotch?" I suggested. "That would do it."

"Cousin Elsie doesn't drink."

"But how about her husband, Gus? I'll bet he could use a bottle of Scotch—especially if Cousin Elsie is going to start acting elegant at . . ."

"Get Gus a book," Marion *(Continued on page 92)*

IT
"With my husband and children
and me, there is five Christmases,
and in each of those . . .
ornaments is shining another Christmas."
Bowler

At two, Sharon had her legs separated by a 30-inch bar in an effort to force her thigh bone into its too-shallow hip socket.

THE HEALING OF SHARON WEBB

A mother tells the moving true story of a little girl's courageous fight to walk— and of her own struggle not to lose faith

● **One afternoon in November,** 1949, I took my daughter Sharon to the Air Force dispensary at Biloxi, Mississippi, where my husband, a pilot, was stationed.

Sherry was 13 months old. She had been walking for about a month. She walked with a funny rolling motion and fell down often. Once I'd said that she walked like a duck in a hurry, and we had all laughed. We had expected the waddle to vanish as she gained confidence. Instead, it was growing worse.

The dispensary was crowded with giggling, wriggling, whining children and chattering wives. It was hot. Sharon and I waited for two hours. Finally, we saw a pleasant, elderly doctor, a civilian, who was spending his retirement helping with the treatment of Keesler Field's swarm of dependents.

He undressed Sherry and watched her walk. He smiled with me at the way she waddled, but he sent her to be X rayed and read the wet plates. Then, while he held Sherry on his lap and stroked her hair, he told me he was afraid she didn't have much of a socket for her left hip.

He said the femur, the large thigh bone, was dislocated and he couldn't find an important little bone called the epiphysis of the head of the femur. He told me to bring Sherry back the following Saturday to see the orthopedic specialist. He patted my hand and told me not to worry.

The specialist confirmed the old doctor's diagnosis and said we must take Sharon to a general hospital with facilities and personnel to care for her during a long hospitalization. We chose Brooke Army Hospital in San Antonio—Jim and I are Texans and we wanted to have the children spend Christmas with their grandparents.

Two days before Christmas, Jim, Sharon and I sat in the waiting room of Brooke's orthopedic section, surrounded by the usual crowd of noisy children. But these children, unlike those at the dispensary in Biloxi, all wore casts or braces and sat in wheel chairs or limped on crutches.

Along one wall, in a glass-fronted case, were a number of metal and leather braces, artificial limbs and traction devices, displayed on dismembered, flesh-colored dummies. Sharon didn't like looking at the dummies. I hated the metal, the leather and the plaster; I thought of them as instruments of torture, prisons for soft baby flesh. I couldn't think of the clinic as a place of healing. I couldn't pray to God. I wanted nothing except to escape with my child. Yet I sat quietly until they called our name; then Jim and Sharon and I met the doctors. *(Continued on page 83)*

BY LE NELL WEBB

At five, Sharon shows no ill effects of the congenital hip ailment that doctors once feared would cripple her for life. All the traction devices, braces and chest-to-ankle casts are just vague memories to her. Today, completely healed, she goes to school, is able to walk, run and hop as well as any youngster. She has even taken dance lessons.

Her mother had never asked an easy thing of her. At last she knew why.

"Forgive — oh, forgive me!" she cried.

Hawk's Way

BY MARIAN GAVIN
ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN McCLELLAND

Love routed rebellion when she understood her mother's legacy—and stepped from childhood into womanhood

You mean you're going to sell the place?" the boy asked in a hushed voice. His eyes darkened, shock running in with the grief, so that their color was not sky any more but cobalt. "Sell HAWK'S WAY after how she worked for it?"

Unable to stop the dry, derisive sound that rose in her throat, Ann swept out a hand which struck the wire fence and sent a little twinging along its length. "Who'd buy a place like this? Way out here in a—a desert, with not even enough pasture for the few head of cattle we've got, and that —that crazy house—"

Desperately, she wished she didn't stammer; it made her sound four years old instead of fourteen, and this was not the time to sound young. To make him stop looking at her in that shocked way was suddenly the most important thing in the world. To make him understand that, now that her mother was dead, she, Ann Bregarde, was the head woman of the family and must make decisions for the good of all, her two younger sisters and her father. Not forgetting her own good.

"My father," she said with great formality, even though Travis Johns must, scores of times, have seen Charles Bregarde in his worn and ludicrous walking shorts, trying to shoo his own steers out of the garden when he had forgotten to close the gate. "My father is going to stay. But Jane and Mary and I are going in town to live at Aunt Les's. That way, we'll be closer to school and—and everything. My father will be—"

Her voice broke off in her throat like a dry weed stem, and the words that followed came out hot and accusing, for he was part and parcel of what she was fighting, he with the shock plain on his face. "Oh. don't you see what she did? She drove him and drove him until now he doesn't even care whether he goes or stays! But I care and I'm going, now she's not here to stop me!"

In the silence, a lizard disturbed the dry ditch grass by its hurried passing, and, very *(Continued on page 77)*

THE MULTIMILLION-

MARTIN

What keeps a great of raging jealousies?

BY NIVEN BUSCH

In reporting the story behind the year's stormiest feud in show business, Niven Busch draws on a long experience in writing for and about Hollywood. He now both produces and writes film and television plays. His six novels include "Duel in the Sun" and, more recently, "The Actor."
... THE EDITORS

One day some months ago, Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis said that they were through with each other. In Hollywood, the lines of battle were immediately drawn. The combatants withdrew to fortified positions, guarded and patrolled by attorneys, relatives and in-laws. Day and night the sniping continued, skirmishers sneaking past sentries with the password used by both camps: "Ooh, what he said about you!"

For a few black weeks, the situation seemed hopeless. But the forces of peace had a secret weapon—money. Money from movies, from TV, from records, radio, personal appearances, night clubs, endorsements—a total of close to $4,000,000 in 1954, a possible $6,000,000 this year. More money than, nine years ago, Dino Crocetti (then 28) of Steubenville, Ohio, or Joseph Levitch (then 18) of Newark, New Jersey, thought there was in Fort Knox (now very old), Kentucky.

Separated by their private war the same thought occurred to both. There was no money coming in. Maybe no more would ever come in.

Dean had gone to Denver to play in a golf tournament. He was sitting in his room wondering what would happen if he telephoned Jerry, when the telephone rang. Jerry was calling from Hollywood.

"Why don't we meet someplace and talk this over?" he inquired, in the crisp, unwhiny voice he uses when financial matters are at stake.

Dean said that was all right with him.

They went to Carmel, leaving their wives at home. The latter precaution seemed sensible, in that Mrs. Lewis and Mrs. Martin (recently separated from Dean) did not get on too well. Dean and Jerry played golf, chatting as they played, and some-

DOLLAR DILEMMA OF & LEWIS

team together in spite
Love or money—or both?

where out on the Pebble Beach Golf Course, or the beaches, woods and other hazards attached thereto, they arrived at a reconciliation. When asked what form the negotiations had taken, Lewis explained, "Dean agreed that I was wrong."

This comment ranked as the most touching footnote to the whole affair until Dick Stabile, leader of the partners' TV band, heard of the reconciliation. Stabile, who has the words MARTIN AND LEWIS stenciled, painted or engraved on all instruments large enough to provide display space, groaned feelingly, "Thank God! Now I don't have to sell my drums."

The crisis was over, but a shattering fact had come to light. The two lads were conducting a large business with just about the same stability and caution they show in one of their wild night-club routines. Since, beyond doubt, they will continue this method of operation, the only clue as to whether or not they will stay together must be provided by the nature of their relationship itself—one of the richest, stormiest and most confusing partnerships in the history of entertainment.

The partnership began sometime after Martin and Lewis had been following each other around a circuit of fourth-rate clubs—Jerry doing an uninspired comedy solo, Dean trying like all other night-club baritones, then and now, to sing like Crosby. It was a lonesome life. For amusement they scribbled notes to each other on the dressing-room walls.

"Hello, jerk. Played to 11 people here last night. Was I a smash. . . ."

"Idiot! the big blonde's name is Myrna—but you can't date her. She loves me."

"Hear you laid an egg in Newark. Why don't you tape your stuff so folks won't have to watch you?"

Booked into the 500 Club in Atlantic City, Jerry suggested Dean as replacement for a canceled act.

"This guy isn't just a singer. What a brain! We put on some great routines together."

The promotion took some pressure to put over when Skinny D'Amato, the owner, found he had to pay Dean twice what he

their new movie has a touch of the old madness

1 In latest picture, "Artists and Models," Jerry starts a typical Martin-Lewis routine.

2 Dean rushes in when Jerry, by his own bungling, gets tangled with masseuse.

3 With Jerry barking orders, Dean soon finds himself on the bottom of the pile.

4 Jerry's frantic yells bring in another masseuse, who rashly tries to help out.

5 She joins the spreading confusion, bringing a third masseuse on the scene.

6 Jerry makes his escape, leaving his four benefactors to look out for themselves.

Martin and Lewis made one huge success out of two failures. Can they hold on to it?

was paying Jerry. After the first night he was convinced he had made a poor bargain.

"Where," he asked, "are the great routines?"

Martin and Lewis stayed up the rest of the night and all next day writing an act. When they tried it out, it fell flatter than their two solos. It appeared that not only would Dean fail to hold his new job but his sponsor, Lewis, would be fired too. With nothing to lose they began doing anything for laughs. They squirted each other with carbonated water and played catch with the customers' steaks. Lewis draped a tray of dishes over a ringsider's head.

Between, over and through these spurts of slapstick they ad libbed, building each other's gags. Suddenly the jokes were going over, the songs were great. Each seemed to know intuitively what the other was about to do and to be able to improvise along with it. They kept on till six in the morning, at which point Lewis went off stage. He came back wearing an overcoat and carrying a suitcase.

"I'm going home," he told Dean. "When you're through, lock up."

News went out on Missouri Avenue and the adjacent beach and boardwalk that there was amusement at the 500 Club. By seven next evening every table was reserved. By eleven the standees were climbing on the bar. "I'll give you guys a three-month contract," D'Amato said.

Lewis, who had somehow appointed himself business manager of the new partnership, looked haughty.

"Are you crazy? From here we go to the Copa."

This threat, made without foundation in fact, seemed to hold a possibility. Jointly they wired Jack Entratter, then impresario of New York's Copacabana.

"*Packing them in here. If you catch our act, you'll book us.*"

Entratter caught them and booked them. They had accomplished in one zany bound a feat which, a week earlier, hadn't seemed possible for either of them, ever: They had made the big time. They had also discovered that, regardless of what they were alone, together they were wonderful. Perhaps even more important, they found that they liked each other.

Trifles can build up into an explosion

Both of these revelations played an important part in the years of stunning success which followed for Martin and Lewis.

Liking grows out of little things. So does disliking. Let's say you're working with another person every day, building jokes, inventing them, rehearsing them. In one gag you're slapping his face after he's come up with a corny line. Another routine calls for you to shove a bottle of Coke in his mouth. Or you dump him in a bath tub or you slap him with a hamburger or you trip him. There are different ways of doing those things. You have to make him know you're buddies; there's no roughness; it's for laughs. There are always other ways you might use if you were mad or tired or you figured he was getting a big head and should be disciplined.

Or take it from the other angle, suppose you're the foil. You're singing a song. He has to interrupt you. But there are ways of doing that, too—being funny and keeping you a part of the laugh. Or being funny just by making you look stupid.

Now another thing. Who tells the jokes? One plays straight for the other. Fine. Only—does it always have to be *the same one?* Or take the interviews. Someone is coming over from an important paper. Does your partner have the time set at an hour when he knows you can't be there? Or does he see you are there, when you should be somewhere else, and yet somehow take the play away from you?

It came into the open in Phoenix

That's part of it. There are also wives. To your ever-loving you're the greatest. Naturally, she's for you. So if your partner boobed you in any way, and you neglected noticing it, then your ever-loving will point it out to you.

His does the same. Does she want him to stand there with egg on his face? A thousand times no. But —where does all this leave the joke business? It isn't a quarry, coughing up slabs of rock. It's a delicate enterprise, built out of a smile and a shoeshine. It can be damaged.

It's hard to say where the irritation started. It first came out in the open in what the rival camps later referred to as "the Phoenix Episode."

That was in March, 1954. Martin and Lewis were on location for the Hal Wallis picture, "Three Ring Circus." Martin's role was small. He was supposed to stroll on, sing a few songs and get lost. When he walked in front of the camera in the Phoenix ball park, the extras who had been working in the picture for two weeks were seeing him for the first time.

The front row bleachers cut loose with wisecracks.

"Hey, Dean, you in this epic? . . . Say, what happened to your part? . . . We thought you stayed at home."

At lunch time, Jerry Lewis was mobbed by autograph hunters. Martin ate alone. Such neglect, though not new to him, was currently unusual; that year, for the first time in his life, he had really scored as a singer—his record, "That's Amore," had sold 2,000,000 copies. As he drank his coffee, he reflected on the advice friends had been giving him:

"You could be starred in your own pictures. Why, you could make a good living from records alone. What's the use of playing second leads to this idiot? You'd be bigger than Sinatra if you were alone."

That evening, trying to relax, he picked up a magazine. In it was a photograph *(Continued on page 102)*

When a mite of a kitten causes a deadlock between father and daughter, a wise mother stays

On the Side of the Angels

BY FORREST ROSAIRE
ILLUSTRATED BY LUCIA

"All right," said Dan with an eloquent gesture, "stray animals must go!"

Let me ask you, as woman to woman—when your husband and your child get into a dispute, whose side do you take? You might say the child must be wrong. . . . but not necessarily. I am not so sure Dan always shows a mental range beyond Sally's, although he is a lawyer and she is in the fifth grade. Each of them has the same kind of uptilted, positive nose, although Sally's is more like a button, and their bright brown eyes have the same determined sparkle. But there was considerably more than a sparkle in their eyes on this particular Sunday afternoon, to judge from their voices volleying up from the garden.

"Whose?" cried Dan. "*Ours?* You must be out of your mind!"

"No, no, Daddy, it's ours because it was born here."

I looked through the bedroom casement and saw Sally by the lilac bush holding one of the calico kittens against her chest in that fierce, mother-protecting way in which only a ten-year-old can hold a kitten.

"Look," said Dan, pointing to the grating that leads underneath one end of our hillside house, "you made that hole in the grating and you put that cat in there, just to give it a hideaway out of my sight."

"No, you're entirely wrong, Daddy," said Sally, her lower lip outthrust as far as Dan's, "*you* made that hole with the power mower when you ran it off the edge of the lawn. And their mother got in there and borned them."

"Them!" cried Dan, his face horrified. "How many of these cats are under the house?"

"Two," said Sally, on the verge of tears. "Ganges and Brahmaputra. Their mother was killed by a truck."

I need hardly say that Sally is a demon at geography, for nobody else would have reached as far as the rivers of India to name a couple of kittens. At this moment Ganges, or perhaps Brahmaputra, made a flying dive out of *(Continued on page 98)*

WAYS TO A SUCCESSFUL MARRIAGE · NO. 13 IN A SERIES

A Young Wife's Story as Told to
MICHAEL DRURY

MY PARENTS SUPPORT US —AND I HATE IT!

Are Steve and Polly being kept from growing up by taking financial help from her parents?

For more than a year now I have been part of a subsidized marriage. If I had it to do over again, I wouldn't.

By "subsidized" I mean that my parents give us a regular monthly income—not enough to pay all our expenses, but enough to "put a floor under us," as Steve says. Without their help, we couldn't have married when we did. They thought up the idea themselves, because they knew we'd been in love for years and were miserable at the thought of further delay.

On the surface this may sound like a fine, generous thing for parents to do. It certainly sounded that way to us, and we thought we had good reasons for accepting their help. I know now, though, that you can always find reasons for doing something you want to do. The arrangement simply hasn't worked out the way it was supposed to—mainly, I think, because human beings just aren't perfect.

Our marriage had been postponed twice, first by the Army and then when Steve's father died. The second time seemed to be more than I could take.

We live in a small town, and I have known Steve since we were sophomores in high school. My parents were fond of him—Dad has always wanted a son—and we knew almost from the first that someday we'd get married. The only thing Steve ever wanted, besides me, was a radio-TV shop of his own; he saved toward it from the time he was 15.

He hadn't been out of the Army a month when his father died and Steve gave his savings to his mother. He felt he ought to, especially since he has two younger brothers. I did understand, and yet I was nearly sick because we had to start all over again. Steve was ready to take a job for a TV manufacturer in a city 300 miles away. I was wondering what to do—whether to follow him and get a job there, or just wait at home, or what—when something happened. The man who owned the only radio-TV repair shop in our town decided to sell out and go to California.

Steve wanted that shop, and he could get it with a Government loan. A break like this might not come along again for years, but starting his own business meant postponing our marriage plans indefinitely.

"Unless I do better than Mr. Richter did and do it fast," Steve explained, "there isn't going to be anything to live on. I know I can make a go of it, but it just isn't realistic to assume I could support a wife right away, too."

Of course my mother and father knew about our problem. One night Dad said, "Look here, you two, Polly's an only child and we always thought she might go to college. Since she didn't, why don't you let us help with your living expenses and you go ahead and get married? Seems to me this romance has gone on long enough—over five years, isn't it?"

We looked at each other and then at him. I was crying and laughing at the same time, and Steve looked as if he might cry, too. He wasn't quite so delighted as I was—a man likes to feel he can make his own way in the world—but the folks had an answer to everything.

"We'll call it Polly's inheritance if that will make you feel better," Dad said. "Only we're giving it to her now instead of 20 or 30 years from now."

It sounded reasonable, even to Steve; we worked out the details. Dad agreed to give us $200 a month, or about enough to cover necessities. I was working in a department store at the time, but we found it would be better for me to quit so

that I could help Steve out in the shop. He would be spending a lot of his time out on calls, and he needed somebody to answer the phone and look after the shop when he wasn't there. I could do that at no cost to him, and at the same time we'd be cutting out most of my ordinary job expenses—taxes, carfare and so on.

It all sounded fine—but it hasn't worked out that way.

Money is a funny thing, and in our case it's meant having a third party to our marriage. I'm not saying that my folks are entirely to blame; it's also the way Steve and I have begun to act toward them. We're standoffish and very much on the defensive—and we don't know what to do about it.

For example, a few months after we were married I began to chafe a little at going to Steve's house or mine for Sunday dinner every week.

"It's our one day off," I told Steve, "and I'd like to save it for just us once in a while."

"I know, honey, but it makes Mom happy. She knows your folks are doing a lot for us, and this is one way she figures she can help, too."

"I realize that, but when we go to her place every other Sunday, we have to go to my folks' just as often or they'd be hurt."

We decided it was too small a thing to make into an issue. "But this handout will stop as soon as I can swing it," Steve said.

The trouble is, the handout hasn't stopped yet. and we're certainly not our own boss. That feeling of obligation is with us all the time.

When we painted the apartment and got new curtains, Mother seemed miffed because I didn't ask her advice about colors and materials.

"Do you really like dark brown in the living room?" she asked. "I could never live with it."

"You don't have to," I said without thinking. She gave me a funny look. I know we were both thinking, *No, but who has to pay for it?*

She and Steve's mother keep giving us cakes and casseroles as if we were poor relations and didn't eat right. Mother gave me some sheets I really didn't need; she said they were old, but I know she had them laundered just to get the labels off. When Steve and I managed to take a week's vacation last summer, the folks started planning where we would go, what *(Continued on page 90)*

How to Make Subsidized Marriage Work

BY DR. EMILY MUDD

It would be hard to say flatly that there is a trend toward subsidized marriage in this country, but there is a known trend toward marrying younger. The question of financial aid to early marriages thus appears to be coming up more often. I have seen it work extremely well and I have known it to cause hardship on all concerned, as in Polly's situation.

Money is often such a supercharged subject that it isn't possible to lay down laws that will guarantee success to a subsidized marriage. However, there are a few rules that anyone considering such an arrangement should remember—and this goes for the parents as well as the young couple.

1. *There should be clearly established limits to the financial aid.* Money in itself is not demoralizing, but vagueness in handling it can be. Parents should say, "We can afford to provide this help for two years (or one year or up to a certain sum) and after that you're on your own." All marriages should eventually establish themselves as separate entities; even if the parents *could* support the young couple indefinitely, it is most important that the young people set a goal of independence toward which they can work.

Marriage is in a very real sense the acceptance of maturity and adult responsibility, one part of which is self-support. Unless a foreseeable end to aid is set, the marriage is deprived of this important part and, as Steve told Polly, "they go on treating us like kids." The young couple goes on feeling like kids, too.

2. *The young couple must be given full control of the money.* Money doled out like an allowance, sometimes increased (as when Polly's Dad gives extra presents) and, by implication at least, sometimes withheld if the young people are reckless or unwise, again perpetuates a childish dependency that doesn't permit the marriage to grow.

Any subsidy is bound to represent an extension of the parents' personalities. But it doesn't have to be a destructive, interfering extension; it can be a warm, helpful one—provided the young couple itself decides how the money is to be spent.

I know a young wife whose mother has contributed toward her marriage for various family reasons. When this girl married, the mother put a certain amount of money in the bank and told her daughter to draw on it as she saw fit. They lived many miles apart. One *(Continued on page 90)*

"We Refused

"Not-for-sale" signs were put up by Teaneck residents to end a selling wave that threatened their property values.

to Give Up Our Homes"

When Negroes moved in, the whites of Teaneck, New Jersey had three choices: drive them out, sell their own houses at a loss—or find a fair, peaceful solution

BY SELWYN JAMES
PHOTO BY IKE VERN

Normally, the sight of a man building his own home is a heart-warming one. But not so long ago, to many of the 500-odd families of a tree-studded neighborhood in Teaneck, New Jersey, the sight of a man named Jay Payne building his own ranch-type house evoked secret feelings of shock and despair.

Every evening and on weekends, Payne would drive up to his lot and work on the house until, as one local housewife has put it, he looked "too tired to lift a hammer." Sometimes he was accompanied by his wife and young children, sometimes by men who were his brothers, cousins or just good friends.

The house that was being built would later be appraised for tax purposes at $35,000. All other things being equal, such a house would raise the values of adjacent homes and be a credit to the neighborhood. Yet the nearby home owners worried about it as they might have worried about a poolroom or a garbage-disposal plant.

For all other things were apparently not equal. Jay Payne, his family and his relatives and friends were Negroes.

"What's *my* house going to be worth now?" was the question bewildered home owners began asking each other. Was the community destined to become a slum? Would the white people who stayed on find that they themselves were a minority group?

Today these questions are being asked by Americans in hundreds of cities and towns. Now that the U. S. Supreme Court has declared that "restricted covenants" cannot be enforced, deliberately planned racial segregation in housing is not legal. Few suburban districts are immune to the possibility of Negro home ownership.

In many communities, the purchase of homes by Negroes has resulted in panic selling and even violence. In Philadelphia a few years ago, a mob stormed the house of Wiley Clark, a Negro who had had the temerity to buy an abandoned store in a white neighborhood and make it over into livable quarters. In *(Continued on page 87)*

"Amelia, I've never told my wife about seeing you. I don't think I could explain these Wednesday nights. Or how much I need them."

DISCREET DECEPTION

Amelia was the "other woman." But what she told the wife was less surprising than what she did not tell the husband!

When Vivian telephoned and asked her to lunch with her downtown on Saturday, Amelia felt that this time she must accept; she was fresh out of plausible excuses. Ever since Harry's death in Korea she had tried to avoid Harry's family; seeing them was still too painful a reminder when she was just beginning to learn to live without him. Especially she tried to avoid Vivian and Simon. Simon was Harry's brother and far too much like him. Simon had the same big-limbed frame, the same brown hair that grew on the back of his neck the same way, the same combination of exuberance and easy friendliness.

The four of them had once gone everywhere together, and Amelia was grateful when Simon and Vivian had moved to Southport and she did not have to run into them so often. But Vivian made the luncheon date sound so urgent that Amelia could not duck out of it. At least Simon won't be there, Amelia told herself on Saturday, taking the cross-town bus to meet her.

The problem turned out to be about Vivian's and Simon's oldest daughter, who was seven and becoming alarmingly willful. Vivian wanted to know if the kind of experimental school in which Amelia was teaching might offer a solution for her daughter. Amelia told her all she could, which absorbed the time from cocktails through the entrée, but then there was nothing left to talk about, with coffee and dessert still to go.

She made an effort. "Tell me, Vivian, what have you been doing with yourself? It's been months since we've talked."

Vivian shrugged faintly. Her tailleur was feminine. There was nothing she could wear, it seemed, that could make her appear anything but exquisite. An artful strand of ash-blonde hair showed beneath the tiny brim of her violet hat. She always made Amelia feel too tall, too vividly colored, too sensible, and actually Amelia was none of these. Amelia made herself remember she was two years younger than Vivian and still had a few months to go before her twenty-seventh birthday as she watched Vivian shrug slender shoulders.

"Same old treadmill. I'm too involved to find a way off it. *(Continued on page 74)*

BY ETHEL EDISON GORDON
ILLUSTRATED BY RAY PROHASKA

When one young family decided they wanted more fun and less fuss on weekends, they worked out an ingenious plan. Just follow their six simple rules and

Have 52 Vacations in '56

BY JAMES A. BRYANS
DRAWINGS BY GEORGE WIGGINS

Late one Sunday evening last summer, my wife and I took a long, hard look at ourselves. We didn't like what we saw. Another weekend was reaching its hectic close—and what did we have to show for it?

I had (a) a basement full of half-finished chores, (b) a still-unfulfilled urge to watch a ball game on TV without the intermittent patter of childish feet over my prostrate form, (c) one of history's most durable hangovers, dating back to Friday night's bridge-and-beer marathon, (d) a chip on *both* shoulders.

My wife, Janice, had (a) a bruise on her right arm sustained during the usual Sunday bedtime brawl with an overtired six-year-old, (b) one vast sinkload of greasy dinner dishes, (c) a glint of wrath in her soft, brown eyes because I had never got around to helping her hang the new living-room drapes.

We sat together in the gloom of that sad-sack Sunday evening, and we both agreed that this wasn't the way weekends were supposed to be. We both agreed that we, like many Americans, were wasting precious time that could and should add up to *52 vacations a year.*

Janice, who is the analytic, brass-tacks member of the family, said, "Let's make a plan." We did so, then and there, and that plan, simple as it was, changed our lives drastically. We believe it can change *your* life, too. And so we offer it here—our Plan for Fifty-Two Vacations a Year . . .

1. MAKE WEEKDAY SACRIFICES

● Like most people, we work very hard from Monday through Friday. My job in a New York office occupies nine hours a day, including commutation time from our home in Connecticut. On top of her household duties, Janice devotes four hours a day to running a small nursery school. But when we framed our plan, we decided that we must *put in a little extra time during the working week* in order to clear away the debris that had been cluttering up our weekends.

The weekly budget, which used to hang over my head on Friday evenings, I now handle during Monday morning's train ride. It means surrendering the pleasures of the sports page, but it's worth it; now the weekend is free of worries about money. One of our greatest weekend time consumers before the plan was Saturday morning shopping; now Janice takes the car on Friday morning and has the larder all stocked ahead of time. Every possible homemaking job—from ironing clothes to repairing a leaky faucet—is done and out of the way by Friday. (Janice says: "This part of the plan depends largely on the wife. Make it a rule *never* to have to wash clothes or even lift a dust rag on Saturday or Sunday.")

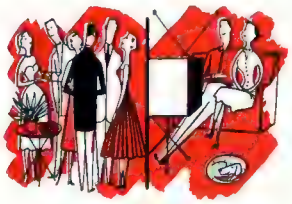
2. MAKE A NEW TIMETABLE

● Your weekend can never be a real vacation unless you're well rested and ready to enjoy it. Prepare for it on Thursday night; avoid social obligations, eat a light, digestible dinner and go to bed early. We found that a quiet, restful Thursday night made our Friday and Saturday evening festivities doubly enjoyable. Even on Friday nights, pass up heavy party-going and late dates; go to the 7 o'clock movie, or have friends in for an early-evening visit. Arrange your social life so that you are in bed Friday no later than 11 or 12, and you'll prevent tiredness that can ruin the whole weekend. Moreover, you'll then be able to get up by 8 Saturday morning—an important part of our plan.

Saturday from 8 to 1 is our "get-it-done" time. All the jobs that couldn't be done during the week are tackled at this time; father and son get a haircut together; the lawn gets mowed; the car gets polished; Janice's toenails get manicured. We work like Trojans all morning to wrap things up, then have a light lunch and the *whole family* takes an hour's nap. (There's that matter of rest again—an important key to a successful weekend.) Then, the afternoon is open for a trip to the zoo or a skating rink, or the beach if it's summer. And when we come back home for the big dinner and the evening ahead, we're still fresh as daisies because of that all-important hour's rest.

Sunday mornings are, of course, taken up by Sunday

school and church, and our youngster must go to worship fortified by his usual breakfast. But for grownups on Sunday our plan provides just two meals, the first, a leisurely late breakfast, usually eaten at 12 noon. Then comes what was by far the greatest change in our weekend timetable. We abolished the traditional Sunday dinner with all its pomp, ceremony, sweat and tears. To give husband and wife more time to enjoy each other on the weekend and less time to contemplate the stove and the dishpan, we pushed that solemn ritual over to Monday night; if relatives or other important people must be invited for a big dinner, they now come on Monday. We have replaced the Sunday banquet with a 5 o'clock supper, consisting of leftovers, sandwiches or cold cuts and salad. Thus, the day is wide open for all kinds of adventures and excursions, unhampered by tiring household labors. And, though we may be a little weary when we go to bed Sunday night, it's the weariness of carefree vacationers, not the total exhaustion of galley slaves.



3. HAVE A CHANGE OF PACE

● Until we sat down and worked out our vacation plan, there would often be three consecutive weekends of frantic parties, visits and returned visits. This wasn't good for our health and had us swearing off everything from late hours to friends. Then again, three weekends would sometimes go by without any activity more eventful than taking a short ride in the country or watching a western movie on TV. This produced boredom.

Now, after a Saturday and Sunday crammed with excitement, with seeing people and doing things, we make it a rule to do absolutely nothing strenuous the following Saturday and Sunday. On the other hand, if we are stay-at-homes one weekend, we arrange to become gadabouts the next. Too much of either action or inaction and these two precious days lose their "holiday" magic.

4. BE SURE IT'S A VACATION FOR *EVERYBODY*

● When Janice and I mapped out our vacation plan, this was our greatest source of trouble. I like football and baseball games; Janice would rather go antique hunting or fishing. Our six-year-old boy, Paul, would rather go sledding—or, if it's summer, bob around in the water all day. We decided to give each member of the family his turn on different weekends. And, very often, we were able to hit upon a diversion which combined all interests. For example, there's a nearby state park which in summer provides both fishing (for mother) and swimming (for son) right close together, while I sit nearby and follow the Giants by portable radio. Our latest "vacation" entertainment is searching for a house. We bring along some toy cars for our six-year-old to play with so that the day will be enjoyable for him, too.

During weekends spent at home, it's often a problem keeping youngsters in a vacation frame of mind, especially when weather won't permit them to play outdoors. We bought our boy a room-sized piece of oilcloth so that he can have full sway with finger paints and other normally destructive art materials. This same oilcloth serves for indoor picnics—one of our favorite vacation pastimes at this time of year.

5. DO ONLY ONE GOOD DEED PER WEEKEND

● It was understood, when Janice and I laid out our plan for 52 vacations a year, that weekends were not merely for pleasure seeking. There were important things to be done—improvements in our home and improvements in ourselves—that could be done on no other occasion.

In fact there were *too* many things that needed doing. On a typical Saturday morning b.p. (before plan), I would be trying to fix Paul's miniature auto with one hand and trying to frame a picture with the other, while looking over my shoulder at a pile of unhung Venetian blinds. Result: few jobs got proper attention; some never were finished at all. Under the plan, we determined to *limit* weekend jobs; we agreed that each weekend we would accomplish just one single improvement in our living (that is, over and above everyday routine chores). Last week, we installed those Venetian blinds, and there wasn't even a cuss word. This week, I'm finally fixing Paul's car—with the comforting knowledge that this will be my one good deed for the weekend.

6. DON'T TRY TOO HARD

● If a mortal man were capable of creating a blueprint for his perfect happiness on earth, some other poor devil would come along and make himself miserable trying to follow that blueprint down to the letter. In living out our plan for 52 vacations a year, Janice and I always leave plenty of room for the unexpected. If the plan calls for a weekend of quiet relaxation and a long-absent friend suddenly blows into town and wants a big night, we can make an exception. And if I've done my one constructive thing for the weekend, and still feel like doing more —I sometimes do.

Individual details of the plan may not fit every personality or situation. But the basic rules—doing something extra during the work-week, organizing your time sensibly, getting the right amount of rest and making the weekend a useful and happy time for *the whole family*—these apply to everybody.

Try them. You'll find yourself getting more out of the two days than you ever have before and returning to work satisfied and exhilarated. . . .THE END

Why Your Child Should Dance

as told to MAURICE ZOLOTOW

Dancing can help your child—or it can hurt her. A dance expert shows how you can help her get the most out of it

(Too many parents have a distorted idea of what dancing should do for their youngsters. In the following outspoken article, a famous dance director—who prefers to remain anonymous, for obvious reasons—frankly tells parents what they should know before investing in dance lessons.)

Do you have a little girl at your house? Is she three—maybe four—years old with strong, nicely-formed legs, a sprightly manner and an urge to whirl around the room whenever she hears a bouncy tune? And have you pictured her in a fluffy ballet skirt, delicately balanced on her toes, floating like an angel on a stage?

If you have, you are one of the millions of young parents who can imagine their daughters as another Alicia Markova or Leslie Caron.

So please take warning. Don't be carried away by a vision of your sweet youngster, perhaps in a cute little grass skirt, wiggling her hips to the rhythm of "Lovely Hula Hands." Don't be ensnared by the promises of glib door-to-door salesmen peddling introductory bargain courses—10 lessons for five dollars—and be wary of the school that advertises it will put your child on television in six months.

Every child should learn something about dancing. It is a mistake, however, for parents to enroll their youngsters in a course without examining both the school and the reasons for enrolling their children.

When your daughter is four years old, nobody except God can say for certain that she will be another Markova. Your child is not old enough to start formal ballet training for several years. As for toe dancing, forget it. In the opinion of experts, a girl should not dance on her toes until she is at least 10 or 11 years old and has had solid ballet training.

All of us learn arithmetic even though only a few of us ever grow up to become certified public accountants. Your child may never become a pro- *(Continued on page 96)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB WILLOUGHBY

The wrong dances for very young children are vaudeville-type hoofing *(above left)* and toe dancing *(above right)*, the author says. The best possible introduction is "modern" dancing *(opposite page)*. It helps strengthen young bodies and to develop children's personalities.

THE PRIVATE takes a wife

A young draftee and his bride find that an Army marriage can be worth all the hardships—including a wedding and honeymoon on a four-day pass

PICTURE STORY FOR REDBOOK

BY ED FEINGERSH—PIX

Helen Lou McDonald and Ralph Burns had a crucial decision to make. Should they get married right away, or wait until Ralph finished his two-year hitch in the Army? Since theirs is a common problem—and will remain one as long as young men are drafted and fall in love—REDBOOK asked a photographer-reporter to show you what happened after Helen and Ralph made their decision.

They both knew that a service marriage would involve sacrifices. Their wedding would have to be simple; their honeymoon, brief. They would start out in makeshift quarters, and they would find it hard to get along on Ralph's pay as a private and Helen's low salary as a teacher. But they were young, in love—and impatient. So, one Friday afternoon recently, they were married in the chapel at Fort Knox, Kentucky, where Ralph is stationed. The ceremony was performed by Helen's brother, a minister.

Prewedding strain shows on Ralph as he and Helen pick up their license the day before the ceremony (*above*). They almost forgot to get it, just made the license bureau a few minutes before it closed. Tired and nervous the next day, Ralph struggles with collar, draws no comfort from best man's moral support (*right*). Moments later he knows it was all worth it (*facing page*).

CONTINUED ➔

Happy bride waves to friend during reception in the post's recreation room.

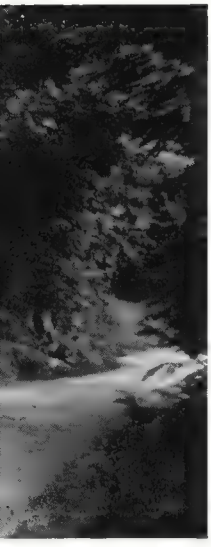
On a weekend honeymoon, they find rain, horseplay—and each other

A few hours later the newlyweds were driving south to Cumberland Falls for a weekend honeymoon. The following Monday they made the 125-mile trip back—Ralph had to report for tank practice the next morning.

Their brief honeymoon over, they have set up housekeeping in half a bungalow outside Fort Knox. Their rented apartment has three rooms, plus a bathroom they share with another family. They expect to stay there until Ralph gets his discharge in mid-1956.

The couple met at a religious meeting for young people a few months after Ralph entered service in 1954. He was from Ohio; she came from Mansfield, a small Kentucky town, and was teaching at Fort Knox in the post's school for servicemen's youngsters. Soon they had made up their minds to get married. They knew that an Army marriage wouldn't be easy—but it would be much easier than waiting.

Venturing outside after a day of rain, the newlyweds decide to take a walk down a wooded path at Cumberland Falls. A playful slap from Ralph touches off a spirited, laugh-filled skirmish. Then their mood changes, and they enjoy a quieter moment together (*facing page*).



CONTINUED ➡

Ralph's working day is long, their living

Work-day routine begins before daybreak the morning after they return from their honeymoon. Helen is up with Ralph at 5:15 to get breakfast; as she takes away cereal dish, he hurriedly swallows coffee (*above*). After driving 15 miles to the post, he spends most of the day out on tank maneuvers (*right*). Returning home that night, he sinks down, exhausted (*below*). Helen offers a sympathetic hand but wisely saves serious talk for later.

First meal at home is voted a success, in spite of Helen's look of anguish when Ralph tries his hand at basting the roast (*right*). Although Helen is the official cook in the family, Ralph likes to experiment now and then—a habit that often leads to confusion in their small kitchen. Before they eat, Ralph says grace (*facing page*). Both deeply religious, they are determined that Ralph will become a minister when his time as a soldier is up.

quarters are crude—but they're together

MY PARENTS NEVER TOLD US

By Sam Levenson
as told to
Floyd Miller

A famous humorist tells a true story about his parents and how they expressed love, even in deception

●

Our family was a close one, bound together by tradition and by poverty. Two parents and eight kids in a five-room tenement just had to be close, had to learn tolerance and acceptance, or we would have exploded. But, with all the intimacy of the poor, we kids never guessed the love that existed between Hyman and Rebecca Levenson, my Mom and Pop. We saw the differences between them—the ties were invisible.

Pop never gave the slightest indication he was a sentimental man. He was orthodox in his religion, and uncompromising in his personal ethics. He held the theory that character is formed only through suffering. Each evening he would seat himself at the head of the dinner table, spread out the evening newspaper and read aloud the stories he considered appropriate. These were stories of wars, famines, pestilences, strikes, with special emphasis upon relief rolls and evictions.

At any protest from Mom, he would sweep the table with his black eyes, his Vandyke beard bristling, and would say, "Let the children know what life is." What he failed to understand was that we didn't need newspaper stories to show us that life could be grim at times.

To defy Pop openly was unthinkable, but behind his back Mom softened life for her children as much as she was able. "Childhood should not be for worries," she'd say softly, and she would go to great lengths to conceal from us the full truth about our poverty. She did this because she considered it right, but she was driven by her own pride, too. Neighbors all around us went on relief from time to time, but never the Levensons—Mom had the same horror of relief that Pop had of sin.

I've known Mom, while entertaining a visitor, to excuse herself from the room ostensibly to tend to supper. In the kitchen she would rattle the pots and pans and finally return to her guest, wearing the expression of a satisfied cook when all the time there was nothing on the stove but a pot of boiling water. Yet she managed to feed us adequately, and on holidays there was always a chicken. She accomplished this by trading food with the neighbors and by having a well-earned credit reputation throughout the building.

For Mom, the good life was more than just a chicken on holidays, however—it was giving her children culture. Culture meant music, and miraculously there appeared in the parlor one day a piano! It was a tired and scarred veteran, missing several of its keys and no longer able to sound a true tune, but it was a piano!

As her children came along, each learned to play the piano, each passing the knowledge along to the succeeding brother or sister. Joseph taught Jacob, who taught David, who taught Dora, who taught Michael, who taught William, who taught Albert, who taught . . . but no, there it ended.

I was the last one in line, and I was destined for the violin. It was because of the violin that Mom openly and with calculation deceived Pop—a deception that was to be her secret the rest of her life.

I was eight years old when I suddenly appeared in the parlor with my new instrument and began to practice.

ILLUSTRATED BY LOUIS GLANZMAN

Each week Mom would quietly take a quarter out of the money jar and slip it into my pocket. To me, this was hot money.

At the first tortured note Pop dropped his paper and stared. "A fiddle?" he exclaimed.

"It's from the settlement house," Mom cut in quickly, "so it isn't costing."

"Hmmm," he said and slowly sank behind the paper to continue his study of the news of disaster.

What Mom had said was true—the fiddle did belong to the settlement house and was mine only on loan. But she concealed from him the fact that she had determined that I, of all her children, should have a formal musical education, a real teacher and *paid* lessons. True, the settlement-house music department charged only 25 cents a lesson, but that was a significant amount of money in our home—the way Mom shopped, it could buy quite a bit of food.

At that age I was unconcerned over the economics of the deal, but extremely sensitive to the danger involved. Each week, Mom would quietly take the quarter out of the household money-jar in the kitchen and slip it into my pocket. To me, this was *(Continued on page 100)*

season's togetherness

CHRISTMAS IS THE TIME, above all others,
when families will come from far and near to *be together* . . .
to celebrate and pray and play *together.*

Christmas togetherness is the high point of a great
year-round national trend of togetherness in family living.

McCALL'S — the national magazine of "Togetherness" —
is the only magazine edited, all year round,
to this family ideal and addressed to the *woman*
in terms of *her family* and *their shared interests.*

McCALL'S Christmas issue (December) is filled from cover to cover with Christmas and togetherness. Here are just a few of the special features:

OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL CHRISTMAS

BIG & LITTLE
(two fascinating articles on gifts)

CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

MERRY EATING, 1955

BEAUTY AND FASHION ARTICLES
FOR THE HOLIDAYS

McCall's

AMERICA'S MOST DRAMATIC MAGAZINE

Buy it at your newsstand — 25 cents

Reproductions of old London and original music lend excitement to Dickens' tale on TV.

CHRISTMAS ON TV

The holiday programs begin on Dec. 15th with a revival of last year's fine production of "A Christmas Carol"

● **As much a part** of the Yuletide as turkey and the Christmas tree are Charles Dickens' "A Christmas Carol." Down through the years parents have been reading the famous story to their children on Christmas Eve and for years Lionel Barrymore played *Scrooge* on radio broadcasts of the story. Last season "Shower of Stars" presented a colored version of the classic on CBS-TV and, since this excellent presentation was a film, it's possible to repeat the performance and establish a tradition on television.

So, on Thursday, Dec. 15 at 8:30 p.m. EST (Dec. 18th in Canada), Fredric March will again be seen as *Scrooge* and Basil Rathbone will appear as *Marley's Ghost* in an adaptation of the story especially written for television by Maxwell Anderson. Christopher Cook may well have the longest run in history as *Tiny Tim* because he'll appear year after year in the film and never grow too old for the part. This great tale of the miserly old *Scrooge* whose character is changed by his association with *Tim* and the other members of the lively *Cratchit* family is the perfect choice for a Christmas show.

In the coming year, "Shower of Stars" will present Jack Benny in three shows, two of which are being written by F. Hugh Herbert and George Axelrod.

—FLORENCE SOMERS

Fredric March *(left)*, transformed by two pounds of make-up into *Scrooge*, and *Tiny Tim* (Christopher Cook) celebrate the *Cratchits'* finest Christmas feast.

A bright blue package full of miniature masterpieces

Not a penny extra for the gayest idea that's come along in years—little flower masterpieces on the covers of your bookmatches!

They were created for you by some of America's top specialists in fine floral photography . . . and they're brought to you only by Ohio Blue Tip.

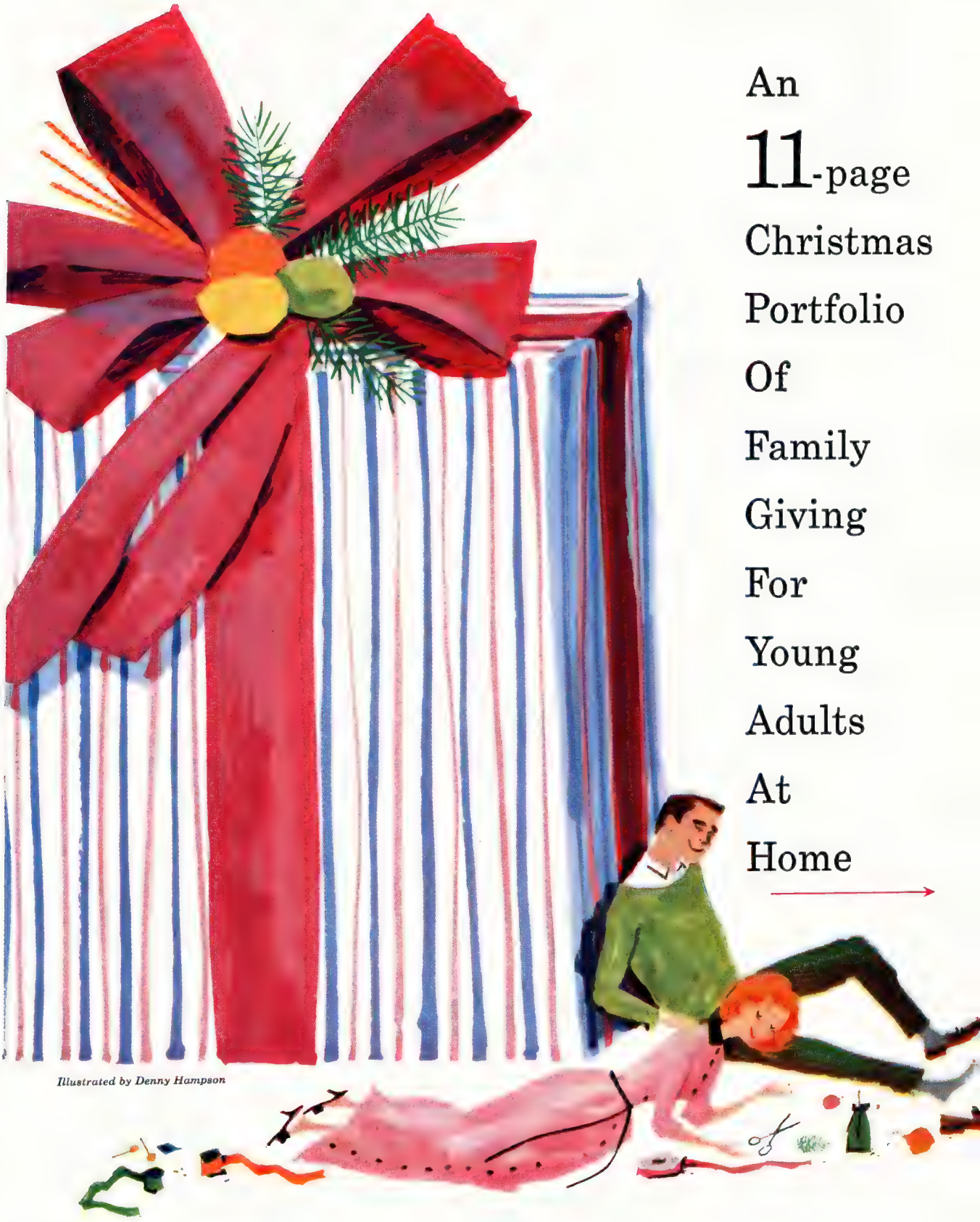
These are the kinds of bookmatches you *like* to have around! Lovely little spots of color, each flower reproduced in all its natural charm.

To enjoy these beautiful bookmatches in *your* home, get the bright blue package at your grocer's. Remember—they're exclusively Ohio Blue Tip!

exclusively **OHIO BLUE TIP**

© 1955 by The Ohio Match Company • Wadsworth, Ohio

A Redbook Bonus Feature



An 11-page Christmas Portfolio Of Family Giving For Young Adults At Home

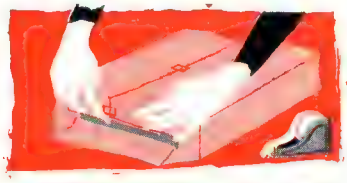
Illustrated by Denny Hampson

RUTH FAIRCHILD POMEROY
HOMEMAKING EDITOR

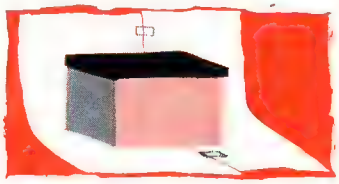
This trim, tailored package looks like a domino, is perfect for scarf, tie and sock boxes. Cover box with black, shiny paper. Trim with 10 white gummed labels and a ribbon . . . no bow.

Add a frilly feminine fan to a red-tissue covered box. Cut 3 notary seals in half; stick to edges of 2 3x5″ mailing labels. Pleat; wire to bow. Add curled wires tipped with stars.

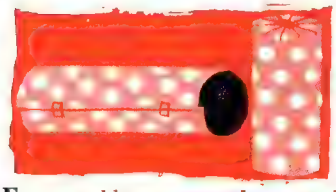
To make the inside of a box pretty, line with tissue. Use one piece twice the length of the box; one, twice the width. Pleat into box. Use ends to cover gift.



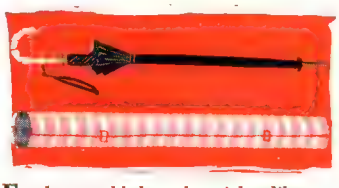
To keep outside wrappings smooth, be sure paper is cut to fit box. Have at hand a dispenser of cellophane tape. Use small pieces to anchor loose edges.



When the box is larger than the standard wrapping paper, fit two pieces of paper together, tape securely on wrong side. Trim paper to fit box and wrap as usual.



For a round box, cut paper long enough to go around and overlap 1″ and wide enough to extend half the diameter at each end. Roll; tape; then pleat in ends



For long, odd-shaped articles like umbrellas and golf clubs, make a round tube container from pliable cardboard. Tape cardboard circles into each end.

For odd-shaped bottles or toys, it's best to use soft wrapping tissue. Cut two squares; lay one diagonally on the other. Bring up and arrange in fluff.

Too Pretty to Open...

If you have always wished your Christmas packages could have the neat, inspired look of a professional's, this page of how-to-do-it hints will give you many clues.

First, choose a small variety of materials. All the packages shown here were trimmed with gummed seals, labels and stars. Few materials avoid confusion and, the more you work with them, the more professional you become. Start working with the thought of making the gift match the person who's going to receive it. Plan to do one practice package before you start final wrappings; it's a long time between Christmases and you can lose the touch from year to year. Last, far from least, do plan a free afternoon or evening for gift wrapping; take time and enjoy it.

Drawings by Lorraine Fox
Package materials and designs courtesy of Dennison Manufacturing Company

To amuse a child, make a funny-bird from 3 sizes of notary seals. Use the largest for body and wing, the middle size for head and tail, smallest for feet. Add a tiny gummed dot eye.

To make a rosette bow, hold ribbon between thumb and middle finger. Loop over forefinger, then little finger several times. Wire bow tightly under your thumb.

For a tailored bow, make a 6″ circle of ribbon; tape together. Make successively larger circles. Pile them, smallest on top. Tie with a short piece of ribbon.

To start a pompom bow, cut a ribbon 1 to 3 yards long. Tape one end into a loop twice the size of finished bow loops. Roll rest of ribbon around loop.

To finish a pompom bow, press circle together and tie very tightly in the center. With index finger, pull out loops, starting with inside loop. Wire to gift box.

If Your Gift Must Travel ...

Protect the fancy wrappings. You can shield fancy bows with a small empty box, a "collar" of twisted tissue paper or corrugated cardboard.

Protect the package. Packages going by mail must be able to take rough handling. They should be protected by a full covering of pliable cardboard or corrugated board.

Be sure the inside of your package is well-padded. The post office need not accept your package for mailing if the contents shift or rattle.

You may seal domestic-mail packages provided they bear a label saying, "May be opened for postal inspection." You must seal packages going to foreign countries.

Use strong, plain, preferably new wrapping paper for the outside of your package. If the package is heavy and large, tie it with enough heavy twine to go around both ways at least twice.

Label clearly. Preferably use two printed mailing labels, one on each side of your package. Each should bear the printed name and address of the recipient as well as your return address.

RUTH DRAKE
FASHION AND BEAUTY EDITOR

'Tis The Morning Of Christmas

And all the family's wrapped in gay look-alike nighties and pajamas

Young families will be having glorious fun Christmas morning, and Jane Powell, movie star, like countless other mothers, loves to join in the merriment with her family. Here she is shown with her attractive children, Sissy and "Ga," and her businessman-husband, Pat Nerney. They're all wearing look-alikes. The nightshirts and pajamas that Santa Claus brought make useful gifts at Christmas or any time.

Jane's next big role will be in a brand-new version of "Robin Hood."

Santa-printed cotton flannel sleepwear by Rutledge. Grownups', about $6. Children's, about $5. At Bloomingdale's, New York
Slipper-socks by Ripon

Christmas wrappings and notary seals by Dennison Mfg. Co.

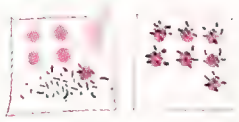
Photo by John Engstead

Food gifts for children

How to Make Peanut Butter Shaggies—

1. Cut a cup of raisins into pieces. Mix with ½ cup peanut butter and ½ cup confectioners' sugar.

2. Stir in ¼ teaspoon cinnamon and about 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Form into 30 small balls.

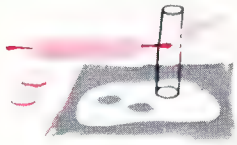


3. Roll each ball in flaked coconut. Let stand to dry. Wash out an ice cream or butter carton.

How to Make Candy Mint Trees—

1. In a large bowl beat 3 egg whites till stiff. Slowly blend in 6 cups of sifted confectioners' sugar.

2. Divide candy into 3 bowls. Tint 1 red, 1 green and 1 yellow. Flavor with various mint extracts.



3. Roll each mixture out between pieces of waxed paper. Cut patties with mouth of an olive jar.

4. Cut 20 tiny patties with a thimble. Press 1-inch pieces of wire in these. Let dry overnight.

How to Make Rolled Cookie Faces—

1. Sift together 3½ cups flour and 1 teaspoon salt. Beat together 1 cup each butter and sugar.

2. When sugar and butter are fluffy, beat in 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon vanilla and the sifted flour and salt.

3. Wrap dough in waxed paper and chill overnight. Then roll thin and cut into 2-inch circles.

How to Make a Tutti-Frutti Train—

1. Grind ½ pound figs, ½ pound dates, 1 cup each glacé fruit, raisins, maraschino cherries.

2. Mix well with 2 tablespoons of confectioners' sugar. Roll crackers into ½ cup crumbs.

3. Form fruits into 2 six-inch and 2 2-inch rolls. Coat rolls with cracker crumbs. Chill overnight.

4. Wrap rolls in saran then gummed crépe paper. Toothpick short rolls on long rolls for stack.

to make

Given the materials and picture-book instructions, children of helping-age will delight in making these candy gifts.

4. Fill the clean carton with dry candies. Cover the carton with any color gummed crèpe paper.

5. Cut strips of plain crèpe paper 2 inches wide and as high as your carton. Fringe each strip.

6. Glue fringe to the corners of package. Tie on a bright ribbon and make a frilly bow on top.

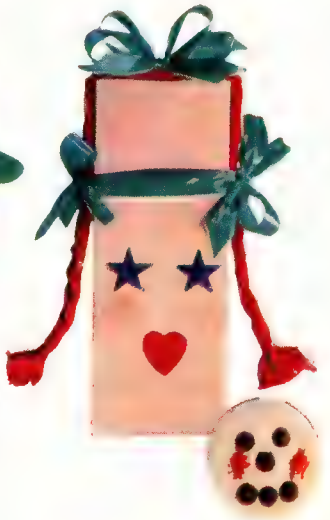
5. Make a cone from gummed crèpe paper. Hang small mints on it. Put large ones in olive bottle.

6. Stand tree cone on top of bottle. Stick 2 gummed stars together on top. Makes 2 pastel trees.

4. Put on an ungreased cookie sheet. Make faces with chocolate bits. Bake 10 minutes at 375°F.

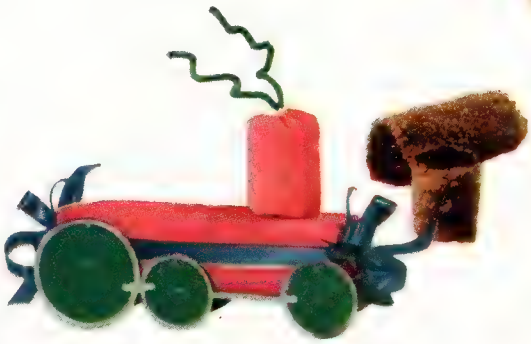
5. Pack in a box. Cover it with pink gummed crèpe paper. Add gummed star eyes and a red mouth.

6. Braid 3 long strips of crèpe paper. Tie around box with ribbon. Trim to make 2 pigtails.



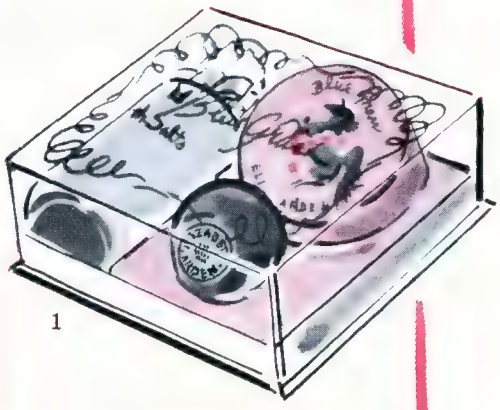
5. Stick 2 twisted pipe cleaners in stack for smoke. String round tags on pipe cleaners for wheels.

6. Attach to train with straight pins. Do same for second train. Tie a colored ribbon on each.



Photographs by George Lazarnick • Illustrations by Denny Hampson
Materials and Package Designs courtesy of Dennison Manufacturing Company

All Done Up



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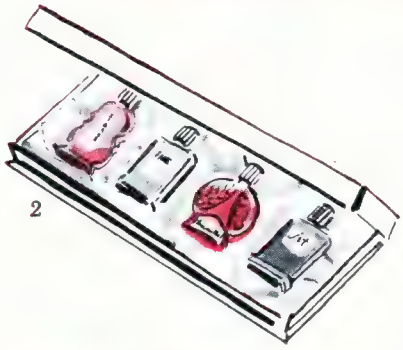

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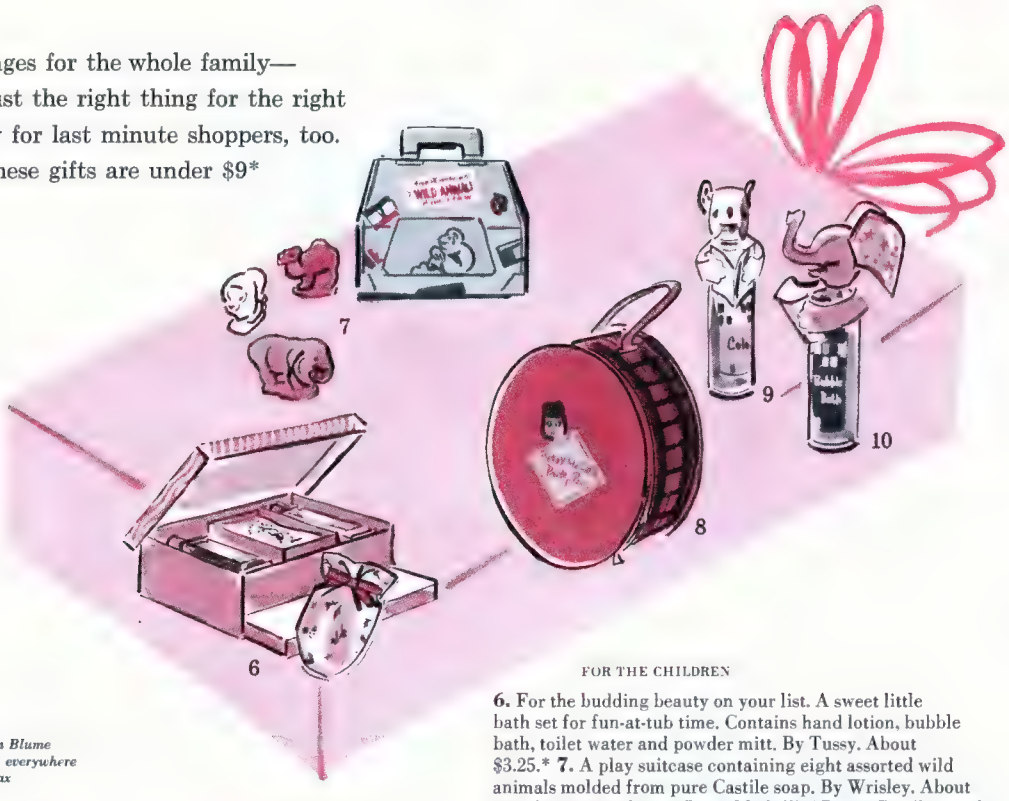
11

FOR MOTHER

1. A luxurious bath set that holds bath salts, dusting powder and soap in the famous Blue Grass fragrance. By Elizabeth Arden. About $8.50.* **2.** Four gifts in one, an eau de toilette wardrobe by Corday in four popular fragrances—Toujours Moi, Fame, Zigane and Jet. About $3.* **3.** This useful case, with lock and key, contains manicuring essentials and a 24-carat gold-plated lipstick, plus tweezers and file. By Cutex. About $3.95.* **4.** Surprise her with Houbigant's Chantilly—the feminine-as-lace fragrance, in liquid skin sachet, eau de toilette and dusting powder. About $5.* **5.** This very special snowman carries Elizabeth Arden's long-lasting Blue Grass Flower Mist, 4-oz. size. About $3.*

for Christmas...

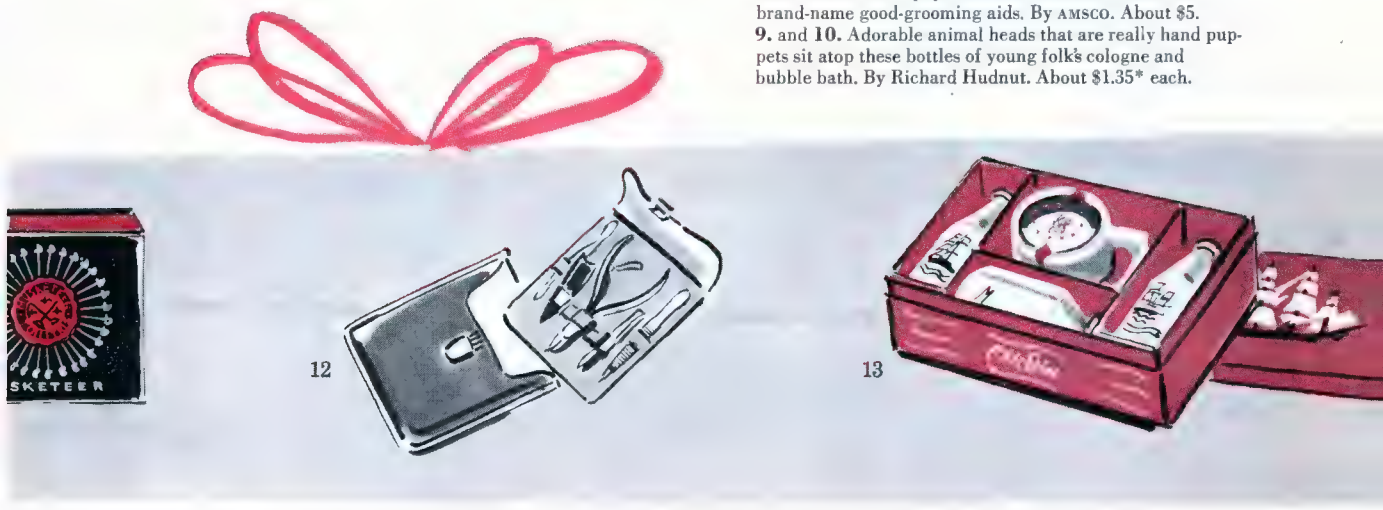
Pretty packages for the whole family—filled with just the right thing for the right person. Easy for last minute shoppers, too. And all of these gifts are under $9*



Drawings by Joan Blume
At leading stores everywhere
**Plus Federal Tax*

FOR THE CHILDREN

6. For the budding beauty on your list. A sweet little bath set for fun-at-tub time. Contains hand lotion, bubble bath, toilet water and powder mitt. By Tussy. About $3.25.* **7.** A play suitcase containing eight assorted wild animals molded from pure Castile soap. By Wrisley. About 69¢. **8.** Little girls love Betsy McCall's "Pretty-Pac," named after their favorite paper doll. It's a hatbox filled with brand-name good-grooming aids. By AMSCO. About $5. **9.** and **10.** Adorable animal heads that are really hand puppets sit atop these bottles of young folk's cologne and bubble bath. By Richard Hudnut. About $1.35* each.



FOR FATHER **11.** Made for the discerning male, a two-piece set by Lentheric. Musketeer after-shave lotion and body-rub cologne. About $5.* **12.** A manicure case in tan leather, compact and flat enough to fit in his pocket, contains nail-care implements, all of fine steel, hand ground. By Peggy Sage. About $7.50.* **13.** A handsome set for the man who likes a lather shave. Shulton's after-shave lotion, cologne and skin-tone talcum with the tangy, masculine aroma of Old Spice. Plus a wonderful shaving mug. About $4.25.*

FOOD—

Photograph by George Lazarnick

the Friendliest Gift

For the neighbor or friend who deserves special remembrance, give one of these holiday goodies. Those *starred will travel well

HOMEMADE FOR THE HOLIDAY

(in white gift bowls, front of picture)

BEAN AND EGG SPREAD: Mash 1 cup drained, canned Boston-style **beans** well. Blend in ¼ cup finely diced **dill pickles,** 2 minced hard cooked **eggs,** 2 tablespoons **catsup,** ½ teaspoon **salt,** ⅛ teaspoon **pepper,** ¼ teaspoon **dry mustard,** 1 tablespoon grated **onion.** Makes 1½ cups.

***CANDIED CRANBERRIES:** Wash 2 cups **cranberries.** Grease a 9" square pan. Spread berries over bottom of pan. Cover evenly with 1½ cups **sugar.** Cover pan with foil. Bake at 350°F. 1 hour.

LIVER PATÉ: Heat ¼ cup **butter** in a skillet. Slowly cook 1 8-ounce package frozen **chicken livers** in it until done. Add 2 teaspoons grated **onion;** stir to heat. Mince livers finely with a knife; then return to skillet. Blend in ½ teaspoon **salt,** ⅛ teaspoon **cayenne,** ¼ teaspoon **mace.** Chill. Makes ¾ cup.

HOLLY WREATH

(pictured above gift bowls)

4 egg whites, at room temperature
⅛ teaspoon cream of tartar
¾ cup sugar
11 round, buttery crackers, rolled into fine crumbs
½ cup chopped nuts
Few drops green food coloring

Preheat oven to 275°F. *(slow).*

Beat egg whites with cream of tartar until stiff. Gradually sift in ½ cup sugar; beat until eggs are stiff and glossy. Fold in remaining sugar, crumbs, nuts and coloring. Shape mixture into a 9-inch ring on ungreased brown paper. Place on baking sheet. Bake 70 minutes; cool. Peel off paper. *(If it sticks, dampen back with water).* To serve, fill with bavarian cream or ice-cream molds rolled in flaked coconut. Trim with holly leaves.

*CALIFORNIA FRUIT LOAF

(wrapped in white and gold doily)

¼ cup butter or margarine
⅓ cup dark brown sugar
2 teaspoons grated lemon rind
2 teaspoons grated orange rind
1 egg, unbeaten
1 cup cottage cheese
1½ cups sifted flour
1½ teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon soda
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup chopped dried prunes
½ cup chopped dried apricots

Preheat oven to 350°F. *(moderate).*

Cream butter, sugar and rinds. Beat in egg; stir in cheese. Sift together flour, baking powder, soda and salt; add with fruits to first mixture. Mix well. Pack in greased loaf pan, 8½" x 4½" x 3". Bake 1 hour. Cool; wrap. Store in refrigerator. Serve with tea or sherry wine.

*CHOCOLATE MINT SQUARES

(in candy box)

2 eggs, beaten
½ cup margarine, melted
1 cup sugar
2 squares chocolate, melted
½ teaspoon peppermint flavoring
½ cup sifted flour
½ cup shredded almonds

Preheat oven to 350°F. *(moderate).*

Combine eggs, margarine and sugar; beat well. Blend in chocolate and flavoring; stir in flour and nuts. Pour into a greased 9-inch, square pan. Bake 30 minutes. Cool; top with a blended icing of 2 tablespoons **margarine,** 1 cup sifted **confectioners' sugar,** 1 teaspoon **peppermint flavoring** and 1 tablespoon **cream.** When icing sets, melt 1 tablespoon **margarine** with 1 square **unsweetened chocolate.** Spread on icing. Cut in 1-inch squares when cool.

*KRIS KRINGLE SPICE WAFERS

(in candy box)

4 cups sifted flour
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon nutmeg
½ teaspoon ground cloves
¼ teaspoon allspice
¼ teaspoon cream of tartar
¼ teaspoon baking soda
1 cup butter or margarine
1½ cups granulated sugar
½ cup thick sour cream

Preheat oven to 375°F. *(moderately hot).* Sift together first seven ingredients. Set aside. In a large bowl cream butter and sugar. Stir in cream. Add flour mixture; mix until dough is blended and smooth. Shape into three 9"-long rolls. Wrap rolls in waxed paper and refrigerate until firm enough to slice *(about 3 hours).* Cut in ¼-inch slices. Place on ungreased cookie sheets. Bake 12 minutes. Makes 10 dozen.

*SCOTCH-BREAD DOMINOS

(in candy box)

1 cup butter or margarine
2¾ cups sifted all-purpose flour
¼ cup confectioners' sugar
½ cup ground blanched almonds
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon almond extract
½ cup semi-sweet chocolate pieces

Preheat oven to 375°F. *(moderately hot).* Break up butter with a fork. With a pastry blender work in flour, confectioners' sugar, almonds, salt and almond extract until mixture is like coarse corn meal. Press into two greased 8-inch square cake pans. Pierce dough with a fork and cut into bars 1" x 1½". Dot with chocolate pieces to resemble dominos. Bake for 30-35 minutes.

*BRAZIL NUT PLUM PUDDING

(shown on gold doily)

1¾ cups seedless raisins
⅓ cup diced citron
1 medium apple, peeled and chopped
1 tablespoon grated orange rind
½ cup orange juice
2 eggs, slightly beaten
½ cup unsulphured molasses
1 cup chopped Brazil nuts
½ cup (2 ounces) ground suet
¾ cup dry bread crumbs
½ cup sifted all-purpose flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
½ teaspoon soda
¼ cup sugar
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon each allspice and cloves

Soak raisins, citron, apple and rind in juice 1 hour. Combine eggs and molasses; stir in nuts, suet and crumbs. Sift in remaining ingredients; blend well. Stir in fruit mixture. Turn into greased individuals or 2-quart mold. Cover with foil; tie tightly. Put on rack in deep kettle; add hot water to half the depth of molds. Cover; steam large mold 5 hours; small, 3 hours. Add water during steaming if needed. Serve with lemon sauce to 12.

*A FAVORITE RECIPE

(pictured in gold basket)

Give foods and recipe for your favorite dish. This is one of ours for you: **Chicken Chestnut Soup:** Combine 1 10½-ounce can **condensed cream of chicken soup,** 1 12½-ounce can **chicken consommé** and 1 5-ounce can **water chestnuts,** drained and finely chopped. Heat; add 2 tablespoons **dry sherry.** Makes 4 cups of delicious soup.

*DATE AND PECAN LOGS

(in candy box)

2 cups granulated sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon light corn syrup
1 cup undiluted evaporated milk
1 7¼-ounce box pitted dates
1 cup finely chopped nuts
1 pound (56) caramels
2 tablespoons evaporated milk
1½ to 2 cups pecan halves.

Combine sugar, salt, syrup and milk in saucepan. Cook, stirring constantly, to firm ball stage *(238°F.).* Cool to lukewarm, *(110°F.).* Work with a wooden spoon until thick. Work in dates and cut nuts with hands *(butter so candy won't stick).* Shape in 4 rolls 6 inches long. Chill.

To coat: Melt caramels with milk in skillet over *very* low heat. Spread pecan halves on waxed paper. Hold chilled rolls with 2 forks, dip roll in hot caramel to coat. Roll quickly in pecans so surface is covered with nuts. Slice when firm.

(Continued from page 47)

Oh, yes, Sim and I went on a Mediterranean cruise in the Spring." She added dryly, "Sim thought it was time we had a second honeymoon."

"As if yours wasn't a perpetual one," Amelia said.

"Do you really think so?" Vivian said, widening her eyes.

The pause was long and awkward. Amelia said hastily, "I can't imagine anything more exciting than a Mediterranean cruise in the Spring. Oh, or any time, for that matter—"

"Nothing Sim and I do together seems to be very exciting any more," Vivian said deliberately. She looked up at Amelia's sharp intake of breath. "Does that sound very awful to you? I can understand. You were married only a few years when Harry left for overseas. The bloom was still on you both. You probably can't even imagine being so deadly bored with your husband that you find yourself jumping at the chance to be away from him and feeling miserable and guilty at the same time for being so fed up with a man you once loved."

"*Once* loved?" Amelia repeated, stunned. Vivian's words chilled her. It seemed to her that she had never heard anything more cruel. Ever since Harry had died in a hospital so far away from her, she hadn't been able to bear remembering the childish tantrums she had indulged in once in a while during their brief married life, or the way she had made him wait before she apologized. She hoped he hadn't remembered that part of their marriage before he died—that he'd remembered only how much they'd loved each other. To hear Vivian talk this way about her husband— How *could* she be so unfeeling, so cold? And about Sim! Why, he worshiped Vivian!

That was the trouble.

"You're so intelligent, you know I'm not just showing off," Vivian said. "He doesn't let me alone. I can't sneeze without his asking me if I'm cold. I can't rake a leaf on our lawn without his rushing to my rescue. . . . Amelia, no matter how I look, I'm as strong as a horse. And *love!* Amelia, do you believe you can have too much love? I'm sick of it. He overwhelms me with it."

"It's a strange complaint," Amelia said thinly. "Lots of women might enjoy your troubles."

"I suppose you'll say it's because I don't love him, that if I loved him, I couldn't have too much." She searched Amelia's face. "It's awful, isn't it?" she said faintly. "I mean, to think I don't love him. There *are* the children. And he does love me."

Vivian's words lay heavy and final between them. There seemed nothing further to say.

"Well," Vivian said at last, "I'd better run. I'm meeting Sim and we're shopping for a rug for the study. He goes wild with worry if I'm a second late." She stood up and put some bills down on the check. "I think of you as a doctor, Amelia," she said. "I know you'll keep this to yourself. It's done me good to talk to you."

It hadn't done Amelia any good. She was oppressed with the weight of Sim's unhappiness. She watched Vivian's fragile figure enter a cab at the curb, saw two men turn to watch her, and she thought, *Poor Sim. He's so crazy about her. What will he do?*

She, too, went on to Fifth Avenue to do some shopping. *Doesn't Vivian realize how lucky she is?* she thought, putting aside a tucked and beribboned sheer nightgown for a warmer one, to use in a too-large, too-cold bed. Shopping for her home, with a husband who loves her! Could anything be more blissful? She choked up, groping for her charge plate. Why did Vivian have to meet me today? Why can't Harry's family leave me alone?

And then, not a week later, she ran into Simon.

"Amelia," he said and held both her arms and kissed her cheek. "Why didn't you come out for the Labor Day weekend? Or to Jenny's birthday party? Or when we had the old crowd over? What's wrong with us in Southport, anyway?"

"Nothing, Sim. I don't know, just too busy, too . . . something. Just," she said more honestly, "just not in the mood for the old crowd yet."

"You're going to have to snap out of it, Amelia. It's taking you too long. Harry wouldn't want it this way."

Now that the pleasure in their meeting had gone from his face, she could see how strained and unhappy he looked. And older. It was almost like seeing Harry grow old. . . . She caught herself.

"I lunched with Vivian last week," she said.

"She told me," he said briefly. He folded her arm through his. "I'm going to buy you a drink," he said. "I'd like one, and I'd like it better with you."

She went with him and sat in a dark booth of a dark bar that smelled richly of whisky and oiled mahogany; she sipped a sherry and watched him drink a double Scotch and almost immediately order another. "Since when, Sim?" she asked, touching his empty glass.

"I've forgotten," he said. "All I know is they tide me over on nights like this."

She didn't ask any more. She knew everything he could tell her, and more; she did not want to hear it over again from him.

He drank his second drink more slowly. "You know something?" he said. "You're a comfort to be with. You're a fine girl, Amelia; always were. You even manage to look as if you like being here with me."

"Hadn't you better think about your train?" she asked, worried.

He looked away. "I don't go home on Wednesday nights," he said. "I have to be at the plant in Jersey on Thursday mornings, and it's less of a trip this way. Besides, I give Viv a rest from the same old husband night after night."

"I'd better get on home myself, then."

"I'll take you."

"Five blocks? I was going to walk anyway."

"Let me walk with you. I've got a long evening to kill."

He walked home with her in the lonely and exciting Manhattan dusk, street lamps and clustered headlights punctuating the violet light. Outside her house he stopped, and she gave him her hand. He held it.

"I'll be on my way, I suppose. It was great, bumping into you this way, Amelia. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, keeping away. My own brother's wife."

She nodded without speaking.

He said almost shyly, "I suppose you're busy tonight."

"I'm going to the theater. With one of the teachers in our school." When his face fell, she said quickly, "I'm truly sorry, Sim. I'd have loved to keep you company."

"You mean that?" he said. "I might take you up on it if you do and give you a ring some Wednesday. You don't know what a long evening it can be for a guy like me, used to two lively kids on my neck when I get home. And a wife. I guess I'm too housebroken."

She said good night and let herself into her apartment. When she went to the window, she looked down and saw Simon cross to Madison Avenue and begin to walk slowly downtown, stopping to stand idly before shop windows, his hands in his pockets. How could Vivian do this to him! A clean break might be better; it would be drastic, but final, and he would have to face it and live with it. But this was . . . attrition, a slow, unhappy wasting away of love, destroying Sim with it, his pride, his faith in himself.

Probably Vivian thought she was sparing him. The children—Vivian could not bring herself to be *that* cruel. At heart she was a good girl, if a little shallow and much spoiled, first by her parents and then by too much admiration from practically everybody. She might have been happier married to someone

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less devoted, less wrapped up in her, someone who wouldn't dance to her tune. Men like Simon, like Harry, should be left to the girls who could put a proper value on their qualities. *Girls like me,* she thought.

She put Simon out of her mind that week. Or tried to. On Wednesday she shopped and came back to the apartment and set herself to going over some theme papers. At five-thirty the telephone rang. Her cheeks flooded with warmth at the sound of Simon's voice.

"I'm a pest to bother you like this."

It hurt her to hear that note of apology, the new unsureness. He'd always seemed so confident. If only she could restore it . . . She said with unnecessary vehemence, "But you're *not* bothering me. It's a welcome break. My apartment's as dismally quiet as your hotel room."

"I was wondering if I could take you out to dinner with me."

At this she hesitated. She hadn't faced the actuality of going out with him. Suppose any of their friends saw them, and what was the ethics of her position in regard to Vivian, who had confided in her about Simon? She replied slowly, trying to reason out these obstacles with herself. "I've already fixed something to eat at home." And yet she didn't have the heart to abandon him to another aimless evening—"Why don't you come up and share it with me?"

"That sounds like a great idea," he said instantly. "Let me bring the dessert. Ice cream? A pie?"

How thoroughly housebroken he was, poor Simon! "Bring both," she said. "I'm not so sure how far my dinner is going to stretch."

She slipped the papers back into her desk and began to scurry, adding mushrooms and sherry to the shrimp, putting on rice, hunting under stacks of unused trousseau linen for a pretty cloth. She'd barely brushed her hair and changed her blouse when the bell rang, and she ran to the door to let Simon in. Her eyes followed his, taking in the room as he did—the warmth, the lamplight, the rosy-black night sky through the blinds, the bright and pretty table.

Suddenly self-conscious, she took the packages from him, the ice cream, the pie from the French bakery on the corner, and disappeared into the kitchen with them. She took a long time with the packages, waiting until she felt less disturbed. It was too much like Harry's coming home in the evenings, the table in the same place, the package from the same bakery, the apartment suddenly tenanted, humming. *I shouldn't have let him come here,* she thought, *no matter how much he needed it. It's not fair to me.*

She came back into the living room with a small pitcher of martinis. "Hardly more than one apiece. It's the last of our old supply—" She faltered.

He said quickly, "I hadn't realized you kept the same apartment. Harry's desk there . . . I haven't seen it since he moved it from Malone."

"The silver was your mother's, too. And that leather chair."

"Amelia," he said, "it's almost three years. You can't keep standing still this way. You're practically a kid yet; that's the way you look, anyway. Shake out of it."

"I've been trying. I'm better than I was," she said in a low voice.

"Harry was my brother, and I know how he'd feel if he saw you marking time like this, wasting these years."

"I just haven't met anyone to take his place; that's all."

"Then you haven't been trying very hard."

She put a glass into his hand. "Drink your martini," she said.

He lifted his shoulders, giving up, and settled himself and his drink in Harry's chair.

The warmed-over shrimp tasted infinitely better than when she had made it the night before: after their coffee she turned on the television set and they watched a few programs. She became aware of his long silence and glanced at him and saw that he had fallen asleep. Quietly she shut off the set and, tiptoeing past his legs, she cleared the table and did the dishes. He was still asleep when she came back into the living room, his head fallen forward and his long legs stretched out to reach the worn spot in the carpet that Harry's heels had made.

Filled with compassion, she sat on the sofa and watched him. She wanted absurdly to be able to do something for him that would make him more comfortable. Poor Simon.

He awoke then, bewildered, and he flushed. "That was an unsociable way to behave! I'm sorry. You made it too pleasant."

She smiled at him. "That's what I wanted to do."

He stumbled to his feet. "Must be late. I'd better be getting back to the hotel."

They shook hands formally at the door. "Thanks for being so swell," he said. "You don't know how much I appreciate—"

"Sim!" she cried. "Don't be so apologetic! I *wanted* you here. I haven't had such a nice evening in . . . years."

"Next time let me take you out to dinner."

"I don't mind your coming here. It's more fun than just cooking for myself."

"May I call you next week?"

"If you're at loose ends."

"I'll call you."

She closed the door behind him and stared blindly at the empty room. Something of Sim remained, the smell of his cigarettes, of his clothes, the mark he had left in Harry's old chair. Harry. Harry. She cried bitterly, as she had not cried for Harry in more than a year.

Sim came the next Wednesday. And the Wednesday after that. And after that. Sometimes they walked down to the East River and along the Drive, banded with thin circlets of light against the sparkling backdrop of downtown Manhattan; sometimes they went to the small, plushy movie house in the next street, but more and more often they sat around and talked, and the time went more and more quickly, and he seemed to leave later and later. He never spoke of Vivian and the children, except in a casual way—what they were doing, what they'd said, how they were feeling—until that evening when he brought her a birthday present. It was a very expensive alligator handbag. She was taken aback.

"Look," he said. "I've been free-loading here for months. Think of what you've saved me in restaurant bills."

"You've brought things—" she began, her face still warm, her fingers stroking the silky leather.

"Amelia, I wanted you to have it. You've been very good to me. *For* me. Fact is," he said, dropping down on the sofa beside her, "I haven't wanted to say anything, but you might as well know; Vivian and I . . . well, things haven't been the same with us lately. She'll fly off the handle at something she would once have laughed off. We don't seem to . . . to get any pleasure in each other. *She* doesn't in *me*, anyway. We've just gone stale. Naturally, I've begun to wonder. I'm no Gregory Peck. I'm not the life of any party. I'm not even decently close to being a millionaire, which might cover up deficiencies like that with Vivian. Why *should* she love a guy like me?"

When she began to protest, he stopped her.

"You're going to say something comforting, Amelia. You don't have to. You've already managed to make me believe I'm not a total loss. You don't know what a lift you've given my ego." He put his hand over hers. "I couldn't repay you for that. Not with a dozen of those." He gestured toward the handbag. "Not with a mink coat."

She tried to smile. "And how would you explain that to Vivian?"

He frowned. "That brings up something else. I've never told Vivian about seeing you. Do you mind? I don't think I could explain about these Wednesday nights. Or about how much I need them."

"I'd prefer it this way, too," she said in a low voice. She couldn't explain these Wednesdays either, or how much they were meant to compensate for Vivian's hurting him, how much to wipe away the image of Harry's dying so far away from everyone who loved him, how much they were beginning to mean to her.

"I remember when Harry first introduced us," Sim was saying. "I thought, 'What a pretty girl! What a *nice* girl!' You two had been skating in Rockefeller Center, and you had one of those old-fashioned rosy complexions."

"I didn't think you noticed," she said, laughing. "You were with Vivian. You'd just been married, and you couldn't take your eyes off her long enough even to *see* anyone else."

He looked away then. "Yeah," he said heavily. "Yeah." He added slowly, "I remember thinking even then how I envied you and Harry. You were both so sure of each other. I never had that feeling. I never was that lucky. Sometimes I think I'd trade a good part of what Vivian and I had for some of the . . . contentment . . . I've had here these Wednesdays."

Somehow, neither of them could find anything to say. He stood up abruptly.

"I'll make it back to the hotel early tonight. See you next week."

But the Wednesday nights were not the same after that night. She grew more aware of him, now that the urgency of helping him was no longer uppermost; he, too, seemed to look forward to their meetings as more than merely a refuge. The week revolved more and more around Wednesday, shopping for dinner, having her hair done, buying a few new dresses. Her mind wandered in class and she bought single seats at the theater, rather than spend the evening alone in the apartment.

And then one day as she was leaving school, she was half aware of a horn sounding insistently from the cream-colored convertible parked at the curb. She did not lift her head until her name was called.

"You can look! This isn't a pick-up!" Vivian was waving a gloved hand at her.

She halted, motionless, and then she came slowly over to the car. "Vivian! What . . . brings you here?"

"I was passing only a few blocks from here. I'm on my way uptown to a cocktail party. Sim's meeting me there later. I thought I'd wait on the chance of catching you. I've been wanting to call you for weeks to tell you how well Jenny's coming along. On some of your suggestions."

"I'm glad." Amelia said numbly.

"Get in. I'll drive you home."

"It's miles out of your way."

"I don't mind. I've got an hour to kill. Actually, Amelia, I've wanted to talk to you again. Consult with you, rather. Doctor Amelia. Are psychologists doctors? You were so clever about Jenny, maybe you might have a few suggestions for Jenny's mamma."

"Vivian, I have worked with children, or I wouldn't have dared advise. But I can't help *you;* honestly I can't—"

Vivian laughed thinly. "All right, Amelia. You needn't be frightened that I'll tell you anything shameful."

"I'm not frightened, Vivian. And it isn't just that you're . . . family, that it's a little, well, embarrassing for me to know so much about you and Sim. But I'm not *able* to help—"

"Then just let me talk, Amelia," Vivian said. "I know lots of women, but I can't talk to any of them. You understand, and you're discreet, and I simply *have* to talk to someone. Amelia, Sim's changed. I can't understand it. I know I haven't been the best-tempered woman. It's been a strain playing the loving wife when I didn't feel it, and I suppose he finally did notice. But he used to be so sympathetic when I'd start acting up, as if I were . . . ill, or something. And he'd look so miserable I'd feel like a perfect cheat. But the last few weeks when we've . . . had words, he's just looked at me and walked away."

"But, as you say, it isn't hard to see why," Amelia said faintly.

"When it's Sim, it's still hard to see why. If you could see the way he looks at me, so detachedly, so appraisingly, so *differently*."

"Perhaps he's finally lost patience."

Vivian shook her head. "I don't believe it's that simple. The other day he actually turned on me and called me a . . . a shrew!" She brought the car to an abrupt stop in front of Amelia's house. "It shocked me," she said. "And . . . well, it upset me. I can't get it out of my mind, that Sim could look that way at me, speak that way to me."

Amelia fumbled for her keys, saying nothing.

"Poor darling," Vivian said. "You look so uncomfortable. I'll let you go home now. Anyway, I have some ideas of my own. I think Sim has fallen for somebody else."

The car shot off down the Avenue.

Amelia went in. She didn't know whether to laugh or to cry. Her childishly simple plan was working more successfully than she had dreamed. Then why didn't she feel more elated?

All during their next meetings she wondered whether to tell Simon about Vivian, but she was afraid. Simon might feel so contrite that he would rush off to reassure Vivian and undo all the good that had been effected. Or, in telling him, Amelia might give herself away and her intentions to help him, and destroy everything. So she waited for some logical opening, for some way casually to mention— There didn't seem to be any. Did she really, honestly, want to tell Simon? The question and the implication shocked her. Of course, she would tell him, somehow. . . .

They had gone for a walk after the movie, and it was now one o'clock. "Too late to ask me up for coffee?" Simon said.

They had paused in front of the glass doors leading into the lobby. "No, come on up if you want," she said a little hesitantly. His hand was already on the door when he stopped and pulled her back. But not before she, too, had seen Vivian, sitting on a chair facing the elevators; Vivian's coat was open and her gloves were in her lap, as if she intended to wait.

"Why should *she* be here?" Simon said tightly.

"I don't know." Amelia said.

They stared at each other for a long moment. He said abruptly, "Better go see what she wants. I'll hang around."

When she remained motionless beside him, her eyes blank with apprehension, he put his hand under her elbow and gave her a little push toward the door. "You don't have anything to be afraid of," he said quietly.

Mechanically she opened the door and walked in.

"Why, you stay-out!" Vivian cried. "It's after one, and don't you look pretty!"

Her tone contradicted her light words. Her face was taut; she stood up and put her arm through Amelia's.

"Ask me in for a few minutes," she said. "I can't go home yet."

"Of course," Amelia said numbly. They rode upstairs, and Amelia unlocked the door and lit the lamps. The small table on which she and Sim had eaten was cleared away, and only the dishes in the sink and the littered ash trays showed that someone else had been there. But Vivian was too distraught to notice.

"I'll make coffee," Amelia said.

"I suppose I'm being dramatic," Vivian said, staring blindly ahead of her. "I suppose I'm letting my imagination run away with me. That's probably all it is, and I'm a fool," she said and began to cry.

There was an ache between Amelia's shoulder blades from holding herself so tightly.

"It's Sim; I guess you know that." Vivian whispered.

"Let me get the coffee," Amelia managed to say.

Vivian followed her, talking all the while in a choked, disjointed way. "He always told me he stayed in his hotel room and read, or did work, or listened to the radio. I know he likes to listen to music and the news. And he never wanted to go out anywhere without me. I know Sim wouldn't lie to me; he never did."

The coffee perked loudly.

"It was an accident the first time I found out about his being away. He always calls me at dinner time, so that he can speak to the children, too. He'd already called, and after he'd hung up. I remembered a message I'd forgotten to give him. I called back, and he was out. I called all evening. He didn't get back till one. He said he'd been to a movie, but when I asked him which, he couldn't remember right away. He sounded embarrassed . . . guilty."

"Vivian—"

"I've called every Wednesday. I know what you're thinking—that I'm a terrible sneak. But he's never there. At first I couldn't believe it. Now it's very plain. He's in love with someone. He sees her Wednesday nights."

"He could be with friends, taking a walk, anywhere. A hotel room is a lonely place—"

"I called the plant in Jersey last Thursday morning. They told me he wasn't there, that they didn't expect him. They said he hadn't been there in weeks. The work he'd been checking on had been shipped ages ago."

Amelia stared blankly.

"Now you do see." Vivian said. "Now you know I'm not just building out of nothing."

Carefully Amelia carried two cups of coffee to the table and managed to set them down. "I can't understand it," she said, almost to herself. Was Simon playing his own game with Vivian? No, not Simon. She began slowly, "But I don't see why—"

"Why I'm so upset?" Vivian said, misunderstanding what Amelia had been about to say. "You mean after what I told you that day at lunch?" Her mouth trembled. "I don't blame you for asking me."

Amelia hadn't meant to bring that up, but now that Vivian *had*— her voice was faint, almost breathless: "It *is* what you wanted, isn't it? Why *are* you so upset?" *As if I couldn't guess—that your vanity is hurt, that it would have been all right for you to do the walking out, but not Simon.*

Vivian put her cup down, her face working. "I am such a fool, Amelia. I've made such an awful mistake." She spoke almost inaudibly. "How could I know I'd feel so lost without him, without

his concern, his . . . fussing, his love? I'm half a woman without him."

"Are you sure?" Amelia said, fighting to keep the bitterness out of her voice. "Are you sure it isn't only because you think you've lost him? There *are* people who react that way."

"I don't blame you for saying it, Amelia, or even thinking it. You have every reason. But I know it isn't that way with me. I've been thinking this thing through for weeks. I've told myself: now you can be free. I even went over in my mind—don't laugh, Amelia—"

"I'm not laughing," Amelia said.

"—I went over all the men I know who always seemed to me so much more exciting than Sim, and I tried to imagine being married to them. But suddenly they weren't exciting any more. I don't want any husband but Sim, Amelia. It's true, whether you believe me or not. It's *true*. I was frantic tonight. I waited at his hotel for hours, until I thought: suppose he brings *her* back there with him? And then I ran over to you. What am I going to do?"

Mission accomplished, as they say, Amelia thought. I should feel delighted and triumphant; I've given Vivian back to him. It's exactly what kind-hearted and unselfish Amelia was hoping to accomplish, she told herself, clasping her cold hands in her lap, staring down through the window at the street where Simon was probably waiting and wondering, where they had walked so contentedly only minutes before.

"Help me, Amelia. What am I going to do?"

Her fingers hurt with the pressure. "Vivian, I—" What was the use? She made herself speak. "I'm sure it can't be serious, whatever it is," she said tightly. "Sim loved you too much, you and the children. Tell him what you told me. Make him believe you."

Vivian sat very still, the delicate mat finish of her complexion streaked and reddened. "But will I be able to?" She dried her eyes and blew her nose. "How can *you* answer that; how could anyone?" She met Amelia's eyes. "I'm a selfish pig, keeping you up this late with the mess I've made of everything when you have to be up early for school, too. I'll go home now. I'm sorry I've had to inflict my troubles on you. I know you hate to be brought in on them, but there was no one I could turn to, Amelia."

She was gathering her gloves and handbag, dabbing haphazardly at her nose with powder. Her mouth was set in an unfamiliarly firm line. "I'll have to make him believe me. As you said, he did love me a great deal. I have that to go on. I'll go home now. And thanks."

"For what?" Amelia said in the ghost of a voice.

"Just for being sweet. For listening to me. I don't know what I'd have done if I hadn't found you tonight." She leaned over and brushed Amelia's cheek. "Thanks again."

Amelia watched from her window as Vivian stepped into a cab and was driven across town. Simon appeared; he looked up at her window and then entered the lobby. She let him in before he rang.

"What happened? You look— Why was she here, Amelia?"

"She knows you're away from your hotel Wednesday nights. She suspects you're with another woman."

He said evenly, "I took that chance."

"She knows you haven't been going to the plant in Jersey any more." She said this without looking at him, without inflection.

He flushed darkly and sat down heavily in Harry's chair.

"Why, Sim?" she said. "I don't understand."

"You wouldn't." He lifted his eyes and looked at her steadily. "I wanted to be with you."

Don't make any sign, she warned herself fiercely.

"I didn't want to tell you," he said. "I didn't have the right to tell you. I'd dragged you too far already into my private nightmare. Why should I burden you with the same feeling of guilt I've had to bear up under once I realized I was in love with you?"

Simon.

"It isn't all that unselfish," he said. "I was afraid you wouldn't have anything to do with me once you guessed I loved you. These evenings with you have been the only times I've been happy lately. I had to have the Wednesday nights."

She said, dry-lipped, "It doesn't have to be that way any more. Vivian is afraid she's lost you. She doesn't want to lose you, Sim."

"That makes it very funny," he said, his face suddenly haggard. "I guess I should be wild with joy."

Sweet and kind. And helpful. And discreet and understanding and comforting. I'm tired of it. I'd like to be selfish and tenacious and ruthless. She may not love him at all, in spite of the way she made me believe her. I'll hand him back to her, and in a year they may be just as miserable again. Why don't I tell him that I love him? Why don't I?

But, since she *was* kind and helpful and sweet, she said, "You'll feel different after a while, Sim. You'd never get over it if you'd hurt Vivian. And there's Jenny and the baby. You'll go home, and everything will straighten itself out, and before you know it you'll wonder what was so irresistible about this apartment, or my cooking—"

"Or being with you," he said. "You know," he said slowly, "I've never seen or loved New York as I did this winter. I'll never forget what it was like to come in here in the evening and see a look of welcome on your face that lifted me clear out of where I'd fallen and made me feel like . . . like a man."

How long until he goes? she thought desperately.

He saw her expression. "Amelia. Amelia," he said penitently, "for the dozenth time, I'm sorry. I'm making you unhappy, and I didn't want to do that. Forget everything I've told you. Forget about this winter. Make believe it never happened. I promise I won't bother you any more."

"It'll work out, Sim, I know—"

But the door had already closed swiftly behind him.

Doctor Amelia and her prognosis. It will work out. For you, Sim, maybe, but what about me? She put her hands to her mouth. Not even a single kiss. She wanted one bitterly.

Automatically she moved toward the window to watch him go, but she paused, catching sight of herself in a mirror. At first she could make out only a blur of white face and stricken eyes. But then, even as she stared at herself, a young woman appeared, with a soft mouth that wanted to be kissed and a young body capable of love. Simon was gone, but there had *been* a Simon when she had begun to believe there could never be anyone after Harry. Even in her passion of grief, she sensed the promise and the fulfillment awaiting. . . . THE END

(Continued from page 35)

faintly, she heard the squeak of the chain as Jane and Mary swung slowly on the porch swing. They had both eaten too much these last few days, what with the Johns and the other neighbors bringing in food. And they were like her father, useless in time of trouble or decision. The weight of them lay heavily on her shoulders along with the afternoon mantle of Texas sun. But she was strong, plenty strong enough to bear it, if only Travis Johns wouldn't look at her in that hurt, shocked way, as if she were doing and being what she oughtn't.

After all, he was only fifteen, only a little more than a year older. Even though her mother had, in some curious way, treated him like an equal. Never so much teacher and pupil as two people teaching each other the art of painting pictures. This in spite of the many times Ruth Bregarde had lashed out at him in her fierce way, driving him as she did her own.

"Did she—" He looked beyond her to the house sitting high in its windswept, sun-beaten place. He swallowed, and his Adam's apple jerked in his thin, young neck which didn't match the length of him nor the width of his shoulders. He looked as if he were going to cry, and for a moment Ann felt a hot prickling behind her own eyelids. Then, in his hushed, grieving voice, he asked, "Did she finish the portrait of you?"

Ann straightened. He had seen that hateful, hateful picture! How could her mother have done it, picked out all the ugliness instead of the prettiness that might someday be—could be even now, with the right clothes and with her hair fixed right. Rubbing it in—*Oh, Les, stop talking about home permanents! God gave Ann straight hair like mine, and straight it's going to stay. It suits her. . . .*

"No, she didn't finish it. Not quite.

It's still on the easel in the studio." Ann said stiffly, holding her hands tight together. Standing there by the pasture fence, not looking at him now, she watched a hawk wheel against the white hot sky, imagining the slicked-back, bronze crest, the head of the bird as it cut into the unresisting air, the eyes sharp and bright, hot and fierce. Like *her*, the girl thought. A hawk, pouncing if I showed a weakness—or what she thought might be a weakness—wheeling, pouncing, driving, driving all of us, but mostly me! Why me? Why not Jane or Mary or Daddy?

"She hated me!" The cry burst from the hurting place deep inside her. "Look at that picture and you can see it— So don't blame me for wanting to go in and stay at Aunt Les's. I'd have gone long ago if she'd let me!"

Turning swiftly, she ran away from his shocked boy's face, up toward the house, the ugly, squat house on the sun-beaten hill. She would miss Travis Johns; she might miss him a lot, but there'd be boys in town. Aunt Les's girls, Ardeth and Sue, knew more boys than you could count. And Aunt Les wanted to give her a permanent and clothes like the others wore—*It's downright unnatural, Ruth, to keep them way out here like this. Especially Ann. Can't you see what you're doing to her? It looks like you could see, right here under your own nose, but I guess being so close blinds you. . . .*

Oh no, never blind, not those bright, fierce eyes under the sleek bronze crest! *She* was the one who had chosen this place and driven them to build the house with their own hands, on weekends and holidays, with mortar and rocks, like slaves building the Pyramids— *She* was the one who had convinced Daddy he ought to be a rancher instead of a clerk in a store—*Any time you want to come back, Charles, Bob says he'll be more than glad to put you on the payroll again. Any brother of mine, he says. . . .*

Instead, her mother had made him come out here and try to raise cattle and cabbages—when there wasn't enough water, from the sky or from the ground—and build this crazy house. *She* had named it Hawk's Way, which was a good name for it: there was nothing here except the hawks and the wind and sky and hurrying lizards. And now, from working too long in the garden under the July sun, *she* was gone, gone up there with the rest of the hawks, watching them from up there, the four of them stuck with the place and Daddy too worn out now to leave it. *But I'm leaving it!* thought Ann.

She stopped and looked down at her clenched hands, expecting to see them wet because there was an awful feeling of tears inside her. But her hands were dry and so was her face when she touched it. Oh, I ought to be ashamed, thinking of her like that and the funeral only yesterday. But I can't be ashamed; I *won't* be ashamed! And I'm leaving. Aunt Les is coming tonight after Uncle Bob shuts up the store, and I'm leaving.

The slow, funereal squeak of the swing chain dug into her. She looked at the two dismal, pretty little faces and something snapped. "I'll bet you haven't packed a stitch, either one of you!" Then, gentling her voice with an effort, reminding herself that they had had enough of being pounced on, she told them to go empty their dresser drawers, and she'd bring them a box to put their things in.

"All right, Ann," they said in chorus, and they got up out of the swing, but their going had a bewildered, helpless look to it, and she knew she would end up packing their things as well as her own. That was always how it went. Well, she'd pack her own things first. Give them a chance, let them try, anyway. They had to learn. Maybe in town at Aunt Les's the learning would come easier.

She went to her room. At least she had had a room to herself here in this forsaken place. And even though she hated it, the uncurtained window (there were frilly white curtains at Ardeth's and Sue's bedroom windows), hated the hand-built bed and table, the stool instead of a chair, the clothes themselves, hanging in the narrow little closet, it was good to be by herself at last. The well-meaning people, with their food and their sympathy, had gone back to their everyday ways, and the house was quiet around her, except for the chatter of the little girls beyond the thick wall.

They don't mind leaving here either, she told herself wearily, lying down on the bed and staring up at the ceiling. They'd have to sleep in the same room with her at Aunt Les's, but that would be all right; she could keep a better eye on them that way. They'd need it, growing up out here, half wild and ignorant. Oh, Travis could look shocked all he wanted, but she was going. It was best.

He could stay and paint cactus and fence posts all his life, if he wanted to. Her mother had ruined him, too, egging him on to paint pictures when all Mr. Johns wanted him to do was pitch hay and ride fence when Mr. Johns was laid up with lumbago.

She never let anything be, the girl thought, staring up at the unpainted ceiling. It would never be painted now. Daddy wouldn't do it, left to himself. *She* had driven him until there was nothing left.

Lying there, Ann remembered the exact time of afternoon, the day when *she* had picked her up from the school in town, Jane and Mary already with her in the old panel truck, and then had driven to pick up Daddy at Uncle Bob's store, taking him from work—*Oh, Charles, forget the store! Stop muttering about Bob and Les. I've found a place for us. Got it for a tupenny song. Now all we have to do is build a house on it!*

Shadows had lain long across the land, the barren, rocky little hills, the cattle standing in their pastures, the occasional weather-beaten house with windmill and lightning rods pointing to the sky. The sky had been empty except for a hawk now and then. *We'll call it* Hawk's Way! Ruth Bregarde had cried, her eyes dwelling on the hawks, seeming to set up a kind of communication with them, earth-bound as she was in the old terra-cotta painting-slacks and the old gray sweater with the sleeves cut out. It was then Ann had first seen the resemblance between her mother and the hawks, the eyes and the slick-back crest, iridescent in the sunlight. *This is our home!* her mother had cried. But it was only *her* home, and she had worked the rest of them half to death creating it.

She hated us, Ann thought tiredly. She really hated all of us. And me the most.

"You getting packed, Ann?"

Charles Bregarde stood hesitantly, wistfully, in the doorway. The door curtain of rough terra-cotta material (the same as her mother's homemade slacks) draped across one shoulder so that he had a strange—almost splendid—look, like a dignitary from some foreign land. But the thought that stayed uppermost in Ann's mind was that, because her mother had bought paints and canvas and a new easel, there hadn't been money left for a door to Ann's room. Only a curtain.

Quickly, she got up and began sweeping things off the table into the box she had ready. An old goods box, not even a suitcase. There was a terrible feeling inside her, something like anger, something like tears. "Yes, I'm packing."

She didn't look at him. But she couldn't ignore the feel of him, standing there in his helpless dignity. *I can't think about him now,* she told herself. *I just can't!* After she and the girls got settled in town and Aunt Les talked to him as she had promised, he'd see how it was, all alone out here, and he'd come in with them. But right now she couldn't think about him. Couldn't worry. Yet the worry remained anyway, as tangible as a scorpion flinging its tail about.

"You'll be sure to go down to the Johns' for water if the cistern gets too low, won't you, Daddy? You remember how sick we were last summer?"

He nodded, but he didn't really hear her. He hadn't seemed to hear much of anything the past four days. When somebody left the world, anybody, it made a difference. Whether the difference was good or bad, or good and bad, as it was now with her mother gone.

With that hot prickling behind her eyelids again, she looked down at a pile of oddly shaped and brilliantly colored rocks she had been collecting. Not because she cared anything about rocks, but because her mother had told her to do it. She remembered the crested head turning, the hawk's beak and brilliant hawk's eyes—*What do I want with rocks? I'm going to paint them, of course!*

And she would have. Still Life by R. Bregarde, that sharply stroked signature in the lower right hand corner, and it wouldn't have been a still life at all because nothing, not even the earth, was ever still in her mother's pictures. She might even have sold it for as much as a hundred dollars.

It had happened, now and then, that someone bought a picture, someone from California or from the East. And while they were completing the transaction, her mother holding out a lean, predatory hand for the check (oh, she didn't have to be so grasping, so *embarrassing* about the money!), talking in a hungry, pounc-

How Would You Solve This Problem?

Was Kay callous to go into hiding when her new neighbor called? Or did she have a good reason?

Kay was delighted when another young family, the Jacksons, moved into the house next door. Her small son, Steve, lost no time in getting to know their Tommy. When she paid a welcoming call on Mrs. Jackson, Kay found her to be a talkative, active person who seemed to miss her old friends very much. Kay had intended to make only a short call, but several hours passed before she managed to get back to her housework.

Mrs. Jackson returned the call the next day. She talked a great deal about herself and her former neighborhood. Periodically she would say, "I do hope I'll like it here—I'm so lonely." Because of the lengthy visit, Kay was late in preparing dinner.

Deciding to be more cautious in the future, Kay did not seek out Mrs. Jackson for a few days. Finally Mrs. Jackson came over, but Kay was resting and purposely did not go to the door. When she saw Tommy the next day, though, she asked how his mother was. With childish frankness he reported, "Mommy's all right, but she says some people on this block think they're better than others."

WHAT IS YOUR DIAGNOSIS?

1. **Mrs. Jackson** is justifiably annoyed at Kay's halfhearted reception as well as her unsympathetic attitude. ☐
2. **Mrs. Jackson** is so wrapped up in her loneliness that she has made Kay become indifferent in self-defense. ☐
3. **Mrs. Jackson,** naturally gregarious, has now made new friends and thus is glad of an excuse to drop Kay. ☐

Turn to page 86 for Dr. Martin's analysis

ing way, about New York and Paris and Martha's Vineyard (which was where she and Charles Bregarde had met, back when he was trying to be an artist, too). Ann always had an impression of wings poised for flight, the hawk holding itself to the rocky ledge until some precisely balanced instant that only it could recognize.

Well, now the hawk had flown.

With a sudden roughness, Ann pushed the rocks to the back of the table. They were only rocks, after all, in a place littered with them.

"Why can't you come with us?" she cried out in anger and in pain to the tall, thin man in the doorway.

Slowly he shook his head. "No. I'd better stay and—" He looked about the bare little room with a purposefulness so mixed with confusion that it was ludicrous. "—and take care of the place." Then his face brightened with a little smile. "But you go on, Ann. You and the girls." He always called them "the girls" as though they had a vague oneness, and she, Ann, was set entirely apart. "I'll be all right."

She wanted to laugh. She wanted to cry. But neither would have done any good. *Now are you satisfied?* She flung the question skyward with bitter urgency and hoped that it was heard. But there was no way of knowing. Just as there was no way of knowing whether Daddy really believed he could take care of himself or merely wanted her to believe it. Either way, it was the same thing. He couldn't.

But, still, she was going.

The need to leave this hated place was so strong it almost choked her. Quickly, she pushed the rest of the things into the box.

"Do you need any help?" he asked wistfully.

Unable to speak for the choking, she shook her head and a lock of hair fell down across her eyes. She started to push it back, then left it hanging.

Only half conscious of his leaving the room—his departures were always more of a fading away than anything else—she went to the little mirror that hung by her bed. As it had for the past year, the sight of her own face filled her with anger and outrage, but today she felt a shy stirring of hope.

Slowly she lifted the flat wings on either side of her face and fluffed them with clumsy, impatient fingers, trying for the effect of the permanent Aunt Les wanted her to have. Then she began to cry without tears, only her underlip caught between her small white teeth, because it would take her hair so long to grow, and in the meantime she wouldn't look like the other town girls. If her mother hadn't hated her, then why had she insisted on this short, plain haircut?

And her clothes— In fierce desperation, she stared into the closet at the clothes her mother had made, the plain, unadorned garments in earth colors. Earth colors—as if she hadn't enough of earth colors, every day of all the days they had lived in this forsaken spot! As if the Bregardes were supposed to blend with the rocks and the earth until they became one with the landscape!

Shaking, she went to the closet and, from behind the other things, she pulled the white organdie blouse, ruffle and lace trimmed, which Ardeth, in a fit of generosity, had given her the last time they were in town. That and the flower-printed rayon dress Aunt Les had got too fat to wear were the only clothes she would take!

I'll go naked rather than wear the others, she thought, clearly and firmly. But she wouldn't have to go naked; Aunt Les wouldn't let her. Aunt Les with her sweet, vague face and soft, greying hair, talking to Daddy out on the porch after the funeral—*Charles, I'll take care of them as if they were my own. You know that. And Bob is with me, one hundred per cent. He told me to tell you that. I just can't wait to get to work on Ann. She's at the age where if you wait any longer, it'll be too late. You know what I mean?*

Listening, Ann had known, even if Daddy hadn't. Too late for girl fun, too late for boys. . . . Travis Johns was a boy and sometimes she had liked him (her cheeks flamed as she remembered a day last spring when they had walked over to Round Rock, just the two of them), but he didn't really count.

He had been more her mother's friend than hers, turning up that evening, a week after they moved into the house, his face frightened and yet stubborn in the lantern light (they hadn't yet tied onto the electric line), his Adam's apple wavering when he spoke, directly to Ruth Bregarde as though none of the rest of them existed—*I heard— they say you're an artist who paints pictures.*

And her mother had taken the newspaper-wrapped bundle from under his arm, swooping and pouncing as was her way. The little sound she made as she looked at the pictures Travis Johns had brought her was not praise in the way other people praised, but exultation. *You must show me everything you have done,* she had demanded. *And while you're about it, take this and bury it!*— She had held a concoction of zinnias in a fancy vase that even she, Ann, could see was truly awful— but she wouldn't have said so, not cruelly like that, thrusting it back upon him between two disdainful fingers.

How could he have let her treat him like that and hold no bitterness? How could he speak reverently of her paintings when all she had put down was the barren rocks, the windswept hills, the cruel sunlight and the ugliness of her own daughter? She hadn't even been aware her mother had painted her until she had found the portrait on the easel in her mother's studio.

Remembering the anguish of that discovery, Ann thought, *She didn't mean it; she would have prettied me in the finishing.* But that was not true and she

REDBOOK RECOMMENDS

for Young Adults at home

"Continental Coffee" is a different and cordial beverage to serve for holiday entertaining

Continental Coffee is customarily made in an Italian coffee maker called a macchinetta. It may be brewed in your regular coffee maker. Most important, you use a double-roasted or demitasse blend of coffee for its strength of flavor. Measure 1 level tablespoon of coffee to each 3-ounce cup of water: brew it at full capacity of coffee maker. A drip pot must be preheated: in the vacuum method, stir coffee when water has risen in upper bowl. Percolate only six minutes.

It is preferable to serve Continental Coffee in small coffee cups because it is a double strength beverage really very different from regular blends of coffee. It may be served at cocktail parties, teas, midnight entertaining and after dinner. Serve the coffee black—the Continental way—and offer your guests sugar and a twist of lemon peel.

For more "Tips on How to Entertain with Coffee" write to: Redbook Magazine, Dept. L, 230 Park Avenue, N. Y. 17, N. Y.

Photos by Norman Leavitt

knew it. Except for the background and the bold, angry signature, R. Bregarde, the portrait was finished.

I won't look at it again—it means nothing to me! Ann thought. She went on telling this to herself even as she got up and walked down the dark hall and out into the blinding sunlight, entering the glass-roofed shed which had served as Ruth Bregarde's studio.

For a moment she stood blinking for the sunlight was only a little less blinding in here. It was a small place, a bare place, when you first entered. Then, when you looked around at the finished and half-finished work that lined the walls, the walls fell away, silently, and the studio became as big as the land it sat on. At least, it seemed so to Ann, as she stood staring at her portrait which stood in the center of it.

Taking up a sharp-edged knife that her mother had used for cutting heavy paper matting, she went slowly forward, thinking, *No one would buy it even if it were finished.* Conscious even in her anguish of how much a hundred or even twenty-five dollars would mean to them, she weighed the possibility of sale against the consuming urge to destroy. But no one would buy it.

Are you sure? demanded the eyes in the portrait. Flat, red-brown eyes which burned without luster, from within, like the eyes of an animal or a bird. Like a hawk. Sleek gold-brown crest and keen, young, arrogant face.

Ugly.

She made me look like her, thought the girl. And now the feeling in her was panic as she tried to escape something she did not understand or want to understand. Escape. To town, to live in town. To have the permanent and the dresses with ruffles and the dancing with boys, the movies and all the rest of it. Oh, she was going, she was certainly going to live in town!

Aunt Les was good and kind; she would take care of Jane and Mary, and Daddy would come when he realized he couldn't survive out here alone. Oh, he'd come sooner or later, and everything would be fine because Uncle Bob had promised to give him back his job at the store—

Suddenly, sharply clear, she had a picture of her father in the store. He was waiting on a big woman in a fur coat, and he was smiling. A pleading, pathetic little smile, as he pawed through a stack of bath towels, dropping half of them, turning this way and that in his helplessness, like a large soft animal. And there was Uncle Bob, coming to the rescue, shaking his head and smiling a brisk, determined smile, handing the woman what she wanted and then patting her father on the back as though he were a dog. A nice friendly dog, but a dog, nevertheless. A helpless creature who must be tolerated and taken care of.

And the girls, she saw them, too. Letting Sue and Ardeth lend their soft, jeweled sweaters, their ribbons and barrettes, and then, finally, demanding, their faces pouty-lipped in triumphant helplessness. Soft, implacable, grabbing creatures, devouring as moles—

No! thought Ann and said it aloud, "No!" For, standing there in the harsh fall of sunlight, staring at the picture her mother had painted, Ann Bregarde knew with an awful finality that she wasn't going anywhere.

You knew I wouldn't go. She half whispered it, the accusation, and the sharp little knife was hard in her hand. Because now it was her mother's face there on the canvas and the air was charged with the tension of wild creatures who must kill to survive.

The proud hawk. Cut it to ribbons.

But it's only me, she thought and the knife fell quietly to the floor. Me. Then the other thought followed with a predestined urgency. I do look like her, like my mother. Jane and Mary look like Daddy, but I look like her.

The knowledge was a thing to explore, like touching a sore tooth with the tip of the tongue. Like walking into an unknown room. She did it, not wanting to, but compelled by that bright, dangerous something that hung in the sun-drenched air.

It was a hard thing, a cruel thing, her mother asked of her. But she had never asked an easy thing. *She knew I would stay*, Ann thought painfully. Because I am the strongest now. Because I am like her.

And there it was. The meaning of survival. The meaning and the danger and the glory. At long last Ann Bregarde knew it. And knew, too, the reason for her mother's insistence on this high, rocky nest. Here, and here only, the weak could have dignity. Here they could survive—for as long as their protector survived. No longer.

Through tears and sun-fired glass, Ann looked up and up to the hawk wheeling in the empty sky. The hawk, terribly alone in the arching, limitless space, a fragile handful of feathers and hollow bone, but surviving. Brightly, fiercely surviving. A cry rose in the girl's throat. "Forgive—oh, forgive me!"

The cry trembled into silence. Then there was the clearing of a throat behind her. Ann whirled around, and there stood Travis Johns in the doorway. His shoulders were still too wide for his neck, his bones too big for his flesh, but his eyes were man-steady.

"I just wanted to say that maybe I could finish that picture—in case you might have a notion to sell it."

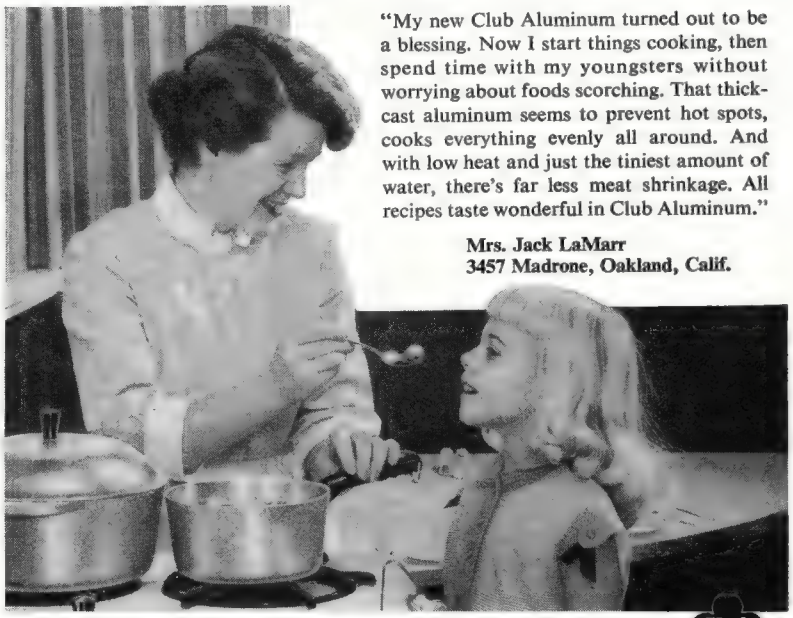
"Sell it—?" For an instant she hated him for his tactlessness and his honesty and his knowledge of the Bregarde finances. She hated his knowing that she would sell the picture if the need arose. But, most of all, she hated his thinking that she would sell it for money to spend in town.

"I haven't time to worry about that right now," she said fiercely. "I've got to help the girls unpack. And since you're here, you might as well find Daddy and help him run those steers out of what's left of the garden, else we'll be eating sagebrush and lizards!"

She was already hurrying to the house, but, just for the instant of passing him, she had seen understanding come over his face. And gladness. Such gladness that the air trembled as it had that time last spring at Round Rock, when he had almost kissed her.

Someday he *would* kiss her. When it was time. . . . THE END

"less hurry... more time for my children"



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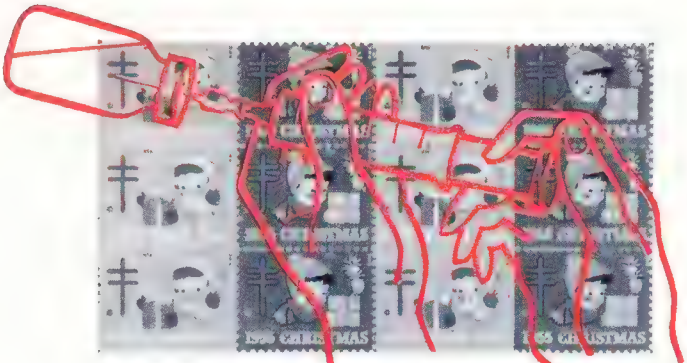
HOW DANGEROUS IS TB NOW?



The sale of Christmas seals helps support research for new drugs and improved treatments for tuberculosis.

● Have recent advances in the fight against tuberculosis lulled us into a false sense of security about the disease? This fear has been expressed recently by a number of leading health authorities. They cite these two disturbing facts:

Almost as many new cases are being discovered these days as in the past—about 100,000 cases a year, or one new victim every five minutes.

An estimated 150,000 Americans have the disease and don't know it. Until they can be located and treated, they will continue to endanger their own chances of eventual recovery and will also spread the disease to others.

These facts have been largely overlooked in the rash of good news about the anti-TB fight. The public is aware that, as far as death rates are concerned, tuberculosis has become a relatively minor disease—it now kills only 16,000 Americans a year, whereas it once ranked as a leading cause of death. We have also read how new drugs like isoniazid, streptomycin and PAS, as well as new surgical methods, are being used to speed recovery. And we have heard of sanitariums being shut down—notably the famous Trudeau Sanitarium at Saranac Lake, New York.

Most of the sanitariums that have been closed were small institutions, built in the days when it was thought —fallaciously—that it was best to send patients to the mountains or to dry climates. To go to one of those out-of-the-way places was costly to the patient, and it also meant uprooting him from family and friends. Doctors now recognize that the necessary rest and treatment can usually be given best in hospitals near the patient's home.

Some doctors have been worried that widespread use of the anti-TB drugs might lead to the development of drug-resistant germs that would be passed from person to person, thus spreading a form of tuberculosis that the drugs would not affect. Recent studies, however, give little, if any, evidence that this is happening.

Thanks to modern treatment, many patients are regaining their health in a matter of months instead of the years once required. Youth is an important factor in speeding a person's recovery. Many young people overcome a bout with TB and go on to hold full-time jobs, get married, have children and, in general, lead long and normal lives.

Current research promises to turn up still better anti-TB drugs, and perhaps a practical vaccine. As yet there is no fully effective vaccine, although one, called BCG, has proved helpful under certain conditions.

For the foreseeable future, though, the drive to find unknown cases will remain the chief weapon against the disease; obviously, no case can be cured until it has been discovered. Chest X rays and tuberculin tests can point to suspicious cases that need more complete diagnosis. Your doctor can look for early signs of the disease during your regular health examinations. Persons who have recovered from TB should have frequent checkups to make sure that it hasn't flared up again.

Most doctors believe that TB can eventually be brought under control and perhaps wiped out—*if* the public can be kept from ignoring its continuing danger.

● HIDE THAT ASPIRIN

Too much aspirin can be poisonous or even fatal, says the AMA. It usually takes large overdoses of the drug (30 or 40 grams or more) to kill an adult, but much smaller doses sometimes prove fatal to infants and children. Pleasant-tasting children's aspirin should be hidden especially well, lest the kids gulp it as "candy."

● HEPATITIS CONTROL

Injections of gamma globulin seem to help control epidemics of infectious hepatitis, a virus liver disease which is becoming more common, especially among children and young adults. The shots do the most good when given to children, and to all persons under 20 in a patient's family, a team of physicians reports in the AMA *Archives of Internal Medicine*. An outbreak in one community involved 335 persons in 260 families over a 15-month period, with the disease apparently being spread by personal contact.

● MOTION SICKNESS

Four out of five children are susceptible at one time or another to motion sickness, caused by traveling in car, plane, train or ship. If, then, you're planning to take the children traveling over the holidays, you'll do well to note these pointers from Dr. I. Newton Kugelmass of New York:

Be careful of the child's diet beforehand and avoid foods that migh upset his stomach. Before you start out, give him an antimotion-sickness drug, like dramamine, bonamine, phenargen or marezine. While traveling, avoid poor ventilation, bad odors and overfatigue and try to divert the queasy child's attention with toys, books or new sights.

Consult your physician before using any drug mentioned

(Continued from page 32)

The chief of orthopedics at that time was Major James K. Tillotson, and Dr. Sidney Stovall was the civilian consultant. There were more than a dozen young doctors standing around a table where Dr. Stovall was seated. Sharon's X rays were put into the frames of several viewing boxes on the table.

Dr. Stovall began to draw red lines across the face of each negative, measuring the angles of both hip sockets and comparing them, measuring the distance between where the head of the femur should have been and where it was. As he measured, he lectured to the young doctors. He discussed Sharon's case and dislocated hips in general. He used big, technical words that meant nothing to me—except when he said "prognosis unfavorable." Then, speaking to us, he explained frankly that such cases had very little chance of complete recovery. The red lines showed that the left socket was very shallow, and the head of the femur was well above it, rather than pushing into it.

Dr. Stovall said that we shouldn't hope for a "cure." A congenital hip condition is one of the most discouraging problems in orthopedics. He told us that the initial treatment would take about two years and that they preferred to have Sharon hospitalized. We thanked the doctors and promised to bring her back after the holidays. I was glad no one said "Merry Christmas." I would have cried.

We all tried to be gay that Christmas—Jim's family and mine. We laughed a lot, and if any of us cried, we were careful to cry alone—careful, too, not to let ourselves be alone often. Sharon said "Christmas tree" over and over. She piled books on the floor to stand on, and she whooped because she was taller. She and Lee, her six-year-old brother, had so many presents that there weren't enough hours in the days for them to play with all of them. But, too soon, our holidays were over.

Jim went back to Biloxi to finish his assignment, which would take another three months. He closed our little house in Mississippi, stored our furniture and moved into the bachelor officers' quarters. Meanwhile, I left Lee with my mother in Austin and drove Sharon to Brooke Army Hospital and left her there. I found a small furnished apartment close to the post.

Major Tillotson explained to me their plans for Sharon. The first step was to put her into traction, to pull the femur into a normal position. She would have to remain in traction for a month to six weeks. After that they could anesthetize her, manipulate the head of the bone into the socket and put her into a "frog cast" that would immobilize the body and legs, thus keeping the femur from slipping out of the socket again.

When I reached the hospital for visiting hours a few days later, Sharon was sleeping away the anesthetic she'd been given while being put into traction. A bright chromium framework had been raised over her bed, the foot of which was up on blocks. Sherry was hanging grotesquely from ropes that passed through pulleys on the frame above the foot of her bed, then down to small sacks of lead weights. Only her head and shoulders were on the bed. There were a few drops of blood on each side of her leg where a steel wire entered and emerged just above the knee. The wire was attached to the pulley arrangement that was supposed to pull the bone into a normal position.

I had a bag of small balloons and some packets of colored ribbon. I started blowing up the balloons and tying them to the framework, where her hands could reach them. When she opened her eyes, she began to cry and fight against her awkward position, wanting me to pick her up. She was frightened, and I couldn't quiet her with kisses or smiles. A doctor came quickly and hurried me away. He asked me not to come to the hospital for a week. He said she needed that much time to adjust to the position and to forget that her mother was always ready to pick her up.

I went to my car. Perhaps I cried; I don t know. That afternoon I drove to see my husband's mother in Corpus Christi, but I have never been able to remember driving there. I talked and talked. My wise, gentle mother-in-law tried to comfort me, but I think we both knew that nothing she could say was reaching me. I couldn't think or hear, and I couldn't eat.

The next day I went to my mother's house in Austin, where I played with Lee, made a dress and talked to Mother about clubs and gardens and new books. I did not cry or discuss Sharon because I knew I must not frighten Lee.

I was painfully aware that I no longer had faith in God, the doctors' ability or anything else. I had forgotten how to pray. I decided I was hysterical and that I needed a psychiatrist, but I saw my pastor instead.

I cried a great deal in his study. He didn't talk to me. He led me into St. David's Church, put on his vestments and knelt before the white altar. He began to talk to God about me—aloud, so that I could hear.

He prayed to God to manifest His perfect will by completely healing Sharon. He prayed for special blessings and guidance for her doctors and nurses. He prayed for peace for Sharon's mother. Then he made a great request—he asked that the work of the traction apparatus be accomplished quickly—unmistakably quickly—so that Sharon's mother could regain her faith.

You may say that I was hysterical, and that this quiet Episcopal minister was using shock therapy—or an evangelistic grandstand play—for my sake. Yet the fact remains that *just one week later* Sharon was out of traction and put into her frog cast.

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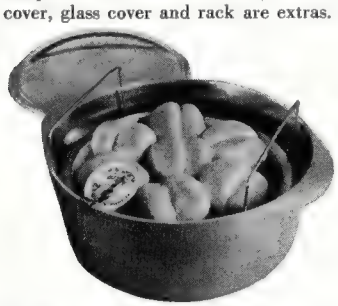
for Young Adults at home

A Dutch Oven

for extra top-of-stove baking during the holiday season

A Dutch oven comes in handy when you want to bake several foods at different temperatures. To preheat the oven place the thermometer on the rim of the oven. Cover and put oven over medium heat until it reaches desired temperature. The thermometer, a metal cover, glass cover and rack are extras.



When baking brown 'n serve rolls, always put them on a baking pan before placing on rack. A baking pan should fit into the Dutch oven with ¼-inch clearance on all sides. The oven is also handy for casseroles and puddings. For meats, set covered pan on medium heat. When pan is hot, put in meat, fat side down. Brown on all sides with cover off. Then put meat on rack; cover. Turn heat low; roast until meat is tender.

For holiday 'small batch' baking this utensil will take the place of your regular oven. To bake pumpkin pie, preheat oven to 425°F. Place pie pan on rack and lower into oven. Cover; bake at 425°F. for 15 minutes. Reduce heat to 350°F.; bake 45 minutes till a knife inserted into center comes out clean.

Photos by Norman Leavitt

I felt that I had come back from a very dark place. The Lord's Prayer came easily to my lips, and the words of my prayer book had new meaning. It seemed right that spring should come early that year.

I was calm again, and I took Lee to live with me, put him in a private school and taught him to say a new prayer. Because he was just a small boy, it was a simple prayer. Every night we knelt together and said, "Thank you, Father, for mending Sherry's hip and making the bone to grow."

For five weeks Sherry lay in her frog cast on a canvas hammock stretched over her bed. The plaster of the cast began just below her chest and covered both legs to the ankles. Her legs were held so that the femurs were almost at right angles to her body and shins, with the knees bent. This position pushed the heads of the femurs deep into the hip sockets.

I could pick her up and cuddle her during our daily afternoon visits. Every day I tied a few small toys to her hammock or the frame above her bed; she had only to pull a ribbon to find a friendly object. Every day I took away a few toys and later brought them back to her, clean and new-looking. I managed to rotate all the toys except a woolly brown bear that I couldn't slip away from her. She forgot Lee and the world outside. She was quite happy.

Clothing was a problem, since she couldn't wear dresses over the big cast. I found some rayon sacks that tied with ribbon for her to wear over undershirts. Jim's mother and mine made a dozen or more glamorous "tops" of silk, nylon and bright cotton for the warmer weather. Sherry was vain and very proud of her pretty clothes.

In March she was put into a new cast, one that straightened her knees and spread her feet about 24 inches apart. In this position the heads of the femurs were held in the hip sockets at a different angle. Again her body was covered with plaster from chest to ankles, with a bar between her legs at her knees.

Flowers were blooming, and I kept bouquets beside her bed. She loved to smell them. She had become adjusted to her strange world. If she had forgotten Lee (who was not allowed to visit her), she had also found fascinating playmates in the other children in the ward. She shared her toys with them—and also her tears, because it seemed that, when one cried, they all cried. When the days were warmer, Sharon played with several other small patients in a bed on the sun porch. She soon learned to fight for the toy she favored, yelling "mine" as loudly as anyone else.

Jim finished his assignment and spent a 30-day leave with us. Sharon was so happy that she said nothing but "Hi, Daddy" for several days and greatly preferred his arms to mine. Jim took her outside to see grass and birds, clouds and cars. She was enthralled by the sight and sound and feel of things. She even liked the smell of our car, although moving vehicles rushing by her on the street frightened her.

In April she got her third cast, a "single hip spiker." It extended from just below the ribs over the entire left leg, leaving only the toes exposed, but it left her right leg free from the hip down. That leg was now covered with soft brown hair like her Teddy bear's. The doctor told me that hair often grew like that under casts. I was glad when it all rubbed off, but Sharon had been pleased with it. She liked her "new little leg" and stroked it as if it were a puppy.

She was cross and sore for a few days after getting the new cast. Her Daddy's visits were a big help. Jim could always make her laugh. For him, Sherry would swing her hammock to and fro over her bed and scream with delight when he stopped it.

All the children enjoyed Jim's visits—working fathers are not often free between two and four o'clock. Sharon, of course, missed her Daddy when his leave was up; but one of her playmates actually cried much harder than she did the first day I went alone. He tried to hit me with a furious little fist, insisting that I'd thrown "the Daddy" in the garbage can!

I **received** permission to take Sharon to the clinic to get reacquainted with her brother. Sharon and Lee had not seen each other for nearly four months. On weekends, when there was no school, Lee had waited alone in the clinic or the car while I visited his sister. Although I had described Sharon's cast to Lee, the sight of it shocked him. He struggled manfully, but he was only six, and the tears came. Sharon cried because Lee was crying.

He wanted to hold her. He sat back in the middle of a couch where she couldn't fall off his lap, and I placed her across his lap just as I had done the first time he had seen her after she was born. Sharon put her arms around his neck and sobbed. I couldn't watch them.

I grabbed the bag of presents and pulled out paper hats. I stuck a paper snake in my mouth and blew. There was a feather on the end of it. It tickled Lee's wet cheek and Sherry's shiny nose, and they laughed. We put on the hats and had a party. There were no more tears. After that, my children saw each other as often as I could arrange it.

One afternoon when Lee and I got to the clinic, Major Tillotson was waiting for me. He was excited. He showed us Sharon's latest X ray. There was a tiny fleck of light near the head of the femur. A *new* little fleck of light! The missing bone had begun to grow.

Lee was holding my hand tightly. He didn't have to be told what had happened. "Gosh, Mom," he said, looking wide at the X ray, "Jesus just answered our prayer, didn't He?"

"Nobody else could have done it, son," said Major Tillotson.

Thank you, Father, for mending Sherry's hip and making the bone to grow.

But we still had a long way to go. I knew as I looked at the X ray that, as surely as Sharon could not have been healed without faith, she could not be healed by faith alone.

Through May and early June, I sewed soft pastel dresses with ruffles and lace. I bought a sturdy pair of white

shoes, size four. Sharon was wearing the final cast of the series. Now a Dennis-Brown brace was made for her.

The brace was a bar of aluminum, and one shoe was bolted to each end of the bar. The purpose of the brace was to keep Sharon's feet spread wide and turned in, thus pushing the heads of the femurs deep into the hip sockets at the proper angle to keep the bone from slipping out of the narrow left socket. The socket was deepened by the constant pressure within it. Sharon's brace was 32 inches long. She wore it 24 hours a day for nine months.

She caressed her white shoes as another child might fondle kittens. Little girls like new shoes, and these were the first that Sharon could remember. Her hammock had vanished along with her cast, and now Sharon had a bed to sleep on. At first she just wiggled all over and then she scooted around her bed on her stomach, dragging her legs. When I carried her, she kept insisting, "Sherry shoes, Mommy. Walk now."

School was out and I took her to the clinic every day to play with Lee. After she learned to sit alone, I put her on the floor. Sometimes I took along two balloons for the children to toss. One day Sharon decided to retrieve a batted balloon herself and thus began to learn her "walk."

She put her hands behind her, bent her knees and kicked her feet forward while pushing her body along the carpet on her ruffled panties with her hands. Thump-slide, thump-slide. She was free; she could walk—on the seat of her pants. She learned so well that she even "ran," and months later she climbed on to the love seat, too.

With Sherry's hip socket deepening, her precious bone growing and her casts gone, I asked to take her from the hospital so that we could join Jim, who was now stationed in Tacoma, Washington. The doctor agreed, and Sharon's case was transferred from Brooke to Madigan Army Hospital, near the base where Jim was stationed. Sharon was to be an outpatient under close surveillance.

Jim rented a house with asbestos tile floors—no splinters—moved our furniture in and unpacked the dishes. He was granted an emergency leave and came to drive us to our new home. Once we were settled there, we took Sharon to the orthopedic clinic at Madigan. At that time Major Robert D. Anderson was chief of the section. Sharon was examined and X rayed once a month during the period she was wearing the Dennis-Brown brace.

The doctors were always thorough, but gentle when they examined her. Yet she unfailingly began to cry as soon as I took her clothes off, and she would not stop until they were on again. I don't think the examinations hurt her. She still cries when I undress her in a doctor's office, although at home she is quite likely to burst, dripping from the tub, into a roomful of visitors.

Before I had left San Antonio, Dr. Stovall had told me to let Sharon do whatever she could do in the brace. "Just leave her alone," he had said. Major Anderson and his staff left her alone until December. She was happy and well, and she had fun. I learned to bathe her with one of her shoes off and the other on, keeping the brace in place. I learned to dress her in snowsuits and coveralls, with first one foot off the brace and then the other. I learned to get used to the thump-rattle sliding sound of her "walk." I even learned to sit still while she tumbled on the grass or scooted after the neighborhood children—who accepted her right away, but sometimes snatched her toys. I knew I must not be overprotective; I got used to leaving her alone.

I kept Sharon away from the pitying eyes of strangers as much as I could. I never got used to the repeated "poor little thing" or the constant "what's the matter with the child, my dear?" I forced myself not to reply to the woman who walked briskly up to us in a department store and said, "Surely you can control that child in some other way."

Christmas was coming again when Sharon began physiotherapy. Seven months in the Dennis-Brown brace had deepened the hip socket enough to make the doctors believe that the head of the femur wouldn't pop out. When the brace was removed, however, she held her feet wide apart with toes turned in and knees bent. If we pulled her feet together, her knees flew apart. If we held her knees together, her back ached. She would never have been able to stand upright in that condition. Physiotherapy was needed.

She still wore her brace except during the actual periods of exercise. I took her to the hospital every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning. She began her hour there with a whirlpool bath to relax her muscles, then had a 30-minute exercise period with a nurse.

Sherry loved the water and the attendant who undressed her and put her into the tub, but she hated the painful session that followed. She never stopped screaming while the exercises were in progress—and she needed physiotherapy for four months.

The nurse worked with her at the hospital and I worked with her at home. We stretched her legs straight, holding them together and pressing her knees and body down. We rotated her feet, making clockwise circles with her toes. We held her on her chest, her knees together as far as possible under her stomach, and forced her hips down to straighten her spine.

I exercised her for about two hours a day. She began to cry as soon as I took off her shoes, and she screamed all the while I worked. We were both miserable. Sherry lost weight, forgot her toilet training and sucked her thumbs until the chapped skin broke and her knuckles bled.

The months went by. Sharon's body became more and more pliable until, by the first week in March, her legs stretched straight in front of her and she could lie almost flat without bending her knees. That was the end of physiotherapy. Major Anderson told me that Sharon's hip was ready to support weight as soon as she learned how to walk.

We couldn't take chances with the hip, so Sharon shed her brace and re-

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ceived a series of casts of the single hip-spiker type, similar to the third cast she had worn at Brooke. These casts were changed weekly; each new one reduced the angle at which the head of the femur entered the hip socket. In the final cast, Sharon's leg was held in the normal standing position.

Since her casts began just under her arms and extended to her left ankle, Sharon could no longer sit down. She was puzzled, then dreadfully upset by her first "pair of iron pants." She couldn't move by herself. She lay full length or stood on her new braceless shoes, propped against something until one of us moved her.

Jim held her and walked, helping her learn the mechanics of left foot, right foot. During the second week, she learned to swing the cast, then slide her right foot forward while one of us held her. After that, she was on her way.

She found a light folding camp stool and began pushing it all over the house. She learned balance, because she had to stand alone and lift the stool over the threshold in order to go outside. She took some hard falls. After the first two or three falls, she didn't even cry; she learned to drag herself to a chair and pull her body upright. (Before that, she'd had to lie helplessly like an upturned turtle, waiting for one of us to stand her up again.)

She had begun to feel quite independent by the time I found myself in Madigan Hospital, fighting for the life of our third child. The date was March 19, 1951, and Billy wasn't due to arrive until June 10th.

I haven't mentioned Billy before because, until I had to go to the hospital, my pregnancy hadn't greatly affected Sharon's story. When I first learned that another child was coming, I became angry and bitterly afraid of another deformity. I did not think I would carry the baby. I had been forced to rest much of the time during my previous pregnancies, and now I had my hands full taking care of Sharon and Lee; there just wasn't time for anything else.

Then I found myself in the hospital with time for nothing *except* my unborn child. My neighbor, Grace Kyle, took over the care of Sharon. Jim left Sherry and the folding stool at Grace's door every morning. Grace (who had no children of her own) took care of her until Jim returned at night, and she also looked after Lee when he got home from school.

I decided I couldn't stay in the hospital and went home, promising to stay in bed until the baby was due. I didn't and went back to the hospital repeatedly. When I was at home, my neighbors took care of me. We were all service wives, all in the same boat.

Grace let Sherry visit me, but never long enough to worry or tire me. Sharon discarded her campstool and became completely independent. She was so busy shopping with Grace that she didn't have time to feel encumbered.

I remember an afternoon in late April when Lee came crying to his father, his face bloody. Some bigger boys had held him and struck his face with an old broom. Sharon heard and seemed to understand—away she went, her little blue dress bobbing, down the street to get that broom and "boss those bullies" who had hurt her Lee.

I'm sure that my forced separation from Sherry at that time was a good thing. She had to gain confidence in herself, and she did. I had always hovered over her, waiting for the crash that usually came. Grace didn't hover and, because she wasn't Mommy, Sharon didn't cling to her for support. Luckily, Grace loved Sharon, and Sharon trusted her. Grace taught Sharon to trust herself—to let go, leave the blue campstool and walk alone.

Billy was born on May 10th. His arrival gave Sherry an outlet for her childish maternalism, and also meant that she could no longer demand almost all our attention. She became even more self-reliant.

The new baby also brought me renewed peace of mind and, when I first held him in my arms, I was grateful and humble. After 18 months, I knew that my faith had returned for good.

Sharon's final cast was taken off three days after Billy and I left the hospital. Her white shoes were really free now. A few days later, she walked—without a stool, cast or brace. She walked and ran and danced little pigeon-toed circles around the house, singing, "Sherry's walking on her two feet." She wanted red and blue and green shoes.

For a while Sharon was X rayed and examined every month. The bone grew, the socket deepened. "Leave her alone" was again the order. That fall, Jim was transferred, and Sharon went with us to live 300 miles from her doctors, who were so pleased with her progress that they spaced her examinations three months apart.

We took Sharon back to Madigan four times. The doctors examined her and her X rays, smiled and told her she was a lucky little girl.

Orthopedic specialists are a pessimistic lot about congenital hip deformities; their experience has given them little reason to be hopeful. Yet I have seen their eyes brighten with tears as they compared Sherry's most recent X ray with her first. I have seen them smile at each other and pat her head.

In September, 1952, Sharon and I went back to Brooke Army Hospital. Jim was going overseas, and we were at home again in Texas. We saw Dr. Stovall and another group of young doctors in uniform. I was told that they'd all be "hard up to tell" which hip had been malformed.

Jim has been back from overseas for some time now, and we are living in California. Sharon is in school, where she is doing very well. Not only can she walk, run and jump—she has even taken dancing lessons. She has been pronounced completely healed by eminent orthopedic specialists. In my eyes, she is perfect—as God always intended her to be. . . . THE END

PSYCHOLOGIST'S CASEBOOK

DR. MARTIN'S ANALYSIS of the case presented on page 79

Everyone has a basic need to be liked and accepted by others. Friends and neighbors can give us psychological support, just as we contribute to their happiness by being interested in what they do.

Although we often take these interpersonal relationships for granted, we miss them when we are uprooted from them. Our need to belong with others is not satisfied, and we feel lonely and discontented. Sometimes our feelings of being cut off are so strong that they overrule our better judgment and drive us to do things we might not do otherwise.

This is what happened to Mrs. Jackson. She missed her former friends, and she talked about them so much that Kay, when she made her neighborly call, could not feel free to go home when she wanted to. Mrs. Jackson's need for companionship led her to return Kay's call the very next day. Actually, she took advantage of Kay by getting lost in her own stories and staying so long that Kay was late in getting dinner ready.

Kay's reaction to this incident was normal enough. She had her own responsibilities, and it seemed to her that one way to help meet them was to discourage Mrs. Jackson from visiting so long and so often. Mrs. Jackson, wrapped up in her own loneliness, had driven Kay to indifference in self-defense. Diagnosis No. 2 is, therefore, correct.

There are other ways in which Kay might have solved her problem and helped Mrs. Jackson, too. Had she fully recognized that loneliness made her new neighbor act as she did, she might have reacted to Mrs. Jackson's deeper need rather than simply her surface conduct. For example, Kay could have introduced her to others in the town. In this way she might have satisfied Mrs. Jackson's loneliness and made a grateful neighbor of her as well.

Mrs. Jackson did impose on a neighbor who was thoughtful enough to call upon and welcome her. Kay reacted normally by being defensive rather than understanding. She can still help her new neighbor—and also make herself feel better—by inviting others to meet Mrs. Jackson.

PERSONALITY POINTERS

1. **When a person thinks somebody is "high-hatting" him, he should ask himself:**
   - **Am I demanding too much of this friendship?**
   - **How can I seek out new friends and new ways of occupying myself?**
2. **Before acting defensively against the insistent demands of others, try to find out:**
   - **What makes them that way;**
   - **How you can introduce them to other friends who will help fill their basic need for companionship.**

"We Refused to Give Up Our Homes"

(Continued from page 45)

Chicago, the Donald Howards moved into Trumbell Park, an all-white housing project; they stuck it out behind boarded windows as mobs nightly hurled bricks and crude bombs at them. In a West Coast city, a Negro and his two children were burned to death when neighbors set his house afire two days after Christmas.

Other white communities, however, are quietly proving that Negroes and whites *can* live together—and disproving the belief that the entry of Negro home owners necessarily brings about a drop in real-estate values. The neighborhood in Teaneck is one of these communities. Teaneck's residents did falter in the beginning. Later, though, the prospect of living in an interracial community did not seem so frightening to most of them, and thus they preserved not only the market value of their homes, but their own integrity as well.

Until Jay Payne began working on his house, this part of Teaneck was traditionally "all-white," although it housed members of various nationalities. Italians and Irish lived there—and still do. So do Greeks, Germans, Armenians, Dutch, Rumanians, Scots and English, as well as persons of mixed stock. There is considerable diversification as far as religion, income level and types of homes are concerned. Although there are many new homes, ranging from $12,000 to over $30,000 in value, there are also stately, elm-flanked homes of earlier vintage. The owners are skilled workers, merchants, lawyers, clerks and dentists.

A Negro woman named Elsie Whitney has lived for years in an attractive red brick house on the corner of Hubert Terrace. Strangely, she did not figure in the unrest that resulted when Payne began building his new home. "She'd always been a good neighbor. We knew her," residents now say. And yet there was no evidence—and none was later forthcoming—that the Payne family would not be good neighbors, too.

When the Paynes moved in three years ago, their white neighbors did not openly voice their resentment. They sat tight, watching and waiting. Property values did not fall; in fact, the real-estate market rose slightly in keeping with the national trend. Anxieties were relaxed and, although the Paynes made no lasting friendships with their white neighbors, they were not made to feel unwelcome.

During 1954 other Negro families began to move into the community. Most of them bought homes in a few streets on the fringes of the area; only one or two Negro families moved into the broad "white" avenues in the heart of the community. By the end of the year the total had risen to 28 Negro families, with property values still intact. Although whites and nonwhites lived in adjacent streets rather than adjacent houses, many of them worshiped at the same churches, spoke up at the same P-TA meetings and allowed their children to play together in the same playgrounds.

But gradually the old suspicions and fears returned. The trouble started early in 1955, when a too-enterprising real estate firm in a neighboring town, hearing of the interracial trend in Teaneck, began to use scare tactics in the hope of forcing sales and collecting commissions. In a sudden invasion of the neighborhood, the company's agents opened a high-pressure door-to-door campaign. They told each home owner: "You are living in a fringe area. Negroes are moving in all around you. Why not put up your house for sale now while you can still get a good price for it?"

It was then that the selling began. It soon spread through the entire community, even to streets seven and eight blocks from the house of the nearest Negro family. The residents of a group of 29 new split-level houses informally pledged one another not to move away. Two weeks later one of them sold out to a Negro lawyer, and all pledges were off. FOR SALE signs went up overnight.

Before long Henry Deissler, Teaneck's nonpartisan mayor, quit the big house on Shepherd Avenue in which he had lived for years. No one could say positively, of course, that the nearness of Negro neighbors had prompted his decision, but, in any case, Deissler turned down all appeals to stay. He didn't need such a large place now that his son had married, he explained. (He has since refused to comment on the neighborhood's troubles, despite requests from both residents and newspaper reporters.)

To keep business booming, the soliciting realty agents began to sow distrust among neighbors. "Mrs. Smith down the street has sold out to a Negro family," they would say to Mrs. Jones. "Better sell your own house before you have to give it away!" Sometimes Mrs. Smith *had* sold, or was trying to, but as often as not she was undecided, was waiting for her neighbors to make the first sale or had just turned down the realty man's proposition. At other times the agents would drive prospective Negro buyers through the community, stopping to emphasize the advantages of the neighborhood in loud voices and suggesting that *any* house was for sale if the buyer was really interested.

As these tactics went on, the Negro families in the community sensed a growing hostility. Casual back-yard chatter between Negroes and whites now was rare. Some white parents forbade their children to play with Negro children. White neighbors began to eye one another suspiciously. The inquiry, "Are you selling out?" became a challenging question met by silence, hesitant denials or embarrassed admissions. Some residents sold secretly and, not daring to face their neighbors, moved away at night ahead of their belongings. By early May, 51 homes were owned by Negroes and 50 more had been listed for sale by whites at asking prices of from $1,000 to $3,000 below their true market value.

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"Then it's unanimously agreed that we dissolve our bridge club in favor of what-do-you-call-it, here?"

REDBOOK

A young Negro couple, Mr. and Mrs. James Slappy, felt worried enough to write a mimeographed letter to their neighbors which added up to a plea for acceptance. They told of a community near St. Albans, New York, which had fallen apart because of panic selling after four or five Negro families had moved in. "Since moving here, we have been fortunate in establishing some fine neighborly relationships with some of you who were living here a long time before we came," the Slappys wrote. "It is our hope that it will remain so."

A week later on Howland Avenue, which was still an all-white street, Dr. Harold Eby, a young dentist, received a telephone call from a neighbor. "Look, Doc, you're a nice guy, so I'm telling you that coloreds are moving in next door to me. I'm putting my house up for sale today. You'd be smart if you did the same thing."

Dr. Eby, a man of good will, was startled. However, he had his practice to think of; he did not want to live in an all-Negro neighborhood. He suggested a meeting to determine what the other residents on the block were planning. The meeting was held and everybody's worst fears, real and imagined, were aired. After a short discussion, the jittery neighbors agreed to put their houses on the market, six at a time.

Today, when Dr. Eby is asked if any single event stopped the panic on Howland Avenue, he promptly refers to a sidewalk meeting between his wife, Ruth, and Mrs. Edward Schick, who lives two streets away on Shepherd Avenue. "We're not bigots," Ruth Eby told Mrs. Schick, "but we don't want to live in a neighborhood that's running down before our eyes." Mrs. Schick, sympathetic, suggested that the Ebys and other residents on Howland Avenue attend another block meeting called for that same evening at the Schick home. "Lots of folk are acting impulsively—and they're going to lose money in the bargain," Mrs. Schick said. "How many of us have really tried to think this thing through—or really know what we're running away from?"

Twenty Teaneck home owners, the Ebys and their Howland Avenue neighbors included, gathered at the Schicks' that night. Ed Schick, a thickset, well-to-do produce merchant, was chairman. First he asked the group to recall what had attracted them to the community originally. Someone mentioned the tree-lined streets, many of them dead-ended and safe for small children. A young couple, recently from New York, stressed the convenience of new, well constructed houses in an established community. Others called attention to the good schools and churches and the efficient transportation services. As the obvious benefits of the neighborhood were listed, the mood of the group changed.

"Okay," said Ed Schick. "We still have these things—so what are we afraid of?"

"They're backing us against the wall," said one of the young wives. "Why do they want to come here, anyway?"

"Negro home owners don't keep up their property," someone else added.

"That's because they really can't afford to own homes—they can't keep up the mortgages."

"Sure, they're transients. They have to sell out at a loss after a year or so, and that brings down property values in the whole community."

And: "What can we do about it?"

When Ed Schick spoke again, his face was expressionless. "Well," he said, "we could organize a mob, wreck their homes and run them out of the community. We could prevent any new arrivals from taking possession by force, and we could warn white home owners not to sell to Negroes.

"We could do that—but I don't recommend it," he added quickly. "Wherever it has happened before, a lot of people get roughed up, and the neighborhood gets a black eye. That way you scare off decent citizens of every color.

"Unless we want to sell at a loss, there's only one thing we *can* do. Take it easy. Try to persuade your neighbors to stop these panic sales, and let's try to get those real-estate men to cut out scare tactics. After that we ought to get in touch with our new Negro neighbors and get their co-operation. I've a notion they don't want this to become a run-down community any more than we do. That's what they've come here to get away from, isn't it? Seems to me a lot of the fears we have about the Negro home owner are unfounded. After all, if they weren't responsible citizens with pretty good incomes, the banks wouldn't give them mortgages."

Fred Link, a 32-year-old advertising man and father of four young children, spoke up next.

"We moved in here a year ago," he said, "and we like the place. I'm not running simply because Americans of another race have the opportunity to better their living conditions and want to be my neighbors. It'll do my kids good to be exposed to a different culture—especially one that's just as American as mine! If we're going to be interracial here, that's fine. On the other hand, I surely don't want to become a member of a minority in this neighborhood. I don't believe we really know what's going on. . . . So why not let's dig for the facts before we make any rash moves. Meanwhile my house is not for sale!"

By 2 A.M. the residents were feeling a good deal more optimistic than when Ed Schick had invited them to sound off earlier in the evening. Before the meeting broke up, the Ebys and their Howland Avenue neighbors had already decided to remain in their homes and had promised to try to persuade others to do the same. Meanwhile an emergency committee was formed to track down local rumors and to find out how other communities were dealing with similar upheavals.

Within a week the committee reported that the local office of the Urban League, a nationwide interracial group dedicated to community improvements, had contacted the offending real-estate firm. Nida Thomas, the League's director, managed to extract a promise that salesmen would stop using scare methods in their approach to home owners. With research that took committee members to libraries, state housing authorities, dozens of real estate offices and such expert organizations as the National Committee Against Discrimination in Housing, answers were prepared to almost any ques-

tion that might be asked by home owners.

Armed with the facts, the residents of Shepherd and Howland Avenues fanned out through the entire community to give home owners their first clear picture of what was happening. Residents flocked to the block meetings now being held on almost every street. Questions and answers, compiled from the experiences of many other communities, were discussed —not always amiably—by people whose conversations previously had never gone beyond the weather and the price of beef.

For example:

"Why do Negroes try to move into all-white neighborhoods?" asked a woman of 10 years' residence.

The committee's answer: There is always a shortage of houses available to Negro buyers. With their incomes constantly improving, Negroes naturally want to move into any neighborhood where they can buy decent housing.

A new resident, formerly an apartment dweller in Newark, New Jersey, said: "I'm all for giving the Negro a decent place to live, but why can't he look for a house in traditionally Negro areas?"

Answer: The average Negro who can afford better living conditions isn't likely to find what he is looking for in old, predominantly Negro districts. Above all, he resents anyone s suggesting to him where he ought to live. If he has the money, he wants to live in a neighborhood that offers the standards a white family of similar income enjoys.

"Is it true that houses decrease in value when Negroes move into the neighborhood?" a young married couple wanted to know.

Answer: Only if *you* let it happen. When a salesman tells you the presence of Negro home owners will depress values, he is exploiting race prejudices in an attempt to induce you to sell. If he is successful, prices are liable to drop. And after selling out at a loss, you probably won't find equal value for your money elsewhere because of the current housing boom. Many disgruntled residents who remain behind will look upon their new Negro neighbors as symbols of the reduced market value of their homes. This is hardly an aid to racial harmony in the community.

A local plumber and his wife, who had thus far refused to sell their ranch house, asked: "If prices do drop, will they stay down?"

Answer: No. Professional appraisers agree that, once the more impulsive home owners sell and leave the neighborhood, prices usually climb back to their former levels.

"By and large, do houses in interracial neighborhoods tend to have a lower market value than similar dwellings in all-white communities?" was a question that many residents wanted answered.

Answer: Not unless panic selling by whites occurs. In fact, Charles Abrams, New York State Commissioner of Housing, reports that mixed neighborhoods usually prove to be a better long-term investment than restricted neighborhoods. This fact is also recognized by some large mortgage lenders. A survey of 17 communities, recently published in the *Appraisers' Journal*, found that prices were slightly higher in areas where whites and nonwhites lived side by side than in similar areas where no integration had taken place. One reason for this is that many a Negro purchaser is willing to pay a premium for desirable housing.

The commonest question of all was this: "Don't Negroes create slums and allow property to run down?"

Answer: They take good care of property if it is in good shape when they take over, according to a nationwide survey by the National Association of Real Estate Boards. As a matter of fact, the Federal Housing Administration reports that Negroes have a somewhat *better* record than whites in maintaining property and keeping up payments. Accusing Negroes of fostering slum conditions when most of them have to live in hopelessly overcrowded tenement districts makes about as much sense as blaming American captives for the conditions in Red Chinese prison camps.

"Why does a neighborhood become a slum?" asked a couple of newlyweds.

Answer: Generally because the residents—regardless of race—neglect their neighborhood. A home owner should be judged by the ordinary rules we apply to all our neighbors. Is he living within his means? Is his house large enough so that the family can live without overcrowding? Does he keep his property in good repair and pay his taxes promptly? Is he considerate of his neighbors? Does he exercise reasonable control over his children?

Uninhibited talks like this inspired a dramatic development—the appearance of NOT FOR SALE signs in windows. By the end of June, both white and Negro residents announced the formation of the Teaneck Civic Conference. Its aims are to stabilize home values, to discourage hasty selling and to plan neighborhood activities designed to acquaint white residents with their Negro neighbors.

Today, after a few months of interracial block meetings and house-to-house calls, panic selling has stopped and more than a dozen new white families have purchased homes in the neighborhood. Although many homes have been withdrawn from the market, some are still up for sale—at fair prices.

The Teaneck Civic Conference hopes for some kind of balance between the numbers of white and Negro residents. Currently it is seeking the vocal support of Rotarians, the clergy, the Chamber of Commerce, women's clubs and other Teaneck civic groups. In the meantime, monthly block meetings continue to foster friendliness between neighbors of different color. Visitors to the community are challenged to distinguish between "white" and "colored" houses—and find it impossible. Both are well kept.

Negroes and whites move into new homes without fanfare. Recently an old-time settler called on a new arrival to congratulate him on his "courage" in moving into the community.

"Now look here," the newcomer said, "buying a house doesn't make me a hero. I just happen to believe in democracy and want to live it."

He also just happened to be white.

... THE END

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My Parents Support Us—And I Hate It

(Continued from page 43)

we would do and how much we could afford to spend.

"We thought we'd go camping at the state park," I said.

"Why, that wouldn't be a vacation," Mother protested. "You'd have to cook and wash. You might as well stay at home."

"There's a nice hotel at Haley's Beach where you could go," Dad suggested. "I'll stake you to a week there as an anniversary present—six months in advance."

"You've done enough for us 'in advance,'" Steve told him.

"We really want to go camping," I said hastily. We stuck by our guns, but it wasn't easy.

I know that most parents tend to interfere in their grown-up children's lives in a well-meaning way, but my parents seem to have strings on us that no parents should have after you're married. Maybe we shouldn't feel that way. Maybe I should have told them long ago to mind their own business—as decently as I could, of course—but I just can't do it. I feel they have a right to a voice in what we do because they're paying for what we do. I can see their side of it, too; in their position I'm sure I'd feel exactly the same way. When you put money into a company or a new product, you're suddenly very concerned about how that company is run.

Dad is like that with Steve. He's got the son he's always wanted, and he's like a kid in Steve's shop. He drops in all the time and asks how things are going.

"I can't tell him to get out." Steve said to me one night. "I know I'm too touchy about it, but I get the feeling he's checking up on me. And what's going to happen when I try to get out from under his wing?"

Once Dad sent us an automatic washer that we couldn't possibly have bought by ourselves. Steve was furious and sent it back.

Then Dad was hurt.

"I'm sorry," Steve told him, "but Polly and I should work for our luxuries like any other couple. This whole arrangement isn't working out too well and I don't think you'd better send us any more money."

"Now, Steve, take it easy," Dad replied mildly. "How will you manage?"

"We'll manage," Steve growled.

"Maybe. You bring your books over and we'll talk about it."

Steve got very red and said, "No, sir, I won't." I knew he was furious. He never calls Dad "sir" except when he's terribly angry and trying not to show it. On the way home he sounded off to me. "I've always liked your father and I respect his judgment, but he's got no respect for mine. As long as we take money from him, he's going to treat us like kids. I know I'm in no position to give up his help—yet. But I don't want to show him my books. I keep feeling it's none of his business, and yet I know it is."

That crisis blew over, but now we're facing a new problem that's bound to cause trouble. I'm going to have a baby. We haven't told anyone yet because we weren't planning on it quite so soon. We ought to be glad about it, and instead we're both as miserable and guilty as if we were doing some terrible thing.

I'm actually afraid to tell my mother—a ridiculous attitude, I suppose, because she has mentioned the question of children to me several times. Once she tried to talk me out of buying a suit I wanted very much, saying, "You could do without it, and you should be saving toward starting a family."

I guess I looked sort of shocked, because she added, "Well, I intend to have grandchildren, you know."

She was trying to be humorous about it, I know, but I snapped, "Don't you think that's my business—and Steve's? I'm not going to have a baby on order."

"Polly, dear, I didn't mean—well, I'm looking forward to it, that's all."

"All right," I said, "let's just forget it."

But now that I am pregnant, I don't know whether she'll like the idea or not. And another thing—I'm afraid that, if Mother and Dad have to pay for the cost of the baby, they'll think they own him and can manage him the way they manage us.

Steve has done very well at the shop, and we've about reached the point where we can squeeze by on our own, even with a baby. No matter how we break off our subsidy, though, my parents are going to take offense. Actually, I don't think this whole plan has done them any good, either; it's just postponed the time when they'll have to realize we're not babies any more. And it gets harder and harder to tell them. That's why, if I had it to do over again, I'd refuse to let anybody else have such a big say in our lives, even if that meant waiting another year or two to be married. When your parents start supporting you, it's too hard on everybody concerned.

How can Polly's problem be solved? For Dr. Emily Mudd's suggestions, turn back to p. 43.

ANSWERS to quiz on page 5

1. Santa Claus Is Coming to Town; 2. Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer; 3. Sleigh Ride; 4. Deck the Halls; 5. Let It Snow, Let It Snow, Let It Snow; 6. Jingle Bells; 7. Toyland; 8. A White Christmas; 9. Winter Wonderland; 10. I'll Be Home for Christmas.

How to Make Subsidized Marriage Work

(Continued from page 43)

day, during a visit to her home, the girl told her mother that having the money meant a great deal to her.

"It's enabled John and me to do many things that we couldn't otherwise have done," she remarked. "And you know, it's made me feel you were close to us and taking an interest in our marriage, even though we don't see each other very often."

It is part of being grown up to know how to handle money intelligently (I personally feel that training in money matters should begin long before marriage age). The control of any money in a marriage, whether income, gifts or loans, should be left entirely to the couple concerned.

Of course, parents may not be able to give a lump sum outright at the start of a marriage. But even if the set-up provides an income of, say, $100 a month, its management must be in the hands of the young people. They may want to save it up for six months and invest it in their business or some household appliance. Whether this proves to be wise or unwise, they must learn by experience. Otherwise the money doesn't promote the marriage in the best sense; it merely makes possible the couple's living together.

3. *There must be no strings attached to the gift or loan.* In Steve's case, for example, Polly's father had no right to examine the young man's financial records simply because he was giving him money. Whether or not Steve was ready to go it alone without further help was his decision to make, not his father-in-law's—unless, of course, the older man went into partnership with Steve in the shop, and that should have been clearly defined at the outset. In short, the subsidy needs to be a wholly businesslike transaction.

If, in keeping it businesslike, the young couple feels uneasy about accepting an outright gift, it can often be organized as a long-term loan. I know of a case in which a young husband went into business for himself and borrowed money from his father-in-law, the loan to be paid back at a minimum rate of interest with payments beginning five years later. Colleges sometimes lend students tuition money on such a basis. Students borrow the money from the college and begin paying it back three years after graduation. It's a perfectly valid financial arrangement, somewhat personal, but clearly defined.

Actually, Polly's father had a sound talking point in offering his daughter and son-in-law the money he would have spent on her college education. Many parents feel that that money is a child's due and that, if she wishes to take it into

TO THE MALE READERS OF REDBOOK . . .

Job make you tense?

Of course it does; everybody's does. (If it doesn't you're one in a million and there's nothing we can do for you, so you might as well stop reading this.) Obviously all jobs don't produce the same kind of tension; in some the danger makes you tighten up, in others the monotony wears on you, in still others the insecurity scares you. The point is, one man's tension is another man's boost and if the strains of your present job make you want to pop, you'll probably be better off doing something else.

This is a too-brief run-down on one of the articles you'll find in this month's *Bluebook*, the new kind of men's magazine. *Bluebook* is designed to be of all-around service to today's man: its articles are full of news a man can use; its fiction, including a complete novel, gives him the relaxation he needs after the tensions (see above) of his job. This month, for instance, we have . . .

Why Russian Planes Are Better Than Ours (and how ours can be improved) by Michael Gladych, probably the only man in history who has been an ace in four different air forces.

Anybody Can Afford a College Education. Thirty million dollars in scholarships are being handed out each year—and there are many other helps to prospective students.

Furnace Gyps: fast-talking swindlers-called-salesmen are defrauding so many home-owners the government may have to step in.

And half a dozen other articles and features that will keep men on top of their daily problems and interests. For relaxation *Bluebook* offers . . .

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And so on.

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André Fontaine

EDITOR

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her marriage instead of spending it on education, she is perfectly entitled to it. It should be considered neither a debt nor an obligation.

4. *It is usually best to consult a third person not emotionally interested.* Even though the people immediately concerned are satisfied that they have worked out a good plan, situations and feelings change and then trouble may arise.

One of the best people to consult—and one frequently overlooked, for some reason—is your local banker. His advice is likely to be sound because he has professional knowledge about money and often is familiar with the parents' financial status.

His services probably won't cost you anything; if the parents are customers of his bank, it's to his advantage to see that the program is wisely arranged. Many banks now have a budget expert on their staffs who, as part of their regular service, will help young people work out simple plans for living.

A banker will usually insist on a written agreement. This may seem silly to the parents and children, but it can save everyone much grief. The bank will also make arrangements to send a check each month, or deposit a certain sum to the young couple's account, so that it becomes an impersonal routine and not a question of what Steve calls a handout. If the aid is to be a loan, the young husband can make his payments to the bank instead of to the parents—again a far more businesslike procedure which will help him grow in self-respect and stature, rather than making him feel like a child.

The real secret of success for subsidizing marriage lies in keeping it on an adult level. I am inclined to feel that, in Steve's and Polly's case, the problem is not only one of money but also of Polly's being an only child. Her folks' obvious desire to live their lives again through her would make trouble even if Steve and Polly were financially independent.

Also, it seems to me that Steve and Polly did have other choices. She could have gone on with her job and waited one more year for their marriage while Steve bought his shop on a GI loan and got his feet under him. Or she might have continued to work after marriage, leaving Steve to take care of the shop by himself (perhaps he could have had an answering service take his telephone calls when he was away).

Since they didn't do these things, the question now is how they can improve their situation as it stands.

To begin with, Polly can stop projecting to her mother her own feelings of burdensome obligation. Her mother is perhaps a little too much interested in Polly's day-to-day activities, but I don't think Polly can know what the older woman is thinking. Instead of assuming that her parents will be annoyed if they don't have Sunday dinner with them as often as they do with Steve's mother, it would be much better for her to say simply, "Sunday dinner is Steve's mother's way of helping us, and I know you'll understand, if we don't come here so often, that we're not being partial. We do like to have one day alone now and then."

Instead of protesting the constant interference and anticipation of their wants only when their backs are against the wall—a time when things are apt to be said bitterly and harshly—Steve and Polly could adopt a firm attitude together and then stick with it.

Since the situation has dragged on so, any attempt to change matters may come as a shock to the older couple. But even now Steve and Polly could go to them and say, "We feel this financial arrangement isn't helping us to grow, and we'd like your help in putting it on a more businesslike basis." Polly's father is a businessman; he will undoubtedly see the sense in that. Usually it is up to the parents to recognize the need for the rules I have outlined here, since they are more experienced and thus better able to see the dangers, but whoever sees them should certainly start the discussion. Whatever happens, it isn't going to be easy.

I'd very much like to see high schools all over the country give courses in the basic management of money—courses that would apply economic principles to personal incomes and spending. The rules governing the financial dealings of large companies are just as valid in private lives. Cases like Polly's and Steve's could be studied, as well as more successful subsidies, student allowances, savings, loans and so on. Such courses would, I think, help young people to understand exactly what money represents and can do for them and what its dangers are.

Unless Polly and Steve can get some grasp of this, and realize that their problem isn't the money but the general mishandling of it both by themselves and by Polly's parents, I am afraid there will be no solution for them until a real blowup comes. . . . THE END

(Continued from page 30)

interrupted, with as cool a look as she could manage with feverish eyes. "Gus likes to read."

From the way she sneezed and rolled over, I could tell the interview was ended, so I didn't pursue it. I went right out the next noon and bought Gus a book—*How to Make Friends With the Birds.* Having seen Cousin Elsie's snapshot, I figured poor old Gus might welcome the chance to chum around with a few bobolinks.

"That's very nice," Marion said, when I showed her Gus's present. "But didn't you look at anything for Elsie?"

"Sure, I looked," I told her truthfully. I mean, I did cut through Ladies Flimsies on my way to the book department, just to case the terrain, so to speak.

"Well, what did you see?" she wanted to know.

"Uh. . . ."

I opened my mouth to describe one or two items that had caught my eye in passing, but words failed me. If I had been talking to a man, I could have got by with a wink and a whistle, but Marion wanted a fuller description, so I decided to duck the question.

"You know what they have that Cousin Elsie might like?" I said. "They have these genuine steel carving sets, like for roasts and things."

"She's got a carving set, I'm sure," Marion said flatly. "Besides, she hinted for a nightie."

"Or one of those little gadgets that shuffles two packs of cards at a time—that would be a welcome gift, I'll bet."

"A nightie."

"Or how about some hand-painted trays she can eat from while she's watching television?"

Marion sat up straight in bed.

"Listen, you!" she began. And, when she finished about twenty minutes later, I really had to agree that Cousin Elsie should have a nightie, that Cousin Elsie *deserved* a nightie, and the least I could do was to *buy* Cousin Elsie a nightie because Marion was all worn out and sick from shopping for *my* side of the family, which consisted of the most *impossible* bunch of ingrates Marion had ever *met.*

"Yeah, sure," I told her in a soothing voice. "I'll get Cousin Elsie a nightie tomorrow."

"You'd better," Marion muttered, punching up her pillow. "As it is, that package isn't going to get to Honolulu before Lincoln's Birthday."

That being the case, I was about to suggest that we send Cousin Elsie something more appropriate to the season—like a locket with the Gettysburg Address engraved on it. Or a real wooden log that we could keep adding to each year, like a charm bracelet, until Cousin Elsie had a whole cabin. But since the kids were asleep, I didn't think it wise to say anything. I mean, Marion was getting better by leaps and bounds.

So, what with getting Jennifer off to school and spooning little Howard his oatmeal, I was a half-hour late for work the next morning. Considering the leisurely way that kid gums his goo, I was lucky to get there at all. Between each mouthful, you have to sing him this certain song about a bunny named Freddie Flopears, who gets his tail caught in a trap, and Farmer Brown sets him free so he can go hippety-hopping home. It's murder.

But, believe me, I knew how Freddie Flopears felt when I got to the Nightie Bar in the Sleepy-Bye Shoppe, up on the third floor of the store. Only there was no Farmer Brown to set me free so I could go hippety-hopping home. So, I just stood there, whistling softly on the edge of the charge-account tag and letting all these dames get waited on first. I mean, I wasn't in any particular hurry, and I could see it gave them a real lift

to think they were chiseling in ahead of me. But, before I knew it, there was a lull at the counter—and there I was, with nothing between me and the salesgirl but a few sudden qualms on my part.

"May I help you?" she chirped, tucking a wispy something back in its box. I mean, it was so wispy, I actually had to look away until she had the lid on.

"Yeah," I said, as my hand trembled casually up to my Windsor knot. "I was wondering what you had in, uh . . . ladies, uh . . . nighties, like. Something light, maybe with a little lace."

"Oh," she said, perking up. "Does your wife like nylon?"

Now, I don't know how a guy gets to look married when he doesn't even wear a wedding ring, but somehow it just seems to stick out all over me. It's so obvious, I sometimes get the creepy feeling that I'm giving off some kind of mysterious rays. Or, worse yet, that I'm *not* giving off some kind of mysterious rays. . . . Anyway, this doll couldn't have been more sure of my status if she had danced at my wedding.

"I don't know whether she likes nylon or not," I told her, trying to recall Marion's preferences. "But this isn't for my wife."

"I see," she said, flicking me a look she must have picked up from an old midnight movie.

"It's for her Cousin Elsie," I quickly explained.

"Uh-huh," she drawled, like she had heard that line before. "Well, in that case, perhaps this might appeal to you."

And out of the box comes this same wispy thing, which she holds up for everybody on the whole floor to see! I looked around and spotted a red bulb burning over a fire exit. But just as I was going to make a break for it, I caught her looking at me *through* this creation. I mean, if it hadn't been quite so frilly, it could have passed for a thin layer of soot.

"How do you like it?" she asked. And from the way she went on about the nips and the tucks and the peek-a-boo bodice, I realized that she didn't intend to put the thing down until I agreed to buy it.

"It's nice," I mumbled, fishing through my pockets for the charge-account tag. "Wrap it up, I'll take it."

"Very well," she said, reaching behind her ear for the pencil. "What size would you like?"

"Forty-six," I told her.

"Forty-six?" she repeated, like she was questioning a poker hand. "Are you sure you haven't got the lady's size confused with her age?"

"No," I insisted with an easy chuckle. "She's a few sizes older than that. I mean, a few years larger."

"Well, we don't carry anything bigger than a forty up here," she said icily. "—Try the Chubby Fair."

"The Chubby Fair? Where's that?" I asked. But she had already moved off to wait on somebody else.

"It's in the basement," a short, squat type at my elbow murmured with a sigh. "Next to the Budget Beauty Salon, just behind Rugs."

All things considered, this dame looked like she should know. From the escalator I waved back my cheery thanks.

If I wanted to make a long story depressing, I could dwell on all the gruesome details of what I went through at the Chubby Fair. It was like a fast game of water polo where everybody was wearing a built-in inner-tube except me. But no matter how comfy the crowd, the only nightie I could get in Cousin Elsie's size was this real shiny number with little bows on it—in purple. The saleslady told me that they'd had it in peach up until yesterday, but I couldn't see where the color would make much difference. Whichever way you looked at it, it still gave the appearance of being a slip cover for a haystack you wanted to keep in the boudoir. In view of the fact that Marion wasn't feeling quite up to snuff, I thought it best to have it sent direct to Honolulu. Otherwise, she might have had a relapse.

Anyway, as things worked out, Marion was on her feet and shopping again in a couple of days, and all I had to do was address Christmas cards until two o'clock in the morning. We've got a mailing list like a national organization. It goes on for pages with names of all kinds of people, like Marion's old teacher from Class 1A, and the mechanic who tuned our carburetor one Sunday afternoon on Route 9. Marion remembers everybody, and then she buys one-cent stamps so I got double and triple licking to do. When you add this to the Christmas seals and the flaps on the envelopes, I figure I must consume about a bucket of glue a year. Which is nothing compared to some of the other irritations—like shopping for a tree, for instance.

Now, I'm not nearly as old as I feel, but I can remember when a dollar would get you a tree that filled half the living room. But nowadays they don't charge by the size, they charge by the needle. Some bandit in a windbreaker sets up temporary quarters for a lot of underprivileged evergreens, and fixes the prices so he won't have to do any work for the whole next year. But what am I saying, *ever*greens? These things are brown before they're even shipped. Just before Labor Day, they weed out the woods and tie the twigs up in bundles for people like me to buy at Christmas.

This monstrosity I finally bought was about as bushy as a hatrack. It was seven feet tall, with a long spike on top and no branches at all on one side

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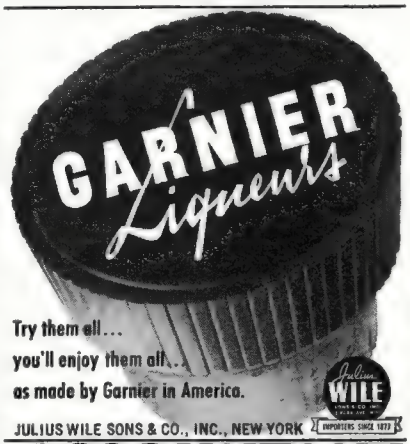

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Wade H. Nichols, Publisher

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 15th day of September, 1955. Benjamin A. Goepke, Jr., Notary Public, State of New York, No. 41-1464950. Qualified in Queens Co. Cert. filed in New York County. (My commission expires March 30, 1957.)

"We can put the bare side to the wall," I told Marion, repeating the suggestion of the thug who sold it to me.

"I suppose we can," she said with a sigh, as I twirled it around for inspection. "How much did you pay for it?"

"Never mind." I said, not wanting to turn the occasion into a wake for a five-dollar bill. "It was the best I could do."

"I hope you didn't spend more than two dollars for it," she said, like she knew damn' well I had. "Marge and Jim got a perfect beauty for three-and-a half."

"Oh, they did, huh?" I said. "Did you see it?"

"No, but Marge told me over the phone that. . . ."

"Then, wait till you see it." I advised, gently setting the tree in the iron stand. It was so sad and mangy, I was beginning to feel almost motherly toward it.

"Well, it's a good thing I bought some extra ornaments," Marion said, trotting out a couple of new boxes. "If we hide it under a lot of bright decorations, maybe it won't frighten the children."

It was the sight of those new ornaments that did it. Up to that moment I'd had a grim determination to be jolly for the sake of the season, no matter what. But those ornaments were the end. They looked so raw and manufactured—like three dozen eggs that the holiday turkey had laid.

The color and the glitter were there, but the trouble was they weren't seasoned, they hadn't had a chance to hang in the memory for a year or two. Sitting there looking at them, I got to wondering what had become of all the old ornaments we'd had at home when I was a kid. I knew my sister didn't have them, and I was pretty sure Mom hadn't taken them with her when she had finally given up the apartment in Brooklyn. They must still be in the cellar over there, I imagined.

And then I imagined a whole lot more. I imagined having those ornaments for our tree and our kids, and I imagined that somewhere in that old box of stuff I would find all the things I had lost—all the wonder, all the fun and laughter and music of Christmas that I had known as a boy.

I went to bed and lay there counting the little glass angel heads, the brilliant birds that clipped onto the branches by springs in their feet. I fell asleep hanging long strings of glass beads, and in my dreams I arranged the Nativity scene on the cotton snow beneath the tree. And then I had to spend the rest of the night trying to convince my mother that God wouldn't mind if my electric train ran around Bethlehem. But she wouldn't listen.

It was so real, I was all set to call Mom the next morning and continue the discussion. Most of all, though, I wanted to find out if she really had left our old ornaments in the cellar in Brooklyn. But this was the day before Christmas, and what with having a lot of work to clean up in the morning, and the office Christmas party in the afternoon, I didn't get to phone her until after five o'clock. I mean, I'm perfectly willing to socialize on company time, but the minute my eight hours are up, I automatically quit. Even a new supply of free refreshments and the sight of old "Baldy" Billingsworth doing a mambo with the water cooler couldn't break me of my habit of keeping an eye on the clock.

About four-thirty or so, I was standing there with a paper cup in one hand and a cookie in the other, trying to fake the tenor harmony to "Rudolph, the Red-Nosed Reindeer," when Charlie Groger tapped me on the shoulder like I was wanted down at Homicide.

"What number do you have?" he growled in my ear.

"Two-seven-four." I told him.

"Gimme the ticket," he said. "You just won a fifteen-pound turkey."

And he dumped it in my arms and walked away! That's a typical example of the way this crazy organization I work for does business. Every year they raffle off a dozen free turkeys, which they get at a group rate of about four-and-a-half cents a pound. And on Christmas Eve, when everybody has already bought a turkey and there's no possible chance the butcher will take it back, they draw for the lucky winners.

Lucky? With two turkeys in the house, the average family doesn't get around to the hash stage until the middle of April. Ordinarily I can't even win the flip of a coin. But every year, with the exception of 1951, I've pulled a company bird. Which is another reason why I read the want-ads every Sunday.

I was feeling so low when I hit the street with that frozen bird under my arm, I was ready to go around kicking Santa Clauses. But I didn't. Instead, I crawled into the nearest phone booth and called my sister's house, so I could talk to Mom about the ornaments.

"Where are you calling from?" she asked. "You sound so far away."

I mean, here I was with the turkey wedged in between me and the coin box, and she was complaining about the reception.

"Listen, Mom," I said, raising my voice. "The reason I called is about the ornaments we used to have in Brooklyn."

"You're in Brooklyn?" she yipped, so I figured the batteries must be weak in her hearing aid.

"Not yet!" I shouted. "But I was wondering if there was any chance of our old ornaments still being in the cellar over there?"

"Ornaments? I don't know," she said, thinking very hard. "Hold on while I ask Helen."

So she dropped the receiver and left me hanging while she chewed the matter over with my sister. Finally, she came back.

"Hello?" she said. "Helen thinks they might still be there."

"Fine!" I yelled. "But how can I find out for sure?"

"You could call Mrs. O'Hara, maybe."

"All right, I will. What's her number?"

"That's the whole trouble," she says with a sigh. "Mrs. O'Hara hasn't got a phone. You have to leave a message in the grocery."

"But I want to find out tonight," I explained.

"That's right, in the grocery," she repeated. "But why can't you buy some ornaments? Are you broke?"

And then I had to give her a whole report on my finances to convince her that it wasn't a question of money. At the top of my lungs, with three people looking in the door at me, I had to assure her that the rent was paid, that we had plenty to eat and the car had been paid off since June. But I still couldn't make her understand why I was so interested in the old ornaments.

Maybe I wasn't too clear on it myself. I just knew that I had to go over to Brooklyn and see if they were still in the cellar. So, after three-quarters of an hour on the subway with that turkey thawing out in my lap, I had a six-block walk to Mom's old place. And even though I had lived there most of my life, it was like going through a foreign country. I mean, in recent years the neighborhood had become populated almost entirely by Puerto Ricans, with all kinds of strange signs hanging in the stores, and the Old Erin Bar & Grill renamed El Something-or-other, which sounds like a good cigar.

Reading up and down the bells in our old building was like coming across a snoring scene in the funny papers with all those Z's—Perez, Mendoza, Diaz. And there in the middle was the name O'Hara, looking like a gasp for air. I pushed the bell and walked up.

"Well, saints preserve us, and *buenas dias!*" Mrs. O'Hara said when she saw me. "*Como está*, and come in."

Her use of the Spanish startled me. But then I realized that since her favorite sport was conversation, she probably had to learn the language in order to keep in trim.

"No, thanks, Mrs. O'Hara," I said. "I just wanted to let someone know that I was going down the cellar to look for a box."

"No need to bother looking down there. I've got three nice ones in the kitchen, and I can let you have one," she offered.

"That's very generous of you," I said. I mean, it really was, because giving me one of her boxes would have left her with one less seat in the kitchen, right at the height of the social season.

"I'm looking for a box Mom forgot when she moved out," I told her.

"Ah, yes, well, give a knock at the basement door, and I'm sure the *señora* will let you in. A lovely little bit of a woman, with three *muchachos* and one on the way."

"You mean to tell me somebody's *living* down there?" I asked.

"They broke it up into two apartments," Mrs. O'Hara explained. "It's all been renovated over so you wouldn't know the place."

Well, as it turned out, they had put up some beaverboard walls, but it was still a cellar. It would take more than a secondhand stove and a few extra light bulbs to fool me about where I was. It was no fun to think of a family with kids living down there. But they seemed happy.

The front basement door had an old Christmas wreath hanging on it, and

this woman had written her name out in that paint you spray on to look like snow—*Feliz Navidad.*

Woman? She looked more like a kid herself. If she hadn't been in such a family way, I would have taken her for the daughter.

"Feliz Navidad?" I inquired, when she opened the door.

"Ah, *sí,*" she said, unzipping a big white smile. "Feliz Navidad!"

"I'm sorry to bother you," I told her. "But I'm the son of the lady who used to live upstairs. She left a box here when she moved, and I was wondering if I might take a look and see if it's still around."

She followed my words with a frown, like it was a test and she had to get a hundred. When she was sure I had finished, she smiled again.

"A box of your mother?" she exclaimed. "*Sí,* mister, come in, please."

I only had to step over the sill to find what I came after. Somebody had strung pieces of string back and forth across the room, and hanging from these were our old ornaments—the angel heads, the big colored balls and brilliant birds. And there on a table in the corner was the Nativity scene. I guess I must have really stared, because Mrs. Navidad felt obliged to explain.

"This year we don't get the tree," she said, with a kind of embarrassed laugh. "This year is only the pretty—how do you call them?"

She snapped her fingers, trying to think of the word.

"Ornaments," I said.

She nodded. "*Sí,* ornaments!—They are very beautiful, don't you say?"

"*Sí,*" I said, slipping into the lingo like a native. "Very beautiful."

"Pablo he find them back by the furnace," she went on. "Pablo he think the Three Kings must have hide them there for Pablo to find."

There was a stirring down around her skirt, and when I looked I saw these three small faces looking up at me with big brown eyes. The youngest was no higher than a milk bottle.

"My boys," she said proudly.

"Hi, there," I said, giving them a wink to let them know I wouldn't bite.

"Say hello to the mister," she told them.

The two youngest piped "Hello" at me, but the big boy ran out of the room. Mrs. Navidad shrugged and sighed, and her smile went sad at the corners.

"My Pablo is scared," she said in a whisper. "He think you come to put him in jail."

"In jail?" I asked. "Why would he think that?"

I was flabbergasted, because if there's one thing I pride myself on, it's my kindly appearance. Mrs. Navidad looked away.

"At the school," she said quietly, addressing the Nativity scene, "—at the school a boy tell Pablo the policeman will come and take him away because some Puerto Rican man break in the candy store, and Pablo is Puerto Rican, too."

"Oh," I mumbled.

Whenever a situation calls for something special in the way of words, it seems I'm always mumbling. Normally I have a hard time keeping my mouth shut, but when I should come up with something brilliant, nothing works.—I just stood there listening to the turkey dripping ice water on my shoe.

"But my Pablo don't break in the candy store," she said, looking up at me anxiously.

"My Pablo don't do anything bad. He just want to grow up like his father to get a good job."

"What does his father do?" I asked, and Mrs. Navidad looked happy again.

"He work in the restaurant washing the plates. For the first Christmas we ever have, my husband has got the steady job."

"This is your first Christmas?" I asked. Because if that was the case, I was all set to go out and get them a new batch of ornaments, just so I could get our old ones back. I mean, I figured it might be nice if they all started from scratch, ornaments and people.

"In Puerto Rico, we don't have the Christmas like this," Mrs. Navidad explained. "In Puerto Rico, we don't have the Christmas until January—and even then it isn't Christmas."

"No, huh?" I said, grateful that the conversation had taken an educational turn. "What is it, then?"

"It is the Day of the Three Kings. On this day we have the big dinner, and all the children find gifts under the bed."

Seeing a pair of brown eyes peeking out from the drapery that hung in the doorway, I suddenly got an idea.

"Where does Pablo sleep?" I asked.

She nodded to a cot against the wall, and watched in wonder as I shoved the turkey under and pulled down the spread.

"Oh, mister!" she protested.

"Think nothing of it," I told her. "Only you better not leave it there until Three Kings Day."

"What is it?" she asked eagerly.

"A turkey."

"*Gracias, gracias,*" she said, hugging the two youngest boys to her. "Just to think, this very nice mister gives to Pablo a turkey! Now we have a real Christmas, like everybody!

"Now we have a real Christmas," she kept repeating. "—Only not just one, but ninety-seven!"

I lost the drift. At first I thought she was talking about having that many people in to dinner, but Pablo's bird would never go that far.

"Ninety-seven?" I asked, just to make sure. "How do you figure?"

"With my husband and children and me, there is five Christmases," she said, smiling up at the decorations. "And in each of those—how do you call them?"

"Ornaments."

"*Sí,* in each of those . . . ornaments is shining another Christmas, like in a mirror showing us all together. And of them there are ninety-two!"

"You counted them?" I asked weakly.

Her nod was as good as a title to ownership, as far as I was concerned. I mean, in all the years I'd lived with those things, I'd never seen as much in them as she had.

I looked up at all the tiny reflections of myself reaching for the doorknob.

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"There are more than ninety-seven," I told her, as I started to leave.

She frowned in an effort to understand, ready to count the ornaments all over again.

"There is more?"

"*Sí,*" I said. "You left one out. Including me, there's ninety-eight."

I shut the door behind me and took the stairs two at a time. I mean, I'd been through enough for one year, without getting all torn up with a lot of extra-added emotions.

On my way to the subway, I met Mrs. O'Hara coming from the store.

"Did you find what you were looking for?" she wanted to know.

"I think I did," I told her.

"Well, have yourself a Merry Christmas," she said, "—or as they say around here, *Feliz Navidad!*"

"*Feliz Navidad,*" I repeated. And it suddenly struck me that it was Spanish for Merry Christmas, and not the lady's name at all! In fact, I never did find out what her real name was. But the more I thought about it, the more I realized that she couldn't have had a better one.

By the time I got home, Marion was feeling plenty irked with me. It wasn't until I was trimming the tree that I was able to bring her around. I showed her the reflections in the ornaments, and explained how they added up to so many Christmases.

"Every time you frown, it's reflected in each one of these," I told her. "And when you smile, the same thing happens. —It's up to us to make it the kind of Christmas we want it to be."

She was busy hanging the kids' stockings and didn't say anything for a while, but every now and then I'd catch her looking up at the tree. Then the bells started to chime at the church around the corner, and I felt a tug at my trouser cuff.

"It's midnight," she said, smiling up at me from the bottom of the ladder. "Merry Christmas—we made it again."

"Merry Christmas," I said, scrambling down to floor level. "We sure did."

She puckered up for the annual greeting, and for a few seconds it was real peaceful and tender. But when I opened my eyes, I caught her staring over my head. "One hundred and one," she murmured, "one hundred and two, one hundred and . . ."

"Hey, what's going on?" I asked.

"Shh," she said, pointing to the ornaments. "I'm counting the kisses."

I picked her up and swung her around so her back was to the tree.

"Now, don't start getting masterful," she warned. But I could tell she hoped I would. I mean, when I finally let her go, that tree was really twinkling.

. . . THE END

(Continued from page 51)

fessional dancer, but dance education will give him grace and physical coordination, improve his posture, deepen his feeling for rhythm and his love of good music, train his body so he will excel in any sport.

And perhaps, if your child has a genuine talent for dancing and the strength of character to study patiently for many years, he ultimately may achieve a professional status. But it is a long, hard road.

So, for both your sakes, do not start out with that idea. Do not embark on a fanatical program to manufacture your little boy into a Gene Kelly or a Fred Astaire. You may disappoint yourself bitterly, make your child's life a tragic frustration and waste much time and money.

There are now 40,000 dancing schools in the United States, and another 10,000 teachers giving private instruction. Close to 2,000,000 children are studying dancing. Most of them are very young children. C. L. Smith, director of the National Association of Dance and Affiliated Artists, a trade organization of dancing schools, estimates ninety per cent of all dance pupils are between the ages of 3 and 10, but by 11 and 12 years of age there remain only about 5 per cent of the pupils who started.

How many men and women are professionally employed as dancers? In 1954, there were jobs for 600 American dancers in concert and ballet engagements, 200 in television, 400 in musical comedy productions on Broadway and on the road, and about 3,000 in night clubs and hotel supper rooms—a not-so-grand total of less than 5,000 available jobs.

Thus the odds are overwhelmingly against your daughter's becoming another Leslie Caron. What you must candidly ask yourself before that four-year-old of yours goes to her first dancing class is: "*What is my aim?*" Are you interested in having your child take dancing to give her grace and personal pleasure? Or are you interested in having her pursue a professional career? Your answers will determine the choice of a school, the number of lessons a week and the degree to which you should encourage your child to practice and work.

In general, there are three types of dancing instruction offered; tap dancing (which includes acrobatic, soft-shoe and other forms of hoofing; formalized ballet training, and modern dance. (Some modern-dance schools are called by their proprietors "creative" or "contemporary.")

In my opinion, the tap-dancing school is the worst for a very young child. Tap dancing certainly has an exciting place in the entertainment world. Ray Bolger, to take one shining example, has made hoofing into a fine art. But the right time to go to a tap school is at the age of 15 and only when definitely planning a show-business career.

I've looked in at some of the "personality" schools. You see these little kids—four, five, six years old—being stamped out like cookies on a board. They're taught to use stereotyped gestures and to assume an artificial personality. What they learn is old-fashioned bad vaudeville technique.

When I was auditioning children for a musical last year, I saw some products of such schools. I'd call out to a nice-looking youngster, "All right, Bobby, now let's see what you can do." And suddenly the boy would be transformed into a small Milton Berle or Jackie Gleason.

The child looks cute and can do all kinds of little cute tricks that will get big laughs from your neighbors, but these accomplishments do the child's development no good.

Ballet training is the soundest foundation for any type of dancing. But I believe that the child between three and eight years old is neither physically nor psychologically ready for that tough, grueling work. Of course, a teacher can make a child go through some motions that are vaguely like ballet. There are schools that advertise "toe, tap, ballet, acrobatic, Hawaiian." The little girl is sent there every week, and she has a half hour of tap, a half hour of ballet and 15 minutes of Hawaiian, and that's her Saturday afternoon. This type of dance "education" doesn't teach anybody anything about dancing.

If I had a child, and I wanted her to learn dancing for fun and grace, I would choose a school of modern dancing. Modern dancing is less disciplined. When the teacher of modern is a person of sympathy and warmth, she selects dances that help a child to express her own feelings in improvisation and spontaneous movements. When I say "modern dancing" I have in mind the type of dancing of which Hanya Holm, Martha Graham, Doris Humphrey and Valerie Bettis are the best-known exponents.

For children three to eight years of age, modern-dance classes are exciting pleasure. The smallest children start out with simple exercises in which they may be asked to hop like rabbits, tread softly like cats, run like fire engines. There is no right way or wrong way to run like a fire engine. The child has a chance to be herself. At four or five, the teacher works on more complex routines, and the children may learn marching, skipping and running to the tune of familiar nursery rhymes. Later they express more complicated emotions and moods and may dance variations of waltzes or folk-dances.

Incidentally, one way to tell a fine school from a dance factory is by the music used in the classes. A good school will have even the littlest children prancing to Chopin, Tchaikowsky, Brahms, Delibes and other fine composers. Avoid the teacher whose idea of music for a dancing class is "I Got Spurs That Jingle-Jangle-Jingle."

I cannot repeat too strongly that no matter how cute tiny females look when they stand on their toes, you can do damage to the instep, arch and lower back,

if you force the tots to wear toe slippers prematurely.

However, if the child is to continue her dance education as she grows older, she will need ballet instruction. Ballet is the best basic training for all dancing.

But if you study tap, you have no future except as a hoofer. Today, hoofing is strictly limited to night clubs and television variety shows.

A ballet class lasts an hour and a half. There may be anywhere from 10 to 30 pupils in the class. I feel that a class with more than 15 pupils is likely to be unwieldy. In ballet class, there is a reason for everything you do. Behind every kick and squat and jump there is a sound principle. From the beginning, the young ballet pupil begins to master strange and seemingly awkward body movements: the turn out of the feet, like a waddling duck; the famous five positions. They soon become second nature. And the routine of exercises, when followed over a period of years, strengthens the feet, back and legs.

How often should your child go to ballet class? If the purpose is to achieve grace and poise, then one class a week is plenty. But, for serious development, the child must go at least three afternoons a week. And after the age of 13, she must take five or six classes a week. Be careful, though. If formal ballet training starts too early it will rob a child of a normal childhood. But by the age of 15 or 16, the parents and the child must come to a decision. Is the child to continue as a professional dancer? If that is the decision, then the child probably cannot go to college. He must dedicate himself completely to dancing. Now there are certain colleges which give a B.A. in dancing. These colleges may give the student a love of dancing and some surface knowledge of dancing, but in my opinion they are not likely to turn out a professional dancer.

In the case of a girl, I don't think parents should make a definite decision about her future until her body has gone through the changes of adolescence. It's rather pathetic to watch a girl in a ballet class—a girl who has been slim and graceful—when she comes back after a summer vacation. Suddenly she has started maturing and she's growing wrong. I mean wrong for a ballet dancer. She might be beautiful and shapely but she's not made for dancing. Her teacher should bluntly tell her that, although she is a good dancer, she is just not physically suited for the profession, which demands long slim legs and arms and a firm slender torso.

Naturally, every parent wonders if there are any signs in a child of seven or eight that indicate dancing talent. The answer is no.

Certainly, if you are the fortunate parents of a prodigy who can dance by herself for hours even when there are no adults beaming approval, then you have a special problem. You should seek the opinion of a great teacher like Carmelita Maracci in Los Angeles or George Balanchine as to how this talent can best be developed.

From my experience, the only sign that may point to a promise of success in dancing is a general interest in the arts. If your child is intensely interested in stories and paintings and plays and music, that may be a sign. Especially music. Dancing is fundamentally playing music with your body. But the best way to find out if a child has talent for dancing is to put her to the task, and put her to the task the hardest way, which is *not*, "Take a class once a week and we'll see how you like it." It means sending her to ballet class five times a week to see if she can survive the ordeal.

In the case of a boy, the problem of dancing becomes more complicated. We Americans still have an ingrained prejudice against boys' dancing. Some feel that dancing is a sissy profession. Believe me, there is no sport or labor—I don't care if it's football or coal-mining or jet-plane testing—that is as tough as ballet-dancing. It's no business for weaklings. Sure, ballet gives the impression of being light and fluffy, but the whole technique of ballet is calculated to hide the physical effort that goes into it. That is what you train for. You train all your life *not* to show how hard it is.

When it comes to the choice of a teacher or a ballet school, the parent, especially in a large city, is faced with a dizzying line-up. You read the advertisements, and they all sound terrific. Is there any way of telling a good school from a bad school?

There is only one way to find out. Attend several classes before enrolling your child. Is the teacher trying to give his pupils a feeling of poise, a sense of the beauty of music and dancing? Or does he suavely give you a sales talk about careers on Broadway? Does he stress what dancing can do for a child's mental and physical growth—or does he put the emphasis on the monthly dance recitals? Does he teach his pupils to imitate a routine from a Ziegfeld show of 1929? Or is he helping the children develop creatively?

If possible, select a teacher who has had some professional experience on the stage.

The best atmosphere in a school is one in which the children are respected as human beings, but with the attitude—"You are here to work hard. You must apply yourself. We are not coddling you. If you are interested in it, you will learn how to dance."

There are hundreds of teachers who are dedicated to their pupils. They give of themselves—rather than take. They give scholarships, they give sympathy and encouragement, they find jobs for their good pupils—and they get nothing in return except the satisfaction of knowing they have helped to make a good dancer.

There will come a time when you must help your child to decide whether he is going to continue in dancing and make a profession of it. This is not easy. He might be the star of a ballet school in Eau Claire or Mineral Springs, and yet, coming up against the competition in Los Angeles, Chicago or New York, your child might be just another dancer. So sit down with your child's teacher at this point and ask some very blunt questions.

And if the teacher says, "Yes," then maybe in 1960 I'll be auditioning your daughter for a new Broadway musical.

I hope she makes it. . . . THE END

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(Continued from page 41)

her arms and went through the hole in the grating like a black, yellow, cinnamon and white streak.

"All right," said Dan, with an eloquent gesture as though addressing a jury, probably because he knew I was listening, "these stray animals must go. I am not being the heavy in this piece. I am standing on principle. The principle is, no more Cucarachas."

Since this might sound like gibberish to anyone not knowing the Harcourt family, let me say that Cucaracha was our most catastrophic, horrible and deadly tragedy. Cucaracha looked something like an elongated tennis ball with legs and ears protruding at the seams. My mother, bless her animal-loving soul, had given him, or her, or it to Sally in the fond belief that a Chihuahua puppy would be just the thing for an eight-year-old. That was two years ago, but the shadow of Cucaracha still blights all our happy memories. Sally had exclusive care of Cucaracha. This was to teach her responsibility—Dan's idea. Sally let the water dish remain empty for three days, Cucaracha went over to a neighbor's garden, lapped up some spilled ant syrup and died in a scene which far outstripped the ending of "Rigoletto" or "Tristan and Isolde."

"Madge," cried Dan through the casement, "don't you agree with me?"

I looked in the hand mirror, in which I had been arranging my Mamie Eisenhower bangs, and said, "I don't know anything about it."

You might think me heartless, but I have asked you a question and I am now prepared to answer it—when your husband and your child have a dispute, what is the function of a wife and mother? The function of a wife and mother is to stay out of it. My sympathies—well, that was another matter. I had known the two calicoes were under the house. I had seen Sally surreptitiously taking milk from the refrigerator and bits from her dinner plate. I had even played with the calicoes myself, on certain occasions, which is to say Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, while Sally was at school and Dan was at his office. They were the most comical twins I ever saw. Their faces were split into four quarters of white, cinnamon, yellow and black, and they bounced like ping-pong balls. But, of course, there is principle. I don't know *what* principle, but, principle. Dan has the legal mind. I have learned not to tangle with the legal mind.

"Just as a suggestion," I said through the casement, "we are half an hour overdue at the Jenkinses."

So we went over to the Jenkinses. Dan driving fast, Sally sitting in the middle and me sitting on the outside—with me pushing my feet through the floor board and both of them having a hard time trying to look over their lower lips. They are both off the same block. I am not saying which is the chip and which is the block, but what Dan refers to as character in himself and mulishness in Sally could be reversed without the slightest difference and removed with profit to the Harcourt family. But for all this they are my darlings and my heart was bleeding all the time we were trying to put Q's on triple letter squares on the Jenkinses' scrabble board. On the way there and back nothing was said, except when the car was finally yanked to a halt in the garage.

"I," said Dan, "am going to handle those cats. I want that perfectly understood. No one is to go under the house or have anything to do with them."

What this portended I did not know, but it had an ominous sound. The next morning Dan sat in the study, concentrating on a brief, until Sally went to school. Then he made a short phone call, changed into coveralls, went outside, and plugged up the hole in the grating. At about 9:30 a netted truck pulled into the driveway, with one lonesome-looking sheep dog brooding through the wire. A very large man got out and looked at the grating.

"I'm afraid I can't get in there," he said.

"That's all right," said Dan. "Just lend me your gloves and I'll do it."

The man gave him his gloves, which were thick scratchproof leather, and Dan unlatched the grating and squirmed through.

I can report only the sound effects, because I was upstairs in the house keeping severely to myself. There was first a bump under the bedroom floor, then under the living room floor, then a scrambling fall and a muffled cry of pain, then several bull-like charges which made the lampshades on the end tables sway, and finally a panting, gobbling, exhausted noise which was interrupted by the large man's amiable inquiry, "Having any luck?"

I looked from the window in time to see Dan emerge from the grating, his hair a nest of spider webs, his face the color of a braised pot roast, and a strange assortment of things in his grasp—half a cement sack, a tangle of wire, a mass of shavings and bent nails and a cud of what looked like petrified chewing tobacco. Among these properties was no Ganges nor Brahmaputra.

"I'll tell you what," said the large man, "the best thing for you to do is make friends with 'em. Feed 'em for a day or two. Get 'em to know you. I'll leave you a gunny sack, and just put 'em in it and bring 'em to us."

I found it best to do some marketing while Dan was washing, plastering and anointing the effects of his safari. When I came back there was a note on the table, *Under no circumstances is anyone to feed them but me.* Having at least anticipated this part while I was in the market, I put a couple of cans of Norwegian sardines on his study table. The kittens might as well live it up, like prisoners before execution.

I was not prepared for the attack from the other member of the family. "Mother," said Sally, rushing in breathless from school, "where are they?"

"They're still there." I read her the note. "This means you, Sally, and no more scraps from the table or milk from the refrigerator."

She stood with her chin dropped, her eyes round and stunned and her tongue moving up and down in her open mouth.

"But Mother! Aren't you going to help *me?* Whose side are you on?"

"I," said I, moving in what I hoped was a swift and graceful exit out the back door, "am on the side of the angels."

She came after me with a clatter, overhauled me by the lilac bush and threw both arms around me. "You can't! You've *got* to help me! Please, Mother! I can't let them go! I love them too much!" At the sound of her voice two calico heads popped up at the grating, bright-eyed, eager and ready for a romp.

"Look at them!" cried Sally. "Oh, Mother, they're so cute! They're so *little!* Oh, poor Ganges! Poor Brahmaputra! How can you let Daddy give them to the dogcatcher?"

How she knew this I had no idea, but I have learned children have an underground. "Sally dear," I said desperately, "haven't you got some school friend you can give them to? Then you can go over every day and see them."

"But they're mine! They *couldn't* belong to anybody else! I brought them up! I nursed them, Mother, on condensed milk. They need me! They think of me just like their mother!"

"How," I said in a vain effort to distract her, "did you ever give them such names?"

"Because I didn't know whether they were boys or girls!" She caught sight of the gunny sack, still lying by the grating. "What's that for?"

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"Well . . . that's to put them in."

"But they'll *smother* in there!"

"No, no it's only to carry them to the car." I put my arms around her, not being able to stand the look of woe on her face. "Now look, Sally. Daddy's going to try to make friends with them. He's going to feed them. So there's absolutely nothing to worry about. By the time he's fed them a few times, he'll be so attached to them he won't be able to give them up."

In this, however, I was quite wrong. It wasn't that Dan was so stony-hearted, but the kittens wouldn't co-operate. From a discreet distance Sally and I watched his attempts to feed them that night. He opened the grating. He got down on his hands and knees. He clucked and chirruped. He waved a sardine at them. He made noises like a mother cat. It was quite a performance. But the Little Red Ridinghoods had got a good look at the wolf that morning. They would not come near him for all the sardines in Norway.

We were treated to this spectacle of wheedling and coaxing for two days. Dan was persistent. His stubborn streak was up. Morning and evening, regular as clockwork, he was out there, cooing, purring and dangling a sardine. All to no purpose. Each time he had to leave them their food and go away. Things might actually have solved themselves out of sheer impasse, except for Sally's mistake. Oh, it was a big mistake. To Dan's legal mind it had all the proportions of a deliberate, felonious malefaction.

"Look at this," he said, bursting into the living room Wednesday morning just as I was getting her off to school. "Who did this?"

He displayed the gunny sack. A slice had been cut in its bottom.

You could hear Sally swallow all over the room.

"I did," she said.

"Why?"

"I wanted them to get some air!"

"Air!" repeated Dan. He put his arm into the gunny sack and his whole fist came through the hole. "You knew what would happen! As fast as I put them in the top, they'd get out the bottom!"

"But they'd *smother* in there! Oh, Daddy," she cried, abandoning everything for a last plea, "why do you *hate* them? Why do you want to give them to the dogcatcher? They never hurt anybody! I love them, Daddy! I love them more than anything in the world!"

"I *don't* hate them," said Dan, "it's just that I can't forget what happened the other time. You loved Cucaracha just as much, but you forgot about animals needing a drink, and—"

"But I've changed!" cried Sally. "I'm different now! I'd *never* let them get thirsty! I didn't know any better then! Don't you think I can learn, Daddy? Don't you think a person ever changes? How can I ever show I'm different if you don't give me a chance?"

She had him licked, lawyer or no lawyer, except for his stuborn streak. He shook his head. "No, they have got to go." He put his fist through the hole in the gunny sack again. "For doing that, you have got to pay the penalty. And the penalty is, you have got to help me catch them."

Sally went quite pale.

"You are the only one that they'll come to," he said. "So you have got to go down there and make them come out to me."

Sally sucked in her breath. Her brown eyes were like saucers. Her chin, her button of nose, even her pigtails quivered. "Daddy, you can't ask me to do that! They love me! They *trust* me! I nursed them! I brought them up! There's nobody else in the world except me that loves them!" The tears burst from her and she flared out wildly, "I'll never do it! Never! I don't care what you do to me!" And she plunged out of the house and ran headlong off to school.

There are times of crisis in all families. This one looked just a little too big and too threatening for me to go on wringing my hands on the side lines. As soon as I was alone, I hunted up Dan's fishing creel, filled a saucer with milk, and went down to the grating. To my relief the kittens bounded up to me, nearly falling on their heads in the saucer trying to lap up the milk. When they had finished, I scooped them into the fishing creel and drove over to my mother's.

"Darling," I said, "here are some individuals who are threatening to break up our home. Will you take care of them for a while until I see what's going to happen?"

"Splendid," said my mother, who always says "splendid" when she hasn't the faintest idea what something is about. "I'll just move the turtle into the back yard and put them in the screen porch with the parrot."

I came back home and scrubbed everything scrubbable in the kitchen, which I have found to be a very good outlet in times of stress. About 3:15, when Sally was due from school, I heard a bumping outside the door. I opened it and there was Dan.

"Hello, Madge," he said, somewhat sheepishly. "I was a little red-headed this morning. I wouldn't want you to think I'd make Sally catch those cats. Besides, it would be as much as for me to admit defeat." He came into the kitchen with a large crate. "Now this," he said, setting it on the floor, "is the solution. You see, I'll make a door here—" he tapped the front of the crate "—and put the sardines inside and run a wire out to the lilac bush, and as soon as they come inside to eat, I'll pull the wire and close the door." He straightened up, his eyes sparkling and triumphant. "I don't know why I didn't think of it before; it's just the ticket. I came home a little early so as to rig it up and catch them before dinner."

"Oh?" I said. "But they're gone."

"Gone!" He gaped at me.

"Yes, I went down and collected them this morning and took them over to my mother's." He looked very much like Sally, his chin dropped, his brown eyes round and his tongue moving up and down in his open mouth.

"But how did you catch them?"

"Oh, it was simple enough," I said. "I just brought them a saucer of milk and they came right to me. It seems,"

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I added, "that whoever has been feeding them the last couple of days has forgotten to give them anything to drink."

He sat down—luckily there was a chair behind him or he would have sat on the floor. His face had a mashed, collapsed, stricken look—an expression of horror, self-reproach and complete admission. He was still sitting in this thunderstruck way when Sally walked in from school. She stopped short at sight of the crate.

"What's *that?*" she demanded.

There's this about Dan; he's a good loser. When he hauls down his flag, it's with the best grace in the world.

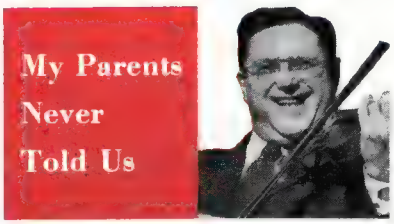
"Well, Sally," he said, producing out of the stunned expression the biggest, most winning smile I ever saw, "that is a sort of project I am making, a sort of bungalow for calicoes, which is going to stand in the back yard and is going to be equipped with catnip balls, twin beds *and* a supply of running water."

She stood for a speechless moment trying to realize that here was, after all, the most wonderful father in the world. "Oh, Daddy!" she cried. She took off in a standing broad jump, hit him in the middle with a flying embrace and almost knocked him off the chair.

So that was about all there was to it, except that, when we were leaving to drive over to my mother's, Sally started to climb into her usual place in the front seat. "Just a minute," I said, "I believe I'll sit there."

Because, you see, I have learned the proper function of a wife and mother. It is this: to sit in the middle.

. . . THE END



(Continued from page 59)

hot money, and I couldn't get it out of my pocket and into the violin-teacher's hand fast enough. If Pop should ever discover what we were up to, well! Those disasters he read about. . . . I could see them all happening at once.

By some miracle, we weren't discovered, and my violin lessons continued week after week without interruption.

It was a year later when I discovered that Mom and I weren't alone in our pilferage. I had been giving Pop English lessons, sharing my school work with him. We were working late one evening and sitting alone at the dining-room table, while the rest of the family slept.

"You should address an envelope, Sam," he said, "to my brother in Russia. My writing is not good enough for so important an envelope."

"Sure, Pop," I said. Carefully I copied the address from an old letter he supplied. When I finished, he studied the address for a long moment, then reached into his pants-pocket to remove a dollar bill, which he inserted in the envelope and then sealed it.

"This is to help my family, so that someday they come to America." He regarded me sternly. "This is a secret, Sam." "Yes, Pop," I said.

From that day on, I became a partner in Pop's conspiracy. He was a poorly paid tailor, but each Saturday he would meet me outside of the plant where he worked, carefully remove a single dollar from his pay envelope and hand it to me for transmission to his family. Mom didn't know about this—she thought he made one dollar less than he actually did. I worried a good deal about my role in both conspiracies and feared that, if Pop ever discovered about Mom and she about him, I would somehow be blamed for the whole thing. The secrets I held were a burden I wanted to be rid of, but nothing in the world could have dragged them out of me.

As for my music lessons, they went extremely well. The teacher thought I had genuine talent, and, in my mind and in Mom's, began to build visions of my being a great virtuoso and playing before cheering audiences in Carnegie Hall. But there came a shattering end to those dreams when I was 13. Mom died.

The doctor had told the family that her blood pressure was way up, that she was simply worn out from bearing and rearing eight children; he had prepared us for her death. But there could be no preparation for the terrible feeling of loneliness that settled over me—the frightening sense of everything changing, ending. It seemed impossible that my own world could continue without Mom to keep it in order.

The afternoon she died, a delegation

of neighbor women came to our flat and straightened things up. The next day was the funeral. Mom was carried down the dark, rickety tenement stairs for the last time and placed in the waiting hearse. Then the hearse drove slowly around the block while the family marched on foot behind it, stopping finally at the temple. The rabbi gave a brief eulogy from the steps, but I didn't hear what he said. I hardly saw him—I was within myself. There was a brief moment at the cemetery with the raw grave open, waiting to receive. Then the casket sank from sight. It was ended.

On the way back from the cemetery, Pop said to me, "Sammy, you should continue your music lessons. Mama would want you to."

I looked up, startled, aware of his presence for the first moment in almost 24 hours. He sat erect on the seat beside me, sternly contained as he had been all his life. "Yes, Pop," I said.

He reached into his pocket and removed a quarter, handing it to me. "This is for next week's lesson," he said.

I gasped. "Pop . . . you know . . ."

"What's to know?" he said and turned his face to the window.

I held the quarter in my hand, wondering. Had Mom also known about his sending a dollar every week to Russia? These deceptions they had practiced on each other . . . had there been no deception at all? Perhaps he had known that the only way his wife could indulge herself in her tiny luxury was by keeping it a secret—and perhaps Mom had realized that her husband's stern sense of responsibility would not have allowed him to divert that weekly dollar if she had confessed knowing.

A month later, Pop and I made a visit to the cemetery to inspect the tombstone he had personally designed. It was two stones made into one—on one half was written Mom's name and the dates of her birth and death; on the other half was his own name with the death date left blank. Above the names was chiseled the single word . . . INSEPARABLE.

All my life I had never heard Pop say a word of love, but there it was in granite. How little we children really knew about Hyman and Rebecca Levenson. . . . THE END

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Don't criticize your child if he paints without strict regard for reality. The five-year-old who painted this portrait of a roller-skater prepared for rain turned out quite well. He is Jon Whitcomb, who did this month's REDBOOK cover.

Your Young Artist

BY IRMA SIMONTON BLACK

● **Parents often ask,** "How can I teach my child to paint?"

Professional artists say, "Don't try!"

Albert Dorne, head of the Famous Artists Schools, in Westport, Connecticut, always advises parents that their children need art experience and a chance to experiment before they are ready for even the most elementary guidance.

Give your child several jars of bright poster colors and a good chunk of moist clay. You will also find a wondrous assortment of things right in your house and yard that your child can assemble on paper or cardboard — cotton, paper doilies, leaves, and dozens of other items.

Your child is an artist because he is a young human being. His careful spacing of blocks, his thoughtful arranging of lines or blobs of color on paper, his smoothing of clay are all part of his native urge to make something of his own, to "create." Professional artists view the paintings of children with the same respect they give to those of other primitive artists.

By the time your child is three or four, he will enjoy many kinds of art materials. Coloring books, incidentally, while they offer a harmless kind of busywork, cannot be classed as art material since they offer no chance for originality.

Psychologists take children's art seriously as the expression of feeling. Your child can work off his anger without danger to himself or to anyone else by painting a battle scene. And he can express quiet satisfaction in a crude but vivid sunlit landscape. Such free expression of feeling is an important part of healthy emotional growth.

Constant helpful or critical comment about your child's art work is not only unnecessary, but undesirable. He doesn't care whether or not his "house" has the proper perspective or the right number of windows—or even whether it looks like a house at all. The important thing is for him to paint or model as *he* sees and feels.

Even constant praise will tend to make your child self-conscious and will lessen his spontaneity. If you feel that something is particularly good, praise the painting or the clay figure rather than the child.

The most convincing and meaningful appreciation of his work will be in your actions. Tack some of his more colorful paintings on the walls of his room. Encourage him to make Christmas or birthday cards for his friends—and then see that they get in the mail. Use his rough clay ash tray after it dries.

As your child approaches his teens, he will, if his interest in art lasts, want direction and technical skill. His best preparation for both is the spontaneous and joyous creativity of childhood.

Mrs. Black is an instructor at the Bank Street College of Education and author of many books about and for children. Her informative column is a regular REDBOOK *feature.*

The Multimillion-Dollar Dilemma of Martin and Lewis

(Continued from page 39)

of Lewis with curvy Sheree North. When the picture had been taken he, Dean Martin, had been on one side of Sheree. Who had cropped him out? Was this more of Lewis's skulduggery?

Next morning Dean dropped into Jerry's dressing room. Unpleasant words passed between them.

"If you don't want me in the act any more, just say so," Dean yelled as a parting shot.

For nine days they didn't speak to each other. Separation rumors, telephoned to headquarters, had Paramount Pictures' top brass jittery. When the troupe got home, a peace conference was set up in the offices of their agent, who reminded them that splitting up would cost them a great deal of money. Their basic motion picture contract, held by Producer Hal Wallis, stipulated that neither could appear separately on stage, screen, radio or TV without Wallis' consent.

Coming out of the conference, Martin and Lewis issued a joint statement. They said they would stay together.

Later Lewis issued a postscript:

"The closer you are to a person, the deeper the feelings. If the feelings are hard feelings, then they're twice as hard. And if you're emotional as Dean and I are emotional, well, you can't help flipping your lid sometimes."

Somehow, in the months that followed, no lids flipped. Those months weren't easy. The partners made a personal appearance tour. They made another picture. But now the old pleasant way with each other was gone, the routines were tough to time, the kidding that looked so casual concealed a rasping edge of mutual annoyance. Everyone close to them saw that another break was coming and now, even to the partners themselves, it was difficult to understand how they had ever got along.

What became important was not their inspired compatibility on stage but their contrasting personalities off—Martin relaxed and indolent, Jerry compulsively work-driven; Martin with his enjoyment of golf, his family, good food, good whisky and the snug atmosphere of the kind of night clubs he used to wish he could work in; Jerry a stay-at-home, a camera fan, a drinker of decaffeinated coffee.

It would never do. It would never do at all.

The picture, "You're Never Too Young," was finished; the strain should have eased off. But now the Lewis brain veered from home movies to publicity. In Palm Springs he'd met some old friends from Brown's—the resort in the Catskills where he'd started in show business. Someone suggested that if Lewis could arrange the premiere of "You're Never Too Young" there, Brown's would pick up the check. Lewis passed the thought along; it aroused enthusiasm. Studios seldom turn down an individual and/or organization offering to pay for a premiere. Only one element had been overlooked: Dean Martin had not started his career at Brown's. He'd go anywhere, he said—anywhere they wanted. Only not Brown's. Definitely not Brown's in the Catskills.

"I'll talk to him," Lewis volunteered. Soon afterward Jerry telephoned the studio from Las Vegas.

"It's all set," he said, "Dean will play ball."

The Brown's date was confirmed. In due course a publicity man called on Dean to outline the coming junket.

"Now when you're in the Catskills—"

"What Catskills?" Dean demanded.

"Now look, Dean," the publicity man pleaded, "Jerry said you'd play ball."

"I will," Dean said, "and that's just what I'll be doing while he's playing Brown's."

A native runner took the news to Jerry Lewis. Sensing a misunderstanding, Lewis offered to open the picture in Martin's home town, Steubenville. Dean said he did not want a triumphal return—just a premiere.

The studio called off the deal with Brown's.

Lewis tossed the fat into the fan. "You agreed to this," he reminded his employers. "Brown's is expecting us. I'll be there with a can of film under my arm and there'd better be a premiere or don't ask me to go on the road again and plug a picture for you."

The studio reconfirmed the date at Brown's.

On the appointed night, Brown's in the Catskills looked gay indeed. Searchlights fingered the sky. A large gathering was at hand. Lewis, who had been hoping until the last minute that a miracle would happen, looked sadly at the second of two microphones set up onstage.

"We'll need only one," he muttered.

That night he went on alone. The war that stunned the nation had begun to rage until the negotiations at Carmel brought what both partners swear will be a lasting peace.

At the Colgate Variety Show on NBC-TV, their first professional engagement after the peace, all went smoothly. True, there were a few muffled explosions, but to people close to the reconciled contestants these were accounted for as booby-traps left by the retreating forces—nothing to worry about. Once during rehearsal, after Jerry, inspired by a spell of directing, had retreated for consultations, Dean complained of hearing voices.

"What kind of voices, Dean?" inquired Robert Finkel, the director.

"Some kind of mumbling," Dean replied.

"Where does it come from?"

Dean held his head.

"From everywhere."

"Let's have it quiet," Robert Finkel said.

Dean relaxed, throwing an uppercut at an imaginary opponent—no one ventured to guess whom.

Another time during rehearsals, Jerry got down on the floor of a soundproof booth onstage to fuss with the wiring. Having previously assured himself that the booth was really soundproof, Dean remarked casually, "Maybe we'll get a break; he'll electrocute himself down there."

Jerry, however, got the wiring adjusted and reappeared. He and Dean smiled brightly at each other through the thick glass panel of the booth. It was obvious that everything was peachy.

My personal opinion is that they will continue together because there is real friendship and loyalty between these two great performers. Neither one today would have much trouble going it alone. Each has had offers to do just that. Sam Goldwyn is reputed to have approached Dean to play Sky Masterson in "Guys and Dolls," the role Marlon Brando eventually played. Not long ago Rodgers and Hammerstein wanted Lewis for some chore; none of the three will say what.

But in spite of such allurements and in spite of all that the pressure of a tremendous work schedule and the meddling of friends and relatives and the clash of two naturally contrasting temperaments can do to divide them, both Dean and Jerry feel a genuine closeness. Dean thinks Jerry is the funniest guy who ever lived; he will break up laughing at him even when everybody else is keeping a straight face. Jerry has said of Dean, "I never had any brothers or sisters or even any close friends. I was a lonely, unhappy kid, always sick, always moving around from one town to another because my folks were in show business, touring on the road. Dean has been a brother and all the friends I never had when I was young."

Then, of course, there is the money.

Possibly it was a little of both—affection and good business sense—that brought a burst of enthusiasm from Jerry after the recent peace was made.

"Split up?" he cried. "Never in a thousand years!" . . . THE END

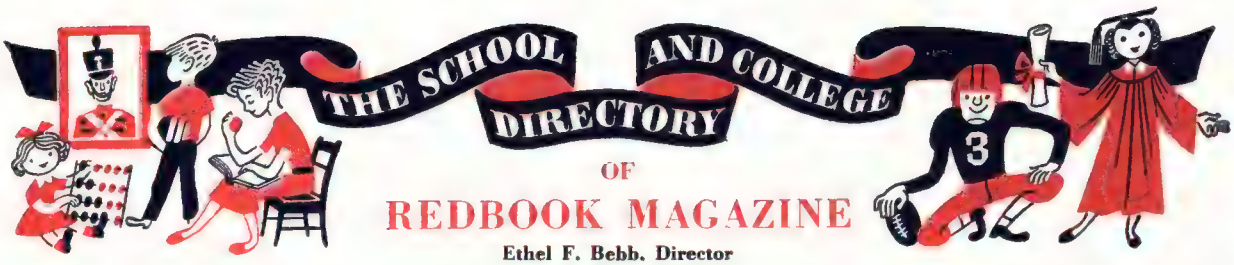
CREDITS IN THIS ISSUE

PHOTOGRAPHS:

Tops in the Shops—Pages 12-16 & 26-28, Binder & Duffy; The Multimillion-Dollar Dilemma—Pages 36 & 37, John Engstead; My Parents Support Us—and I Hate It!—Page 43, Tana Hoban-Rapho-Guillumette; Why Your Child Should Dance—top page 51, Wide World; My Parents Never Told Us—Page 58, CBS.

SPECIAL CREDITS:

How Many Christmas Songs Do You Know?—Page 5, drawing by Anna Johnson; Christmas Fiction Bonus Cover—Page 17, drawing by Lorraine Fox; Mistletoe Poem, Page 29, illustration by Jon Whitcomb; Psychologist's Casebook No. 58—Page 79, drawings by Don Neiser; You and Your Health—Page 82, drawing by Denny Hampson; "A Diller A Dollar A 10 O'Clock Scholar"—Page 104, drawing by Sanford Kossin.



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Lantern of Faith

BY HAL AND BARBARA BORLAND

COVER DESIGN BY HERB McCLURE

REDBOOK'S COMPLETE DECEMBER 1955 NOVEL

He first learned to pray when his life was in peril. And as a young minister, he humbly learned again when a disaster-united town looked to him for faith that would light their way to God

There are the memories. *To the end of his days, Saul of Tarsus saw the vision that had come to him on the road to Damascus. A vision came differently to Andrew Lawrence, on another road and in another age; but he, too, heard God's voice in the desperate and forsaken hours and felt God's hand. And remembered . . .*

There were the three of them on the mission that night, Sergeant Andy Lawrence and Hadley Eaton and Johnny Ross. Andy and Hadley had been together since they'd landed at Pusan in Korea. Johnny had been with them only two months, a replacement detailed to their squad after four other men were lost in a brutal counterattack. An oddly assorted trio—Andy not quite twenty-two, orphaned son of a two-fisted engineer, fresh from college but tempered in manhood by the fires of combat; Hadley a year older, but still a blond collegiate boy, brought up to wealth and now, as a soldier, playing a kind of super-Ivy-League-championship game; Johnny, in his late twenties, a bully, braggart and show-off, a night-club comedian graduated into radio.

Johnny hated discipline, resented orders, dodged details. This particular night he had come back from a rest period with a shaking hang-over, bitter and touchy.

Johnny was married and about to become a father. The picture he showed Andy was of a dark-haired girl with good eyes and a wide mouth, a very young girl. Her name was Janet.

Hadley carried a picture, too. Of his sister, Susan. His kid sister was only seventeen, but from the picture she seemed to be trying to look twenty-four and almost succeeded. Andy had no picture, no wife, no sister, no one.

There were times, like that night, when he felt he should go on such missions alone since there was no one to whom it mattered whether he came back or not.

But this mission was no more desperate than a dozen others. They were to mine the road in Rat Trap Gulch, so that their lines could fall back at midnight. Routine. They knew the hazards. They had almost finished when Andy saw Johnny's bottle. Quietly he took it away from him. Johnny was furious. Suddenly he whirled and came at Andy, knife in hand. Blind with anger, he lunged into a nest of mines they had just set.

It was as though the whole universe exploded in one flash. Andy was stabbed with pain. From a great distance he heard Hadley's voice "Andy! Where are you, Andy?"

He dragged himself toward the voice as the hills on both sides erupted with machine-gun fire in a fantastic spider web of tracers holding Andy at its center. Johnny was dead. Andy somehow escaped the machine-gun fire and crawled away among the rocks, reaching at every yard for the feel of Hadley's boot and moaning the age-old cry of man in extremity, "Oh God, Oh God!"

They crawled and waited and crawled again, the hours crawling with them. The next day passed, and another night of crawling among those dark and tortured hills, then a succession of days without number or identity. And one night, in the darkness where a man's soul can stand naked, unashamed, Hadley said, "When you're down to fundamentals, there's nothing but you and God, is there? If there is a God."

"There has to be a God," Andy said.

Later Hadley asked, "Do you know how to pray?"

THIS novel, like all other novels printed in REDBOOK, is purely fiction and intended as such. It does not refer to real characters or to actual events. If the name of any person, living or dead, is used, it is a coincidence.

Andy knew the Lord's Prayer. They learned to pray together. In extremity they had found the one Source to which a man in desperate need, facing eternity, can turn. They had found God, of Whom they asked only mercy and understanding. Eventually, in the puffy mists of a strangely quiet dawn, they came to their own lines.

Thus they came back. To the dressing station. To the hospital in Japan, where Hadley read the Bible as other men read comic books, fascinated. "This," he said to Andy, "is it. This is real. This is the greatest."

And Andy, on his hospital cot, knew there was a purpose, a purpose which bound him to all mankind. An obligation to serve if the life which God had spared had any meaning. He closed his eyes and pledged that life to God.

The Reverend Andrew Lawrence, pastor of the Community Church of Cameronville, was at his desk in the second-floor study at the parsonage, trying for the fourth time that June day to complete his notes for the next Sunday's sermon, when Elsie Cameron phoned. Andrew thought she was calling about the annual church board meeting that night. Instead she had "a problem," which she prefaced with her usual discursive preamble about how she had tried to reach him all afternoon. Andrew said he had been out, and, while she chattered on, he mentally reviewed his day — two hours of work on his annual reports that morning, three hours of sick calls, Rotary Club luncheon, a funeral, a conference with a mother who wanted her reluctant son to enter the ministry. And snatches of work on the sermon.

Mrs. Cameron came, at last, to her problem—a small boy stealing her flowers, stoning her greenhouse. Trivial, something to take up with the boy's parents, Andrew thought. Then she mentioned the boy's name and Andrew said, "Peter Ross? No! I'll take care of it! I'll take care of it at once, Mrs. Cameron." It was a quarter of five. He just had time to catch Janet at the library. He quickly ended the call, hurried downstairs and started to the library three blocks away.

Janet Ross was checking out books for two teenaged girls. Andrew stepped into the reference alcove and waited, thinking how changed Janet was from the first time he had seen her. Then she had been worn and tired and ill—a mother, a widow, but just a girl, a hurt, bitter and baffled girl. Now she was a calm, efficient, well-groomed young woman of 24. Village life had done much for her, though something in her dark eyes told of the way she still walled herself away from a world which had hurt her deeply.

She disposed of the girls and said, "Yes, Mr. Lawrence," with a half smile at her own formality.

"It's about Peter," he said.

"Peter?" There was a trace of tension in her voice.

"Peter's in trouble." Then he saw the flash of alarm in her eyes and said, "He smashed the glass in Mrs. Cameron's greenhouse this morning."

"Oh." Janet was both relieved and exasperated. For just an instant her guard had been down. Now it was up again.

"Peter," Andrew went on, "seems to have been helping himself to her flowers. And now the greenhouse. What can we do about it?"

Janet's eyes flashed. "Why," she demanded, "didn't Elsie Cameron tell me herself, instead of sending you?"

"She didn't send me," Andrew said. "I volunteered. I was a 5-year-old boy once myself." He didn't say that he felt responsible for Peter. And for her, for Janet. He didn't even think it; it had become almost instinctive.

"I was at home all morning," Janet persisted. "She could have phoned me." Then she said, "I'll pay for the glass."

"It isn't the glass, Janet. It's Peter." Then he added, "Childhood can be rather painful. For everyone." He didn't say Peter should have a father, that Peter's father had never come back, and I did.

Janet said, "You can tell Elsie Cameron that I shall pay for the glass." She said it angrily. "You can tell her Peter won't steal any more pansies, or whatever they were. You can tell her, that, if necessaary, I shall put Peter on a leash, like a puppy!" And she turned to a pile of returned books and snapped the cards from them.

Andrew waited, hoping still to reach through to her somehow.

After a moment she asked, "Is there something more you wanted to say?"

"Yes, Janet, there is," he said quietly. "I wish you would come to church again. The church needs you, and you need the fellowship, the friendship, of the church."

"When I need religion," she said firmly, "I shall find what I want."

"I am not talking about religion now," Andrew said. "I'm talking about the need we all have for companionship and understanding."

"Why," she asked, "do you think I need companionship or understanding? I have my own life to live, my own son to rear." She glanced at the big clock. It was closing time. She was dismissing him.

He said, "Good night, Janet," and left.

He walked wearily back toward the church and the parsonage just beyond, emotionally weary as well as physically tired. He had tried again, and he had failed again, to reach through to Janet Ross. Failed to give her even a little of the faith, the inner peace, he owed her.

It had been that way from the very first time he had seen her, that night when he had gone to her apartment in New York a week after he had returned from Korea.

All he knew about her then was what Johnny had said. Johnny had said Janet was young and plain, a natural mimic with a rare sense of timing. He had "discovered" her in an advertising agency library and given her "the big break," put her on his radio program to feed him the lines for his own comedy. "No real talent," Johnny had said. "Just a kid who didn't know the score."

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So Andrew went to the apartment house, up in the elevator, and rang the doorbell. And knew, the moment he saw her, that Johnny had lied, in his belittling way. She was young, just nineteen, too young to be a widow and the mother of the baby he heard in the bedroom. But she was pretty in a quiet way, a dark-haired girl with guarded eyes and a hurt mouth and a sensitive face. A hurt girl who needed friends and reassurance.

She had a cold. The apartment smelled of menthol and she held a handful of tissues. But she was cautiously gracious. Until Andrew said, "I had to come and tell you about Johnny."

She stiffened a little and said, "I had the official report." And he knew she had walled herself away from hurt and was groping behind that wall for meanings.

He began to talk. He told charitable lies about Johnny. But he knew that she knew the truth. After all, she had lived with Johnny. She'd been his wife. And he knew that she no longer cared, if she ever had, for there are hurts too deep for grief. Knowing that, he understood how a man like Johnny could take love and kill it in a girl like Janet and crush hopes and dreams.

At last he said, "You're still on the air?"

She said, "No," and there was bitterness in her voice. She said, "He made me promise to stay off the air till he got back. He said I was no good without him." It was the first clue she had given directly to what lay so obviously there in her eyes. Then she added, almost as an afterthought, "Then my baby was born." My baby, not Johnny's or ours. Mine.

"We go on living," Andrew said.

She nodded, but said nothing, as though life had little meaning, and for an instant Andrew thought of Susan Eaton, Hadley's young sister, who was so sure about life, to whom life was exciting. Susan was so sure she would get what she wanted out of life. Susan had so much, and this girl had so little.

He asked, "Do you need anything? Money, maybe?"

"No."

He said, "I'll be around for a while. I wish you'd let me take you to dinner some evening."

"No." That wall, firm and impenetrable.

"I'll be in touch."

She said, "Don't try." But for just an instant there was a flash of appeal in her eyes, as though she was reaching for something, remembering, hungering. Then she said, "Good night. Thank you for coming." Stiff, impersonal.

Andrew tried to keep in touch. But when he phoned two days later, the house operator said Mrs. Ross had gone on a visit. She was still away a week later. At the end of the month she had moved.

Not a word from her, not a clue, until a year before. The first week he was in Cameronville he met her on the street, looking tanned and healthy and almost serene. Peter was with her, a snub-nosed little boy with hair and eyes like hers.

Andrew introduced himself and she said yes, she remembered him. He told her he was the new minister, and she said, "I know. I sort of inherited church membership, with the house." He said he would be seeing her in the congregation. She was noncommittal—"I'm pretty busy." Obviously she didn't want to talk.

She came to church for a time and then stopped. Since she was the village librarian, Andrew saw her at the library every few days. But she made it clear that she felt neither need nor inclination to talk. Their closest link was Peter, and that link was largely accidental. Mrs. Grimes, Andrew's part-time housekeeper, took care of Peter in the afternoons while Janet was at the library. She occasionally brought Peter to the parsonage, where he came to feel quite at home. Peter liked Andrew, and Andrew, sensing the child's need for a man's companionship, welcomed the visits. He felt that through Peter he was, in some measure, squaring his account, the old Korea account. But there was so little he could do for Janet, so little.

As he climbed the stairs to his study now, Andrew thought: Time, more time. Time is the healer.

He sat down at his desk and glanced at the sermon notes and put them aside. The thread was gone. He would try to recapture it later, after the board meeting that night. He reached for the notes he had made in preparing his annual report, the things George Coe, the secretary, had said didn't belong in the factual report. But things that should be said. He thought of Susan Eaton, of things she had said the last time he was down at Greenwich for a visit, in April. "Oh, Andy," she had exclaimed, "don't be modest! I *hate* modest people, men especially." And he had said, "But I *haven't* accomplished what I set out to do in Cameronville." Susan had laughed. "If I were married to you, darling, you would look success, think success, talk success and *be* a success!" It was an old joke between them, and she capped it by saying, "But I'm marrying Rod Canfield, so you'll have to do it all on your own, you poor dear."

He leafed through the notes again and thought—I don't have to be overmodest, but I *can* be impatient. Even a minister is entitled to be impatient. With himself, with no one else.

When Andrew left the library, Janet drew the shades, locked the doors, got in her car and drove through the village and out the back road. Toward Mrs. Grimes's place, the old farmhouse with its few neglected acres. She looked forward to this drive every evening. It was a brief time of unthinking relaxation; for a little while she could feel apart from both past and future, and even from most of the now.

But this evening the relaxation wouldn't come. It was because of Andrew. She knew that. And she was annoyed with herself for allowing it. She knew she had been perverse, but he brought out the perversity in her. When he had first come here, he did that to her every time she saw him. That was why she had stopped going to church. She couldn't explain it, even to herself, but she sensed it. Something in his vitality, his inner strength. And she resented it, as she was resenting it now. Resenting it and not even admitting, any more, that life might have been different if it had been life with someone like Andrew instead of with Johnny.

Deliberately she pushed such thoughts away. She had learned to do that most of the time. One learns.

She thought of Mrs. Grimes and blessed her. Mrs. Grimes made her way of life possible. Evelyn Grimes—tall, bony, acerbic widow in her late fifties, an independent, ingrained New Englander. When Janet had got the library job, Mrs. Grimes whose heart was big as all outdoors, had agreed to take care of Peter in the afternoons "as a favor." She still made the characteristic gesture of scoffing at what Janet paid her. "It's no bother," she always said. "Peter's company for me. But if you want to throw your money away, I won't refuse to pick it up."

Peter and Mrs. Grimes were out at the barn as Janet drove into the yard, Mrs. Grimes in old dungarees. Peter, instead of dashing toward his mother as usual, lagged close to Mrs. Grimes.

They came up to the car, and Mrs. Grimes said, "All right, Peter, speak your piece."

Peter squirmed and looked away, a troubled child.

"Tell your mother," Mrs. Grimes ordered.

"I was a bad boy," Peter said, still staring away. "I threw rocks and broke the glass."

"I know," Janet said.

Peter looked up at her, amazed. Then he sniffled and suddenly threw his arms around Janet's knees and began to cry.

"I spanked him," Mrs. Grimes said. "Somebody had to, and it wasn't your place to. When my kids was little

I let my man do all the spanking and I did the loving them." She hesitated, then whispered, "Don't scold him."

Janet and Peter got in the car and started back to the village. Janet glanced at Peter, solemn and silent beside her. Don't scold him? Why, even a five-year-old should know right from wrong! Throwing stones at a greenhouse was vandalism. It was breaking something just because you could break it. Like breaking a heart, or killing love, just because—because you could. Johnny, smashing the vase, jealous even of a little vase she loved, deliberately smashing it. Then she pushed that thought away, too. This was Peter, not Johnny.

Peter said, "Here!" and thrust a bunch of wilted daisies at her. His peace offering, his apology. Johnny had never apologized, for anything.

Bless you, Peter, Janet thought. She said, "Thank you. This is the nicest bouquet you ever picked for me."

"Aunty Grimes," Peter said, "says I can pick all I want."

And Janet thought—I do my best—I feed him, clothe him, keep a roof over his head. But no woman can be two parents. There's always a lack.

They were in the village now, nearing home, and she thought—Thank Aunt Amy that I don't have to live in an apartment; Peter doesn't have to grow up on the city streets.

Amy Barton had been Janet's great-aunt. As a little girl, Janet had been sent up from the city to visit Aunt Amy for a few weeks every summer, and those weeks were the enduring highlights of her childhood. She had come every year until she was fifteen. Then her mother had become ill, and Janet had been needed at home. She hadn't visited Aunt Amy again till she was nineteen, in radio, married.

That was the summer she had almost had a breakdown. Over Johnny, over marriage to Johnny. It was wrong to leave him, but she saw no other solution. Between contracts that summer, despite Johnny's threats, she had come up here for two weeks—only to find Aunt Amy grown old and cranky. Janet couldn't talk to Aunt Amy, and there was no one else.

She had gone back to Johnny, to heartbreak, to the bitterness of her own defeat. Six more months of it, knowing that the joy, the happiness, which made life worth living was gone. Steeling herself against Johnny, against emotion. Then Johnny had been drafted. Two weeks after he left she had found that she was pregnant.

She would have come up here then, but her pride stood in the way. She hadn't come to Cameronville until word came that Johnny was dead, until after her baby was born. She might have stayed then, but Aunt Amy had wanted her last days alone. Janet knew that, now. Aunt Amy had her pride, too—she had passed away here, alone as she wished, in her eighty-second year. And her will left everything to Janet. "Everything" meant the house and, after funeral expenses, exactly two hundred and ten dollars.

It was leaving the house to Janet that rankled with Elsie Cameron and a few others. It was the oldest house in the village, and Elsie had urged Amy to leave it to the village as a museum. Instead, Amy had left it to Janet, an outlander. Elsie had never forgiven Amy Barton, nor relaxed in her resentment of Janet.

Janet, remembering her childhood years, had moved up here, hoping that Peter would find the times she had once known, the happy times—and that he would not have them taken from him as Johnny took them from her. That, she told herself, was her big job, to rear Peter, to give him the things she had once had and lost. Not give them to him, really, for who can give another such things? Let him discover them, rather, and make them his own.

But not—she told herself as she pulled into the driveway beside the weathered little red salt-box house—not to throw stones at Elsie Cameron's greenhouse!

The board had invited Andrew to sit in on their full meeting, but Andrew suggested they should discuss him and his first year in the pastorate without him there listening. George Coe had therefore asked him to come over about 8:45.

When Andrew arrived at the meeting in the parish house, the board was waiting, obviously pleased and expectant. Albert Hallowell, the wiry, balding banker and board chairman, said, "Well, Andrew, congratulations seem to be in order. We have just voted to increase your salary."

Andrew looked around at the faces of the eight members and thought of what Will Bradford, the aging but still vinegary editor of the local newspaper, had told him the first week in town—"This is a good community, Mr. Lawrence, with incipient Christianity all over town. I've been hoping for fifty years to see a real outbreak of it, but the church board has kept it nicely in check." Then with a grin the editor had said, "You'll find most of the die-hards and mossbacks on the board. That's one way we can keep track of them. I happen to be a board member myself."

Andrew said now, "I gather, then, that you want me to continue here for another year."

Albert Hallowell cleared his throat and said, "Of course we do. We are completely satisfied with you."

Andrew smiled. "I'm not," he said.

Will Bradford, at the end of the table, tapped the table with his spectacles and smiled and nodded.

George Coe spoke up. George was a lawyer, stocky, rather pontifical. "Andrew," George said, "indicated to me this morning that he might wish to supplement his report. Suppose we give him the floor at this time."

Andrew said, "Thank you. . . . Mr. Hallowell says you are satisfied with me. You have my factual report, and if you have read it, you must know that about all I have done is keep the church where it was when I came here. We have increased attendance at Sunday School by about ten per cent. Church membership is substantially unchanged. The Women's Auxiliary has been revived with some success. But that isn't enough. That doesn't call for a salary increase."

John Cowdry, a grizzled farmer who had a great-great among the church's original founders, peered at him, then smiled.

"I haven't done enough here," Andrew went on. "I think you know I came here planning to make this church a vital force in the whole community. This church should be a spiritual center so strong that its influence would reach everyone in town. Everyone! It should have something strong and eternal. Something to which people would turn in time of trial or crisis. For faith and reassurance.

"I came here expecting to find a board devoted to making this church a strong and vigorous institution. A board that would lead the way. At times it has seemed that the congregation rather than the board has been leading. That baffles me, for it seems to me that we should all live and work for the tenets of Christ and that we at the head of the church should particularly believe and practice those tenets."

Elsie Cameron, slim, gray-haired, acerbic and now flushed with emotion, said sharply, "We do believe in those things!" Mrs. Cameron, a widow in her sixties and a woman of property, was the community's social arbiter.

"Do you?" Andrew asked, thinking of the petty anger in her voice only a few hours ago when she had phoned him about Peter Ross and the greenhouse. Then he turned to the other members. "What happened when I wanted to throw this parish house open to any community gathering because it is the largest hall in town? I was told by two of you board members that it was church property and must not be profaned. What happened when I suggested holding special Sunday afternoon services here for people from the Valley?"

Albert Hallowell was annoyed. "They have their own churches down there," he said firmly.

"And a visiting minister once a month," Andrew said.

Will Bradford, the editor, spoke up. "Andrew, I suggest that hereafter you ignore this board and live and preach and practice the Christianity in which you believe."

Harry Bartless, the Ford dealer, chuckled and Elsie Cameron scowled at him. Will Bradford had a long-standing status as an eccentric and gadfly, but Harry Bartless was vulnerable. Elsie Cameron was virtually telling Harry that, unless he stayed in line, she would turn in her Lincoln and buy a Chrysler. Harry bit his lip and swallowed and looked embarrassed.

Andrew said, "I have only this to add. This once was the community's church, in its beginning. Everybody in town helped build it, two hundred years ago. It was very close to a real community church almost twenty-five years ago, at the time of the merger, when it was set up in its present nondenominational form. I intend to make every effort to broaden it to its original status. That is my purpose.

"I cannot conscientiously do less. If you members of the board wish to rescind your action in retaining me, do so. Now. Otherwise I shall feel that you are giving me one more year to prove that I am worthy of the objective I have just outlined."

Albert Hallowell looked around the table. "Is there a motion to reconsider?" he asked. The members shook their heads. Hallowell took a deep breath. "Andrew," he said, "when I said we were satisfied, I meant nothing more than that we have confidence in you. We understand your, shall I say, impatience? But growth is a slow process. Suffice it to say that we believe in you. And we believe in our church and what it stands for. . . . Now, if I hear no objection, we will stand adjourned."

The board members got to their feet, relieved. One by one they came to Andrew and shook his hand. Editor Will Bradford paused long enough to say, "Follow your conscience, Andrew, and let the chips fall." And when Farmer John Cowdry came to him, John said, "Andrew, preaching's like farming. You need faith to start with, and the weather and the good Lord on your side. But keep plowing, son, and you'll get a crop yet." Albert Hallowell, the last to leave, merely said, "Good night, Andrew."

Then the good-nights were all said, and Andrew was alone in the churchyard. He looked at the church, white and solid and reassuring in the starlight, and his eyes, as always, lifted with the graceful spire, that awesome lift toward the night sky, full of stars. It was like a prayer, and Andrew said, "Oh Lord, give me the strength, the courage, to stand firm. That I may never forget! That I may share the belief with those who need it, that I may work and serve and never be easily satisfied!"

Then he went across the grass to the parsonage.

CHAPTER 2

Andrew was in his study the next morning writing a letter to Dr. Daniels, professor of homiletics at his theological school, when he heard a familiar rattle and clatter and saw the old green car in the driveway. He had forgotten that this was one of Mrs. Grimes's days. She was late again. He wondered what her excuse was today.

The screen door slammed, and Mrs. Grimes shouted from the foot of the stairs, "I got here, Reverend!" She came up the stairs, explaining as she came. "Two flat tires. Now wouldn't you think, me working for the preacher, I'd have fewer troubles?" She paused in the study doorway, in scuffed loafers, bobby socks and a red and white dress. "Hear they took up your contract, as they say in Hollywood." She grinned. "So we both got a job for another year."

"Yes," he said, "both of us." He wondered how many people in the village thought of it that way, a job for another year. He also wondered how Mrs. Grimes knew everything, almost before it happened.

"Well," she said, "I wouldn't be surprised to see you getting married now." She grinned again. "That girl you've been going down to Greenwich to see? There's going to be a lot of disappointed girls in Cameronville. Not to mention us widows! But I suppose a preacher ought to marry money if he can. I always say, piety comes just as easy if you're not steeped in poverty."

She glanced at his typewriter. "I see you're busy. Don't let me bother you. I'll do your bedroom first." She went downstairs and came back with the vacuum cleaner, the hose banging at every step behind her. Andrew tried to go on with his letter.

He reread what he had written and remembered Dr. Daniels' saying, "No one knows the problems you boys will face. But I hazard a guess that your biggest disappointments will come from your own zeal and what you take for apathy in your congregation."

Andrew had come to Cameronville on Dr. Daniels' recommendation. "There's a real opportunity there," Dr. Daniels had said. "Their purpose is sound and their program has appeal." And he told how the Reverend Chester Carlisle had gone to Cameronville twenty years before at the call of three merged congregations and had worked for the ideal of a nondenominational community church. "Carlisle," he said, "died of a heart attack last April. The board is looking for a young, vigorous successor. I've recommended you. Carlisle had to conserve his strength the last few years, so there are problems. But problems are also challenges."

Andrew didn't know the extent of the problems, nor their origins, until he pieced together Cameronville's history. Part of the history he got at the library; the rest, with salty comments, he got from Will Bradford.

Cameronville originated as a pioneer outpost in the early 1730's when two families, those of Obadiah Cowdry and Amos Cameron, came west from the seacoast settlements, hacking their way through the woods. They built cabins on the stream now known as Cowdry's Brook. The Cowdrys built a mill and named the brook. The Camerons named the community and eventually owned the mill, started a bank and inaugurated the first industry, a woodturning factory. "Camerons," Will Bradford said, "always knew how to make a dollar. And keep it."

The village went through a familiar sequence—farming, small industry and trade, recession, the end of metropolitan dreams and revival when industry began to fan out from the cities. The village drew away from the brook, crept up the hill to the original farmlands, took over the wide acres of the fine old homes, cut those acres into lots and acquired new homes to match the old.

"Cameronville," said Will Bradford, "sort of crawled up onto the hill and left its own clutter in the valley." But the new workers had to have some place to live. The hilltoppers provided housing. "Dave Cameron—he's dead now—he was Elsie Cameron's husband and the last of the Cameron line—Dave quietly bought up the old factory tenements. The Hallowells and Coes built all those green-lumber shoe-boxes on the far side of the brook." Will Bradford grinned. "Safely out of sight from up here."

The history of the church roughly paralleled that of the village. Cameronville, as did many New England vil-

lages, began as a solidly Congregational community. In the 1750's the people built a church to match their dreams. "It's not in the records." Will Bradford said, "whether they picked the hilltop site because they wanted to look up to the church literally as well as figuratively, or because Josiah Hallowell was willing to sell his hilltop meadow for a hundred dollars. Be charitable. Say they wanted an imposing site. as so many congregations did."

The industrial boom of the 1850's. along with a measure of religious factionalism, brought a good many Methodists and Presbyterians to Cameronville. Enough of them to build churches of their own. Modest churches, in the valley. They endured. in good times and bad. until the big depression of the early 1930's.

Will Bradford didn't tell Andrew of his long campaign for a merger of the churches. Andrew learned it elsewhere. But the Bradford campaign bore fruit in 1933.

"The merger," Will Bradford said, summing it up. "didn't happen till Cameronville was broke, all three churches were starving to death, and people were scared. We got real religion. for a while. Almost Christian. Then we sort of backslid. I don't know whether we backslid because Mr. Carlisle got sick, or he got sick because we back-slid. But that's Cameronville for you—good, bad and indifferent, noble and mean, big and little. human to the core. You'll see us at our best at the Fourth of July Picnic. And just about at our worst at Town Meeting."

For the Fourth of July Picnic, hilltop residents and valley people united for the big community event of the year. It was like a giant family reunion, overflowing with friendship and good fellowship.

But at the Fall Town Meeting everything came out into the open. The hilltoppers, backed by most of their tradesmen, controlled key offices, taxes and appropriations. They presented a cut-and-dried program and a slate of officials to be voted on. Then the valley spokesmen demanded better streets. a sewer extension, a new playground. another visiting nurse. The Hilltoppers made no answer. Only two hilltoppers took the floor—Alexander Collcott. dean of the local doctors, made his annual plea for a town hospital, and Will Bradford made his customary speech about false economy and reactionary die-hards. Then a vote was called for, and the hilltop machine rolled to a quiet, well-oiled victory by a margin of three to two.

And Andrew began to understand the problems that had baffled and thwarted him. He remembered Dr. Daniels' saying, "Your life will be religion and service. Most people's lives are making a living and caring for a family. But remember that, in times of their own crises, most people turn to God. It's your job to keep them aware of a God to turn to."

It sounded right, but it also sounded academic. Then Andrew remembered Janet Ross' words—"When I need religion. I'll find what I want." Even Janet admitted there was somewhere to turn when she felt the need.

He went on with the letter. Mrs. Grimes was still using the vacuum cleaner in his bedroom. Then the telephone rang. Long distance, Greenwich. Susan Eaton's voice—"Andy! Hello Andy!"

"Sue!" he exclaimed.

"Andy. I'm sunk. I've got to see you. Say something nice to me, Andy!"

"You," he said. laughing, "are one of the nicest things I know." He heard the vacuum cleaner stop. "What's wrong, Sue?" He was sure it was nothing serious. Sue's moods were never as extreme as her words.

"I'm a lorn woman, Andy!" she said.

"Let's see. Lorn means forsaken, doesn't it?"

"It means Rod and I had a fight. I never want to see him again."

"Until tomorrow?"

"Until the end of time! You wouldn't understand. No man would. Oh, maybe *you* would. Andy, he's a child, a faceless blob! He bores me. . . . Darling, come down and hold my hand."

"I can't come now, Sue. This is a busy week."

"Come Friday. Take me to the Club Dance."

"I have a committee meeting Friday, to plan the Fourth of July celebration."

"Saturday, then."

"You know I can't get away on the weekend. Anyway," he laughed, "you'll be all over it by the weekend."

"I won't! . . . Andy, you're forcing it out of me. You've spoiled all the other men for me. I've got to see *you!* Now I should be blushing and all confused. On top of everything else, I'm worried sick about Hadley."

"What's the matter with Hadley?"

"He mopes. He's antisocial. He's got a new plane, very, very hot. and all he wants to do is fly. He's becoming a lost soul."

"Tell him to fly up and see me."

"I won't! I hate men. all of you! . . . No I don't, Andy. I don't hate you. But since you don't want to see me, I'll languish. I'm very good at languishing."

"You might come up here to see me."

"Oh, you *can* be nice. Tell me you want to see me."

"I wish you would come. You've never seen my church or my village."

"When?"

"Any time. This weekend. I can't leave. but I can have guests, and you could hear my Sunday sermon."

"Saturday," she said, "after lunch. And I may bring Hadley."

"That would make it like old times."

"You do want to see me? You don't think I'm a beast?"

"You're a very sweet girl and I want to see you."

"Reserve me a room at the inn. darling," she said, and she hung up.

Mrs. Grimes was mopping the bathroom. Andrew finished the envelope to Dr. Daniels before she came to the study door.

"If I do your study," she said, "I won't have time to do the guest room."

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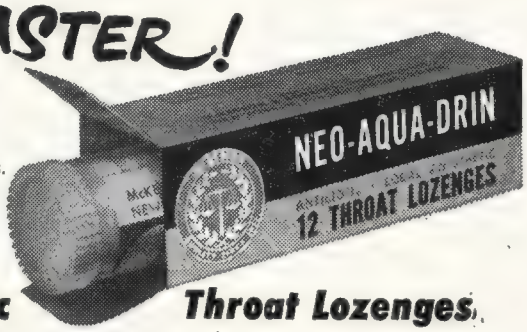

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"Skip the study today," he told her.

She nodded. "I'll put the guest towels in the bathroom, and you just leave them there. A man never thinks of things like that."

She moved the vacuum cleaner to the guest room and Andrew thought Counter Intelligence had missed a first-class bet when they hadn't recruited Evelyn Grimes. He was sure she could repeat, right now and almost verbatim, his whole conversation with Susan.

He was glad Sue was coming. The Eatons had been the nearest thing to a family he had known for several years, and he hadn't seen them much in this past year. He had been down once in the Fall, for two days at Christmas and again in April.

Sue had written to him regularly until she became engaged just after Thanksgiving; since then he hadn't had a word from her, until this telephone call.

He'd first met Susan in San Francisco. When they came back from Korea, she and Hadley's father flew out to the coast to meet Hadley. Old Asa came down to the base in a rented limousine and took Hadley and Andrew back to the hotel where Sue was waiting. Sue was not quite eighteen, honey-haired, willowy, with a heart-face and gray eyes that crinkled almost shut when she laughed. She had the look of a precocious little girl, the air of a sophisticated young lady and the shrewd practicality of a career woman. From the start she called Andrew "Darling" or "Sergeant."

There were the four of them at dinner that night. Asa—tall, lean, bushy-browed and accustomed to command—was bluff and hearty. Hadley, for all his blond schoolboy look, had age and experience in his deep blue eyes. Susan, intuitively very close to Hadley, masked some vague worry with laughter and gay talk.

They sought to bridge the inevitable gap, to find common ground. Susan and Asa tried particularly to weave again the threads of the familiar pattern, their common lives. Inevitably they drew Andrew into it with them. But there was a tension that Andrew felt hanging over them even when they discussed so harmless a topic as Susan's latest romance.

Finally the gay talk lagged and Andrew felt the crisis. Asa said, "Well, son, you've done your soldiering." As though all wars were ended or safely far away. "I've got a brand new office waiting for you just as soon as you want to take hold."

Andrew knew this was it. So did Sue; he saw it in her eyes.

Hadley said, "I'm not going into the business, Father."

Asa's shock, his incomprehension, couldn't have been greater if Hadley had announced that he was no longer going to live on this planet called Earth. There was a flash of something like panic in Susan's eyes, and Andrew thought—It's loss. Loss of Hadley. He didn't know why, but he sensed that Hadley had gone somewhere that Susan couldn't follow.

Hadley said, "I'm going into the ministry."

The shock in Asa's face was tinged, for an instant, with awe. Then Susan, rallying, turned to Andrew. "How about you, Sergeant? Have you got religion, too?" With a laugh just behind the words.

Andrew said, "Yes," and the promised laugh never came.

Later, still shaken, Asa planned the homecoming. He turned to Andrew and asked, "Where is your home, Sergeant?"

Andrew said, "I'm foot-loose. The first thing I have to do is go see a girl in New York."

"But Darling," Susan exclaimed, "you've just met *me!*"

"I have to go see Johnny Ross' widow," he said.

Susan said, "Oh," and Asa asked again, "Where's your home?"

"My mother," Andrew told him, "was from Ohio. My father came from Pennsylvania. They're both dead. I have no family."

Asa said, "Then you're coming home with us. You have a home at Highlands till both of you boys get squared away." And Andrew knew from the look Susan gave him that she, too, wanted it that way.

Andrew never felt completely at home at Highlands, the Eaton estate in the hills north of Greenwich, though he spent most of that Summer there and a good many vacations of the next three years while he and Hadley were in theological school. But even the Eatons, especially Hadley and Susan, were more like imperious guests in a lavish hotel than like a family in their own home.

There were cars in the garages, horses in the stables, a boat on the Sound, memberships at the yacht club and country club. But life and love were after-business pastimes.

One day that first summer Andrew and Susan sailed down to Larchmont and on the way back ran into light air. Susan dropped the sail and said, "There'll be wind in an hour or so," and got out the thermos and sandwiches. She sat opposite him, looking very young in horsetail, white blouse, brief blue shorts and bare feet, and ordered, "Tell me about you, Andy. All about you."

He grinned. "I was born in Saskatchewan. My mother was an Eskimo and my father had a walrus mustache. I had eight brothers, named after English kings. Henry I, Henry II, Henry—"

"Andy!" she said.

So he told her about his engineer father, who built dams, and his mother, who hungered for beauty and hated drab little towns and raw construction camps; who wanted Andrew to be a teacher or an artist.

"Tell me more about your father," Susan said.

Andrew told her about him, how he could outwork any man on the job, how he thought engineering had the answers to everything, how he encouraged Andy to behave like a man, even at the age of twelve. And he told how, because of Andrew's mother, he had quit the construction field and became a consulting engineer in Philadelphia.

"He shouldn't have!" Susan exclaimed.

"Mother was sick," Andrew said. "She died of leukemia the second summer in Philadelphia. We had a maid named Marie, and she told me I must pray for my mother's soul. The only prayer I knew was the Lord's Prayer. I said it a dozen times every night even after I went to boarding school."

"I didn't even know that much," Susan said, "when I went to boarding school. Hadley didn't either. . . . My mother divorced Father when I was sixteen and married a golf pro, of all things!"

Andrew told her how his father, bitter and lonely, had taken an Army commission when Andrew was sixteen, had been sent to the Pacific and stayed on in Japan, still in the service, till Andrew was a junior in college. "Then, just before midyear exams, he was killed in a plane crash on one of the outer islands. I got the War Department telegram and took it all right. Then, two weeks later, I got his last letter—he wrote to me only three or four times a year—and it threw me. I flunked two exams and had to take make-ups. The professors were very nice about it."

Sue looked at him for a moment, then said. "You're strong, aren't you, Andy? Strong inside. There are just two kinds of people, the strong ones who know what they want and take it, and the weaklings." Then she said, "There's a wind!" and reached for the sail.

As they started home she said, "Sometimes I feel as if Hadley had never come back from Korea, as if he were somebody else, a stranger. But you came back with him!" And, a little later, she said, "Korea seems an awfully funny place to get religion."

Andrew couldn't explain it to her. And neither he nor Hadley could explain it to Asa Eaton. Several times

that first summer Asa asked them, "What is this thing you are after? I've got religion myself, in a way, but I can't understand why a couple of boys like you want to make a life of it."

They tried to explain and failed. Asa finally said, "All right, so you've got something to sell. I say learn your product, whatever it is. If you can't sell it then, shift to some other line. So take this theology course."

They went ahead, three years of theology added to the four years of college already behind them. And all through the last year of it Hadley kept asking Andrew, "Are you sure this is it?" Andrew said, "Aren't you sure?" And Hadley said, "Yes, but I'm not sure I'm the one. I'm just a rich man's son trying to get through the needle's eye, and I'm not sure I can take anyone with me."

Susan became engaged that first autumn. When she broke it off just after Christmas, she announced, laughing, that she was going to marry Andrew. She made up a game about it. "When we are married, you won't forget that I loathe orchids and adore camellias. . . . When we are married, you'll learn to appreciate Franck and hate Stravinsky. . . . I'll learn to cook, when we are married." All very light, very gay, and everybody, even Hadley, laughed.

A year later she was engaged again. That one was so serious that Asa took the young man into his organization and began training him for an executive job. But Susan kept putting off the marriage, and finally she drove up to theological school, asked Andrew to take her to dinner and told him she had decided to go to France.

"Why?" he asked. "I thought you and Brad were getting married in June."

"I may not marry Brad," she said. "Ever. That's what I want to talk about. Don't you think it's a good idea for me to go abroad for a year?"

"It seems to me," he said carefully, "that it's your decision."

"Oh," she exclaimed, "don't be so impersonal, so remote! I came up just to ask you."

"Maybe," he said, "I'm not qualified to answer. I've never been engaged." He smiled. "I don't even know women very well. But marriage is a sacred thing, the epitome of love. And love is giving, sharing, cherishing. If one weren't sure about love—"

"I'm *not* sure," she said, "about me and Brad."

"Well, there's your answer."

She put her hand over his and said, "Andy, darling, you're the only one I can talk to. There's only you and Hadley and Father. I can't talk to Father, and Hadley isn't interested. He's so changed since he came back from Korea! He doesn't even *try* to understand. So that leaves you. You *do* understand me, don't you?"

"No!" He laughed.

"But you do! That's the awful part of it. You know me better than anyone else in the world. That's why I had to come see you. You *do* think I'd better go away, don't you?"

"If you're not sure about Brad, you had better find out."

She flew to France and was gone eight months. She came back and announced that she was all through with men. Forever. Hadley and Andrew finished their theological studies, Andrew came to Cameronville and Susan announced her engagement to Rodney Canfield.

At Highlands in April Andrew had thought Susan had her life in hand, at last. She was full of plans for marriage, and she seemed very happy about it. But the morning before Andrew came back to Cameronville she asked him to go for a ride with her.

It was a brisk morning and the horses pranced as they wound their way along the bridle trail back into the hills. But Susan was quiet until they came out on a hilltop overlooking the Sound. They got down and sat on a big rock and watched gray chase blue across the distant Sound under cloud shadows. Andrew was thinking that Sue had matured into a beautiful woman, thinking that Rodney Canfield was a very lucky man.

Then she turned to him with a puckish smile and said, "You should be all downcast, you know, utterly devastated."

"Must I?" he asked, matching her mood.

"Well, it would be polite. . . . Andy, I've always had a terrific crush on you. And you treated me like Little Sister."

He didn't know what to say. He had never seriously thought of Sue in that way. He hesitated, sorting his emotions and reaching for words.

"Say it!" she exclaimed. "You're safe. I'm as good as married to Rod." Her eyes crinkled almost shut with a laugh. "But any woman wants to be told she's desirable!"

"Susan," he said, still reaching for words, "I—I've never had the right to think of marrying you. So I didn't."

"The cagiest man I ever knew! Why didn't you have a right?"

He tried to laugh it aside. "I didn't even have a job."

"That's no reason." She got to her feet and slashed at a bush with her riding crop. As he stood up, she said, "Andy, you're so damned honorable I could shake you, sometimes. But I guess it's just a part of you." Then she laughed. "You never even kissed me as though you meant it. Didn't you ever want to?"

"Who wouldn't?" he said with a grin.

She was standing in front of him, almost in his arms, her face uplifted. He kissed her lightly, then tried to draw away; but she held him to her and pressed her lips against his for a long moment. Then she stepped back and said, "There! That's to remember!" She turned, caught her horse and mounted in one swift, easy motion.

They rode back to Highlands in silence and he put the horses away. At lunch Susan was her old, gay self, a bit more sparkling, a bit more provocative, but laughing and dominating the talk, which was all bright surface chatter. When he left, she went out to the car with him and didn't even hold up her cheek for the ritual kiss. She shook hands with him and said, "I won't even say goodby. I'll just say—remember!" One laughing flash of those gray eyes and she turned and went back into the house.

And now she was coming up here to see him. No longer engaged to Rod. But bringing Hadley, and for that he was grateful. He would be especially glad to see Hadley, who had stayed on at theological school last year and taught Biblical history and had done a little supply preaching this summer.

Yes, he thought, he would be glad to see Susan, too. He went back to his work, trying to revise the draft of the sermon he had written the night before. But it would be easier all around, he thought, if she were coming up in a different mood.

CHAPTER 3

The Picnic Committee meeting was called early, since Friday was bowling night on the hill. Twenty men gathered at the Legion Hall at 7:30, and as Andrew looked around the group, he couldn't tell which were from the

hill and which from the valley until he singled them out and placed them. Among the valley men was one who was vaguely familiar, a tall, dark man with a square jaw and a faintly truculent air. Andrew wasn't sure, but suspected he was a shop steward who had warned him to stay out of Factorytown last winter—Andrew had volunteered to work with a welfare group during an influenza epidemic that had stricken the valley. Toward the end of the first week this man, looking hollow-eyed and faintly gangsterish, had come to him and said, "Reverend, let me give you some good advice. Stay up on the hill."

"Why?" Andrew asked.

"We don't like slummers or spies, down here," the man said. "Some folks think you're spying for Hallowell."

Andrew remembered that Albert Hallowell had asked him the day before what the folks in Factorytown were saying. But he said to this man, "Do I look like a spy, or a slummer?"

"They come in all colors," the man said.

Andrew said, "Maybe you'd like to take my place and let me help in the dispensary. They can use another pair of hands."

The man half-smiled and turned away. When he had left, the nurse told Andrew his name was Sturczik and that he was helping in the dispensary every night, both he and his wife.

Andrew had stayed on, but he told Albert Hallowell nothing more about what Factorytown was saying or thinking. And he hadn't seen the man called Sturczik again; not until tonight, here at the Picnic meeting.

The meeting was called to order and Fred Hudson was nominated as the new chairman. It was the custom to alternate the chairmanship, hill and valley, and Hudson was shop foreman at the electrical equipment plant in Factorytown.

Hudson, a big, sandy-haired man, quickly named ten committees, each with one representative from the hill, one from the valley. Andrew was named to the committee on children's games. The other member was Lew Sturczik. As Sturczik's name was called, Andrew saw him look across the hall, smile, lift a hand in greeting.

The committees named, Chairman Hudson said, "The Picnic will be held at the usual place, John Cowdry's Meadow. The firemen will handle the fireworks. There'll be swimming for the kids in the brook, and I'll leave it to the two Scoutmasters to provide qualified lifeguards—we don't want any accidents. We'll hold the kids' games in the early afternoon so they'll have time to swim. There's going to be a softball game before we eat. Any questions?"

Somebody asked, "Can we have beer this year? For the ball players?"

"No beer," Hudson said.

"Just one keg?"

Hudson grinned. "One keg's not enough, two's too much. No beer. Any more questions?"

There weren't. Hudson said, "You committeemen get together and do your stuff. We'll have another meeting next Thursday night for reports. Meeting's adjourned."

Afterward, Andrew went over to Lew Sturczik, and Sturczik thrust out his hand. "Haven't seen you in quite a while, Reverend. How've you been?"

"Busy," Andrew said. Then he said, "Hudson certainly knows how to handle a meeting."

Sturczik smiled. "You can't say anything too good about Fred Hudson. He was my captain in the war."

"Army?" Andrew asked.

Sturczik nodded. "I was Hudson's aide. Master sergeant, same as you."

Andrew laughed. "How did you know that?"

"I hear things. How about we go somewhere and get a cup of coffee? And set up a program for the kiddos."

"Come over to my place," Andrew suggested.

"Why not?" Sturczik was more than agreeable; he was affable.

They went to the parsonage. Before they went inside, Sturczik paused and looked up at the church. Andrew saw his eyes follow the spire the way his own eyes always did. Slowly Sturczik shook his head, in awe. "They knew what they were doing," he said. "Not a bad line anywhere. And it adds up to something."

"Would you like to see the inside?"

"Yes."

Andrew opened the big front doors with their beautiful fanlight. The men went inside. The moonlight was a mellow radiance—it came through the tall windows in a soft, hazy glow and touched the paneled walls, the pews rubbed to a sheen by the years, the simple pulpit.

Sturczik whispered, "Beautiful!" and took a few steps down the aisle. He put his fingers on a pew and rubbed it. Andrew said, "I could turn on the lights," but Sturczik said, "No."

Sturczik stood several minutes in silence and then came back to Andrew in the entryway. As they returned to the parsonage he said, "My father made pews like that. I helped rub them down. But it takes years to give them that soft, mellow finish."

At the parsonage, Andrew put on a pot of coffee, glad to relax. He had been busy every evening that week, and today had been particularly heavy. Sturczik looked around the ample kitchen and the living room and said, "They built big in the old days, didn't they?"

"This living room," Andrew said, "used to be the front parlor. *This* was the living room." He opened folding doors to a room twice as big.

Sturczik whistled. "Big enough for a barn dance!"

Andrew brought the coffee. "So," he said, "your father used to build church pews. Where?"

"Boston . . . How did you get into preaching?"

"Something that happened in Korea."

Sturczik frowned and stirred his coffee. "I guess we all got a taste of it. . . . Got a paper and pencil?"

They made up a program of children's games, sack races, potato races, egg races, a tug of war. Sturczik said, "Not enough. Got to have enough events so every kid gets a prize of some kind or the whole thing's a bust." They added more, until Sturczik said, "That'll do it. . . . Wish a fellow I used to know was still around. I'd get him to bring a plane over and put on a little air show. When I was a kid I was nuts about planes. Then I got my fill. In the war. But kids still go for them. Mine do."

"How many have you?"

"Two. A boy of eight, a girl of ten. . . . How do you like it here?"

"Cameronville? I like it. But I haven't done all I wanted to with the church."

"You've only been here a year. What do you want to do? Work yourself out of a job?" Sturczik laughed.

"This is the community church, but there are lots of people I haven't been able to reach. You'd never even been inside the church until tonight."

"In religion, like politics and breakfast food," Sturczik said, "everybody doesn't like the same brand."

"You are talking about creeds, aren't you? Religion, to me, is faith in God, a power beyond yourself. That's all, really."

"Does anybody come down to that," Sturczik asked, "till the chips are down? Like in the war. When you had to have something to hold onto, it didn't much matter which chaplain you went to. But then, it didn't matter *then* whether you were Polish or Italian or Irish or Jewish or old New England, either."

"I doubt that it does with most people most of the time," Andrew said.

"You could be right. A few hotheads can mess it up for everybody. Take my union. Most of us just want

decent wages and decent jobs. We're reasonable. But a little handful raises all the hell."

"If people only knew each other better—" Andrew said.

"You've got something there!" Sturczik grinned. "Like you and me, last winter. Me throwing my weight around, just to see if you scared easy. You telling me off. We could have had a beaut of a scrap, over nothing. Because we didn't know each other." He frowned. "Kids know each other better than us grownups. You'd better start with the kids, if you want to pull this town together. You don't ever go to Jack's place, out on the River Road, do you, Reverend?"

"The River House? No."

"It's a dump, and Jack's a two-bit thug. But there's a juke box and a dance floor. Every night in the summer you'll find teenagers from all over town, both ends, down there. We stopped in the other night for a beer and those kids, the coke crowd, were having a square dance. Jack was fit to be tied!" He laughed. "What I mean is, those kids don't draw any line between hilltop and valley. If anybody had the brains, they'd open a decent place up here for those kids."

"Do you square dance?" Andrew asked.

"Me? I used to. Met Stella, my wife, at a square dance."

Andrew hesitated a moment, then asked, "Would you come, you and your wife, and bring a few sets of those teen-agers, if I held a square dance here?"

Sturczik frowned. "I don't know if they'd come. Some folks shy away from preachers the way they shy away from the word religion."

"What is religion," Andrew asked, "but the effort we all make to live according to the teachings of the Bible and to remember that there is a God?"

"You make it sound simple, Reverend." Sturczik got to his feet. "I wish we had someone like you pulling a church together down in the valley." He thrust out his hand.

"Come up and see how you like this church, some day," Andrew suggested.

"I may, at that. Or I may just come and look, from outside." Sturczik looked away, embarrassed. "I don't know whether you knew or not, but I was praying there in the church before. I haven't prayed in ten years." He turned to go.

"I may call you about that square dance," Andrew said.

Sturczik said, "I'm in the phone book."

Andrew washed the coffee cups, thinking of what Sturczik had said about the teen-agers. He considered the parish house, rejected it. The board had refused to let the parish house be used for community gatherings. But here in his own house—

He wondered how to get a group of youngsters from the hill. Then he thought of Janet.

It was only nine o'clock. He put on a jacket and started for Janet's house. She might flatly turn down his plan, but it was worth trying. If it worked, he would accomplish two things, one for the teen-agers, the other for Janet.

There was a light in her living room. Through the window he could see her on the couch, legs curled under her, reading. She looked almost like a teen-ager herself, relaxed and at ease. But the moment she opened the door and saw him, she tightened up and withdrew behind the psychic wall she always placed between them.

"Janet," he said, "I want to talk to you about some of your customers down at the library. The teen-agers."

"Yes?"

"May I come in?"

"Of course." Her voice was flat.

As they sat down opposite each other he said, "I understand the young crowd is going out to Jack's place, the River House."

"If they are," she said, "it's none of my business."

"It *is* mine."

"You can't leave anybody alone, can you? Why don't you stick to religion?"

"I try to. But religion is a way of life, not just a way of talking."

She smiled, a stiff smile. "So you want to close up the River House, because it isn't in your way of life."

"No. Perhaps I might want to, but I have no intention of attempting it. I'm thinking about the young folks who go there to dance. You know a good many of them, don't you?"

"Naturally. They come to the library, too. Most of them can read."

"Did you ever square dance, Janet?" he asked.

She frowned. "Yes. When I was a girl."

"That wasn't too long ago," Andrew said with a smile. "I was thinking of holding a square dance. For the crowd that goes to the River House."

"The hill crowd," Janet said.

"No. The whole crowd, hill *and* valley. Would they come, the ones you know?"

"You want to hold a square dance for a mixed crowd from both ends of town?"

"Yes."

"In the *parish house?*"

He smiled. "At my own house, the parsonage."

She laughed at him. "I thought you liked it here and intended to stay. I heard the board even gave you a raise."

"They did. . . . Will you help me with the square dance, Janet?"

"Why?"

"You know everybody. Will you pick out a group, two sets, and ask them to come?"

"It's not my party, Andy."

"Nor mine. It's going to be their party. A friend of mine says he will bring a group from Factorytown."

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"You realize how much trouble you are asking for, don't you?"

"Nobody seems to object to their square dancing down at the River House."

"The parsonage," she said, "isn't commonly thought of as another River House. And I don't think you are quite the same as Jack. You *are* the preacher, aren't you?"

"The minister. To this whole community."

"You seem to take in quite a lot of territory, but—"

"Ministry is service. Wherever it is needed."

"Wherever it is wanted," she amended.

He smiled. "Even a minister doesn't go around breaking down doors to offer help. He may climb over walls, but—Janet, will you help? And will you come as a chaperone?"

She thought for a moment; then some inner amusement began to light her face. There was a look in her eyes exactly like that in Peter's eyes when he was about to engage in mischief. It was the first time he had ever seen it in her, and it delighted him.

Impulsively, she struck a pose, drew in her cheeks, thinned her face, and looked down her nose as though peering through spectacles. "Disgraceful!" she exclaimed in a faintly nasal tone that was uncanny; she was Albert Hallowell, to perfection. "Utterly disgraceful! Andrew, what is the meaning of this?"

Quickly she ran her fingers through her hair, fluffed it, set her lips around imaginary dentures. Before she spoke a word he recognized the take-off of Elsie Cameron. "Desecration!" she exclaimed in Elsie's high voice and precise inflection. "You are desecrating our lovely old parsonage. Andrew! You naughty, naughty boy!"

Andrew laughed. The mimicry had been uncanny.

Suddenly Janet looked at him, stricken. "Oh!" she cried, "I shouldn't have! I shouldn't!"

"Why not?" Andrew asked. "You were wonderful."

She cupped her face in her hands. "Oh," she said, "I promised myself I'd never do it again. I can do the most vicious impersonations! But I haven't since—since I was on the air." She seemed truly distressed at herself.

"It's probably time you did a few more," Andrew said.

"No! No!" Then she gave him a rueful smile. "But that *is* what they will say, Andy."

"Maybe they will. Does it matter to you?"

Slowly, she shook her head.

"You will come, then?" He got to his feet. "You will pick a group and ask them to come?"

She considered for a moment and then said. "Yes, I think I will." Then she said, as if to herself, "Sometimes you get to the place where you'd like to throw stones at a greenhouse."

He left. When he looked back, through the window, she was still sitting in the chair, deep in thought.

Andrew went home and to bed, feeling a measure of triumph, feeling that for the first time and quite unexpectedly, he had got through for a few moments to the real Janet.

Weary, he went quickly to sleep. At 11:30 the telephone roused him.

It was Alexander Collcott, gruff old Dr. Collcott. "Mr. Lawrence," he said, "Do you want to help save a human life?"

"Of course!"

"Frank Hanover." Dr. Collcott had a professional brevity that neither minced nor wasted words. "You don't know him. Not a member of your church, or any church. Farmer. Diabetic, but we kept it under control till two weeks ago when he went into melancholia. Got the notion he had cancer. Took to bed. Refused to

Said he was dying."

Yes. What did you find wrong?"

"He has no cancer," Collcott said firmly. "But he stopped eating and developed belly cramps as a result. That deepened his fixation. Now he's lost the will to live. Praying for death. I've just come from there, and I've done all I can. Maybe you can help."

"I'll go out at once," Andrew said. "Where does he live?"

Dr. Collcott gave him directions.

A thin, red-eyed woman with graying hair let Andy in and said, "You're the new preacher. Doctor said he'd try to get you to come." The kitchen was neat and clean. "Frank," she said, "says he is going to die tonight."

She took Andrew to a dormered front bedroom where, by the glow from a hall light, he saw a big but emaciated man on the bed. The man opened his sunken eyes. His hands lay listlessly on the coverlet. He was about fifty-five. His wife said, "The new preacher has come to help you pray."

Andrew, at the bedside, said, "I want to ask God's guidance. He wants you to get well."

"Why?" Frank Hanover's voice was a hoarse whisper.

"He put you here to live."

"I've lived long enough."

"Are you the one to decide?"

Frank's eyes flashed momentarily in anger and defiance. Andrew knelt beside the bed. "Almighty and all-wise God," he prayed, "be with us. Be with this man. Show him Thy purpose. Tell him that life is precious, that You gave it and You will take it away when his tasks are finished. Be with him. Give him strength; give him courage. Renew in him the pride of life. In thy name, Amen."

As he stood up, Frank Hanover's lean jaw was set. "Go away," he growled, "and let me die in peace."

"You've been praying for death, haven't you?" Andrew asked.

"Yes!"

"Has God given you death? Haven't you had your answer?"

"Go away." Frank closed his eyes.

Andrew and Mrs. Hanover returned to the kitchen. She made a pot of tea and said it was good of him to come, since they were not of his congregation. But she was like someone in a trance, going through accustomed motions, saying expected things. Andrew had drunk half his cup of tea when Frank called him.

Andrew went upstairs, and Frank ordered him to pray again. For death. "You," Andrew said, "don't look to me like a coward, afraid of life or anything else." Then he prayed as before.

Frank growled, "Go away." But his voice was stronger.

Twice more he called Andrew, and the second time, when Andrew finished his prayer, Frank Hanover echoed his amen. A few minutes later he called for his wife.

When Mrs. Hanover came back there were tears in her eyes. "He's hungry," she said. "He wants to eat." There was awe in her words.

It was almost 2 o'clock when Frank Hanover asked for Andrew for the last time. He said, "Say that prayer again, Reverend," and as Andrew said it, Frank said most of the words after him.

When he stood up, Andrew saw tears in Frank Hanover's eyes. He looked at Andrew and his mouth worked for a moment as he groped for words he couldn't quite say. He reached for Andrew's hand, gripped it for a moment and closed his eyes and drew a sigh of ease and relief.

"I'll see you tomorrow," Andrew said.

As he went downstairs, he was so tired that he almost stumbled. He hadn't realized until now how tense he had been, how he had poured out his own energies for more than three hours, until this man had reached for and found God-given strength and courage again.

In the kitchen Mrs. Hanover wiped her eyes and said, as she went to the door with him, "Thank you, Reverend, though there aren't words to thank you proper. He's all I've got, and I've loved him ever since I was sixteen years old."

As he drove home Andrew thought: This is my purpose, to give strength through God. To serve. To repay my debt.

Then he thought of things he and Janet had said about religion and preachers and the ministry. His own words—Ministry is service. Wherever it is needed. And her amendment—Wherever it is wanted.

As he weighed the words he was surprised at how vividly he remembered Janet's voice and face as she talked. Her voice was vibrant, full of shadings, warm and rich. And he knew that for months he had thought, unknowingly, of her voice and her face every time he thought of her. Susan, he thought, did tricks with her voice, too, but they were always tricks. She played the hurt little girl or the sophisticate, but never with the subtleties that were natural to Janet. What was the difference? Something deeper, something inside? He used to think Sue's little tricks of voice and personality were amusing.

Was he just edgy tonight, tired?

He was tired, no doubt of that. He said again to himself, "Ministry is service. Wherever it is needed." And his weariness seemed to ease.

CHAPTER 4

Susan and Hadley arrived just after two o'clock on Saturday, with Susan at the wheel of Hadley's convertible. Her short hair was wind-blown, she had a golden-honey tan, and she didn't look at all "lorn" or downcast.

"Darling, we got here!" she exclaimed, and held up her cheek for Andrew's kiss.

Hadley came around the car and thrust out his hand. "How are you, boy?" he asked. The old comradeship was there, but a curtain of strain hung in his eyes. He was a wiry, nervous type, and Andrew noticed that he had let his hair grow out from the crew cut he had had last winter; it looked almost white against the deep tan of his face.

They went inside, and Hadley took his bag upstairs. Susan and Andrew went to the kitchen to get cold drinks. "Darling," she said, "I love your house. It's so nice and old-fashioned."

"Colonial," Andrew said.

"Same thing." She hugged his arm. "Umm, it's wonderful to see you! You're tired, but you're still the handsomest man I ever knew!" She laughed, the crinkly-eyed laugh, and then said seriously, "Andy, I'm worried about Hadley. He's in an awful funk."

"What happened?"

"Nothing! That's the trouble. Everything that's going to happen happened in Korea. It's all anticlimactic now. Everything!"

"He said that?"

"He doesn't talk. Just polite nothings. The stranger, being nice to everybody. And brooding. Darling, you've got to help him. He'll talk to you. That's why I brought him."

"I'll try, Sue, but—"

"You can help him. And darling, don't mind if I look sort of hushed. I've taken quite a beating, Hadley on top of everything else. Just forget about me, this once. I'll amuse myself."

"You never looked better in your life," Andrew said with a smile."

Hadley came back and Susan went upstairs. Andrew got a drink for him and said, "Well, how's it going? Fill in for me. All I know is that you've been supply-preaching and you've got a new plane."

Hadley grinned wryly. "The preaching?" He shook his head. "But the plane! You should see that ship!" He had been flying only two years, but this was his third plane.

"What's the matter with the preaching?" Andrew asked.

"I don't know. I guess I'm not cut out to be—"

The screen door slammed. Andrew looked up and saw Peter Ross in the living room, a fistful of wilting Queen Anne's Lace in his hand. He ran to Andrew and said, "Here!" and thrust the flowers at him.

"Why," Andrew said, "thank you, Peter!" He took the flowers, glad to see that they were not the kind Elsie Cameron grew in her garden.

Peter waited. Andrew ruffled his hair and thanked him again.

"Mother," Peter said, "gives me cookies for flowers."

"Give the boy a cooky," Hadley ordered with a laugh.

Andrew got a cooky and Peter mumbled his thanks and went into the living room and plumped himself on the couch.

"Friend of yours?" Hadley asked with a grin.

There was a shout at the front door, "Reverend!" and Mrs. Grimes walked in. She saw Hadley and said, "Oh, they're here." Andrew introduced her to Hadley just as Susan came downstairs, her hair combed and her lipstick freshened. Susan paused on the landing.

"And this," Andrew said, "is Susan Eaton. Mrs. Grimes."

Mrs. Grimes said, "Pleased to meet you." Andrew saw her eyes, which never missed a thing, appraise Susan, head to foot, and rest for a moment on Susan's left hand there on the newel post. Susan was wearing a large diamond on her engagement finger.

Susan said, "Oh, you're Mrs. Grimes! You're the one who has taken such good care of Andrew! I'm so glad to meet you."

Mrs. Grimes never basked in a compliment. She said, "Thank you." Then she turned to Andrew and asked, "Have you seen Peter? I was down at—"

Peter, quiet till then and unnoticed on the couch, shouted in childish glee. Mrs. Grimes turned and exclaimed, "You scamp!" and took him by the hand. "I was down at the market and I didn't take my eyes off him for a minute. But he's like a cricket. Well, Peter, come on. The chores are waiting." She nodded to Hadley, looked at Susan and the ring again, smiled and said, "So glad to know you."

When they had left, Susan said, "Well! It sounded like a hotel lobby down here. So that's Mrs. Grimes. I didn't know she had a little boy that young."

"That," Andrew said, "is Peter Ross, Johnny Ross's son."

"Not *the* Johnny Ross!" Susan exclaimed.

"Has it been that long?" Hadley asked.

Andrew nodded. "Mrs. Grimes takes care of Peter in the afternoon, while Janet works at the library."

"Janet?" Susan asked.

"Johnny's widow. She's the librarian here."

"Small world, isn't it?" Susan said. "Let's get out of here before any more guests arrive. I want to see the village."

"I have a country call to make some time this afternoon," Andrew said. "Why don't we drive out to the Hanover farm—it's not far—and then look at the village?"

On the way to the Hanovers', Andrew told them about the night before. Hadley listened intently and finally said, "So you saved this man's life with prayer?"

Andrew shook his head. "He saved his own life. All I did was help him find his own strength and courage."

"And they called you out at eleven-thirty?" Susan asked.

"After all," Andrew said, "that's my work. People turn to doctors and ministers when there's nowhere else to turn."

"And you didn't get back till after two. No wonder you look tired! You," Susan said firmly, "need someone to look after you."

Andrew laughed. "You wouldn't want the job."

"You could do worse," she said, making a face at him. And he thought of the fun they used to have, the three of them, laughing, joking, making believe. It was good to see them again, to feel the old light-hearted camaraderie.

He was in the Hanover farmhouse only a few minutes. Frank was asleep, but Mrs. Hanover told him the doctor had been there and said he was doing fine. "He had a good breakfast and some dinner," she said, "and he's talking about getting back to work! Oh, Reverend, it's a miracle! Just a miracle!" And Andrew left, feeling relieved and almost triumphant.

They came back to the village by way of Elsie Cameron's street. The Cameron house, a big, white, gambrel-roofed place, was set close to the street with a deep lawn behind it. "I like that house," Susan said. "Who lives there?"

Andrew told her and added, "She's the only woman member of my board, and also the village social leader."

"I want to meet her," Susan said.

Andrew parked at the curb. Elsie Cameron was on the side terrace, a birdlike little woman with a beak of a nose and hair blued almost to azure. "Andrew!" she exclaimed as she got up to meet them. "What a pleasant surprise!"

Andrew introduced his guests to her, and Mrs. Cameron insisted they must sit down and have a cold drink. Susan said, "We're just out looking at the village. I had to see where Andrew works." She sat down in one of the terrace chairs and folded her hands in her lap.

"Of course you do," Elsie said. Andrew saw her quick eyes go to Susan's left hand. Then she went to the doorway and called. "Ellen, we have guests! Bring the iced tea and four glasses." She came back and sat down and beamed at them and said, "Eaton. You're from Greenwich, aren't you? I'm sure my husband, when he was alive, knew your father. He knew everyone important." Her eyes kept going to Susan's hands. "What a lovely, unusual ring," she said.

"Yes," Susan said, "isn't it?" She glanced down at her hand and looked up with a pleased, innocent smile.

Andrew looked at the ring and was sure it was the baguette old Asa had given her for her birthday two years before. Susan saw his look and gave him a guileless smile.

Mrs. Cameron turned to him, beaming. "I'm so glad you brought her to meet me, Andrew. She's lovely." Before he could make any answer, she turned back to Susan and said, "We are very proud of Andrew. He's making a name for himself here."

Then Ellen came with the iced tea.

They sat on the terrace and talked and sipped their drinks for half an hour. Mrs. Cameron chattered about herself, the village, the gardens. Andrew noticed, however, that she adroitly inserted questions and got answers about the Eatons. She drew Susan out and she deftly kept Hadley in the conversation. She asked if he had been an aviator in the war. "You are the daredevil type, you know!" And Hadley smiled politely and explained that he'd taken up flying since the war. It was all very light and casual. And finally Mrs. Cameron said she wished she could go along and show Susan the village. "I'm one of the town's landmarks, you know," she said with a laugh. "My family has been here two hundred years."

"Please come," Susan urged her. "Tell me about it."

She needed little urging. She had obviously decided that Susan was to be her protegée. They went, the four of them, Elsie keeping up a running fire of comment.

"Now, this is the Hallowell house. I want you to know the Hallowells, Susan. He is president of the bank and head of Andrew's board. See those small panes in the windows? Old glass, very rare nowadays. . . . That's the Burwell house, the one with the leaded windows and all the dormers. The Crowells live there, but it's still called the Burwell house. It used to be a tavern, and it still looks like a tavern, don't you think? The Crowells are new. . . . And that's George Coe's place. You'll like Mrs. Coe. George is a lawyer, grandson of a state supreme court justice. . . . That's the Doran place over there, the one with the quaint bevelly jog. . . . And this is the Eddy house. It was built the same year mine was."

They spent almost two hours touring the village. Then Andrew turned down a side street to show Hadley the view out across the valley, and Susan exclaimed, "Stop! There is the cutest house I've seen. It's perfect!"

Andrew slowed down as Susan pointed to a weathered red saltbox behind a hedge of old lilacs. Mrs. Cameron said, "That cottage used to be lovely. My great-great uncle built it."

"Then we can go inside, can't we?"

Mrs. Cameron stiffened. "Unfortunately," she said, "it belongs to someone else. A Mrs. Ross. I hear it's run down."

"Janet Ross," Andrew said to Hadley, and he drove on.

On the way back to Mrs. Cameron's house she said she would love to have them stay for dinner with her. But Susan said they couldn't think of it on such short notice. "We have reservations at the Inn," she added.

Mrs. Cameron said, "Of course," and smiled benignly. Then she said, "Andrew, you must have Susan up again very soon. I want you to be my house guest, dear, and I'll see that you meet all the people you should know."

"I'd love to," Susan said.

"The Fourth of July Picnic!" Mrs. Cameron exclaimed. "You must be here for that, musn't she, Andrew?" She turned to Hadley. "And you too. Bring Susan up in your little plane, and—"

"That," Susan said with a laugh, "is out. I never fly with Hadley."

"I will," Mrs. Cameron announced. "I have decided the airplane is here to stay." She laughed at her own quip, and Hadley smiled politely. "You bring your plane and take me for a ride. There, I have dates with both of you!"

Andrew wanted to tell Mrs. Cameron that she was taking too much for granted, that Susan was just having her special kind of fun and leading her on, but this didn't seem quite the time to say that. Then they arrived at Mrs. Cameron's house, and Hadley helped her out of the car. Susan said, "It's been so nice meeting you and having you show us around."

"Hasn't it been fun?" Mrs. Cameron said. "I'm so glad Andrew brought you to meet me first. . . . I'll expect you for the Picnic." And she left them.

Susan said, "Let's go right down to the Inn. I want to freshen up, and I should check in anyway." And Andrew knew he wasn't going to have a chance to see her alone. He wanted to tell Susan to stop playing games, particularly in front of other people. She had done it before, between engagements, and it had been amusing. But he had an uneasy feeling that it had gone too far, with Mrs. Cameron, to be amusing. But he hesitated even to mention it before Hadley. Maybe he had been imagining things, anyway. Rather than make too much of it, he said nothing.

Saturday night dinner at the Inn was a summer custom in Cameronville, and the dining room was crowded. Susan had changed into a full-skirted white dress, a filmy, flame-colored stole its only accent. The dress was virginal, but the stole was dramatic, and as they walked into the dining room, everyone saw her on Andrew's arm. She looked

up at him and whispered. "Darling, we seem to be making an entrance!" But she loved it.

In a way, the dinner reminded Andrew of that dinner party in San Francisco, when he and Hadley had returned from Korea. Susan was now, as she had been then, weaving a shimmering web around them all. But now she didn't have to try to draw Andrew into the web of talk. He was there, he was one of them. He could join in. Hadley was drawn into the circle most of the time, but the mood didn't hold. He was amused by Susan, and he watched Andrew with a smile: but from time to time he sat back and listened impersonally, as though all of this were of no consequence. That, apparently, was what Sue had meant—a stranger, brooding.

After dessert and leisurely coffee, Susan turned to Andrew and said. "I have a beast of a headache. Too much sun and traffic. And not enough sleep. I've decided to stay right here and go to my room." She glanced at Hadley. "You two can have the whole evening."

They went out to the lobby and Susan got her key. Hadley had gone to the door and was staring moodily outdoors. She said to Andrew, "I'll have breakfast here. You'll be busy. Have Hadley pick me up around tennish." She blew him a kiss, said, "See you in church," and hurried up the stairway.

He and Hadley got in the car. Hadley said, "Like old times. Susy puts on quite an act. Sometimes I think even she believes it." He was silent for a moment, then said. "Andy, you played it right, coming to this town. I envy you."

"Envy me, why?"

"Living here and having everything in place. You've got it straight with yourself. It was quite a jolt, seeing Johnny's little boy. It brought it all back. What's his mother like? She's not like Johnny, or she wouldn't be up here."

"Janet? Oh, she's a very nice girl. Quiet, keeps to herself. Still young. She was just a kid when Johnny married her. She must have been full of dreams, and you can imagine what Johnny would do to a girl with dreams."

"Yes."

"She seems to have tried to resign from the world, not have any more dreams. She's just beginning to come out of it."

"How'd she happen to come here?"

"An aunt left her the house."

"This is the street she lives on, isn't it? Why don't we stop? I'd like to meet her."

So they stopped at Janet's house. She and Peter were out on the front lawn with a hose. Peter, in bathing trunks, had been running through the spray and now was holding the hose. Janet, in a pink and white sun-back dress, was supervising.

Peter recognized Andrew as the car nosed into the driveway, and shouted happily. Janet looked up just as Peter, in his excitement, swung the hose and drenched her.

"Peter!" she shouted. "Stop it!"

Andrew leaped from the car and caught the hose from Peter just in time to avoid a soaking himself. He hurried to the faucet and turned it off.

Hadley got out of the car. Andrew introduced them and Hadley, laughing, took Janet's wet hand. She was soaked. "You *would* stop in with a guest at a time like this!" she exclaimed to Andrew. "It's a kind of wet greeting," she said to Hadley, "but how do you do." She shook the water from her hair but there was nothing she could do about her dress. "Peter hasn't the least idea how to handle a hose."

"We passed your house this afternoon," Hadley said, "and admired it. I asked Andy to stop now, to meet you."

"Thanks. Won't you come in?"

"Some other time," Hadley said.

"I heard you were here. You and you sister?"

"That's right. We met Peter over at the parsonage this afternoon."

"So Mrs. Grimes said." She glanced at Andrew.

"Peter brought me some flowers," Andrew said. "Wild ones."

She laughed. "He's learning. Now if he just learns about hoses! Are you staying long?"

"Just the weekend."

They talked a few more minutes, then said their good-by's and went on to the parsonage.

"She's attractive, Andy," Hadley said. "That girl's got something."

"Yes, when she learns not to be afraid of life," Andrew said.

They went to the parsonage porch and sat on the porch chairs. The quiet dusk had begun to settle over the village. Andrew lay back and tried to relax, but Hadley sat with his chin in his hands. At last he said, "It was a long time ago, Andy. Forever."

"Just a few years," Andrew said.

"Forever," Hadley repeated.

"Isn't it all relative?" Andrew asked. "Those twenty-two days we were lost were an eternity, at the time."

Hadley nodded and after a moment said, "I've found another eternity, Andy. It's relative, too, but it's real."

"Where?"

"In the air. You find it in your church. I find it flying. I take off and begin to climb, and I leave everything behind. I keep climbing, and it's God and I. I live an eternity up there. No sense of time, none. Then I come down, and maybe it's been only half an hour."

"That's understandable."

"Not unless you've been there, Andy, alone." After a moment he said, "You've got your convictions. I'm afraid I haven't. They keep slipping away, except up there. You've got something you can share. That's the difference. I haven't. So I run away, upstairs, go flying, so that I won't be afraid."

"Afraid of what?"

"Failure. Sure. I know it sounds ridiculous. But you didn't grow up the way I did, with success all around.

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Success, the thing you depend on. Then in Korea we hit a crisis where I couldn't buy my way out. I had to find some other way. So we found it, you and I, together. Then I had to come back and make a success, being an Eaton. You don't understand that, do you?"

"Not completely."

"Sue's the same way, except that she never had the big crisis. She doesn't understand. Neither does Father. They figure that, because I'm an Eaton, I must be tough, realistic. I should know what I want and go get it. And it's not that simple, for me."

"Is it ever that simple, for anyone?"

"For them it is." Hadley laughed wryly. "But I'm the Eaton who started somewhere and never arrived. I can't even get back, now, and be the way they are. I'm not sure I want to get back. I'm letting the family down. Not that it matters too much. I used to think it mattered to Sue, but—" He paused.

"It still matters to her," Andrew said.

Hadley shook his head. "Not really. Sue'll do all right for herself. She did very well today, didn't she?"

"She put me in a spot," Andrew said. "I wish she hadn't played the old game quite so blatantly. I'll have a lot of explaining to do."

Hadley laughed. "It's all yours, boy. I make it my business to keep strictly out of such matters." He was silent a long moment and then said, "Maybe it should have been I instead of Johnny Ross."

"You don't mean that!" Andrew exclaimed.

"I said maybe. I don't know. Sometimes I feel like a spare part in a scheme that doesn't need me."

"You admit there is a scheme, though?"

"There has to be. There's purpose. Purpose so big, so magnificent, maybe we can't ever grasp it. Maybe it's beyond us. Maybe all we can do is believe and go along and touch the big now and then. And keep trying."

"Have you ever preached that sermon?"

"I couldn't."

After a moment Andrew asked, "Did you ever think of passing up the ministry and going into the business with your father?"

"That," Hadley said, "leads precisely nowhere. I can't even get back to that. Besides, Sue inherited the business brains in this family, not I." He shrugged. "You see where that leaves me?"

"It leaves you," Andrew said, "with your own faith. Maybe that's enough. That's a good deal, you know."

Hadley didn't answer. Dark had settled around them, but Andrew saw him bow his head and knew he was praying. Andrew himself prayed silently that Hadley might find the way, the reason, the purpose. And a little later they went inside and Hadley said, "I'm going to get some sleep. I was too jumpy even to take the wheel on the way up. . . . Good night."

After the morning church service Susan waited beside Andrew while he greeted the rest of the congregation as they left. Then she and Hadley went with him to the vestry. He took off his robe, put on his jacket and invited them across to the parsonage.

"You were splendid!" Susan exclaimed. "Perfectly splendid! I heard comments everywhere. And I met lots of people. Andy, I looked nice, didn't I? Quiet, and a proper credit to you."

"You looked charming."

"I looked adorable, and you know it!" She wrinkled her nose at him.

"All right," he laughed, "so you looked adorable."

"And you," she said, "looked every inch the successful minister who is going places. Andy, you looked positively dedicated!"

"He is," Hadley said. It was his first comment.

They had dinner at the Inn, a quiet dinner. Susan was pleased with herself and with the world. But she had put on a demure Sunday air at church and she kept it on all through dinner.

They went back to the parsonage and Hadley went upstairs to get his bag. It was the first moment Andrew had had alone with her since those few minutes when they arrived. She said, "You and Hadley talked last night, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"And you helped him. He's almost himself today. Oh, Andy, we can't let him go off into that half-world of his! We're not going to let him."

"Of course not. . . . Sue, I wish you'd—"

"Oh, I had a lovely time! Really I did. Darling, it's all going to work out. Everything's going—"

"Sue," he said, "I wish you'd stop playing games. Up here, especially, with other people."

"Games?" She laughed at him. "Why, Andy, I don't know what you're talking about! We're not playing games, are we?"

Hadley came downstairs. Susan's lips were still smiling, but Andrew saw that there was no laughter in her grey eyes, none at all.

They went out to the car and Hadley said, "I'm driving." He thrust his hand out to Andrew. "I still envy you," he said and got behind the wheel. Andrew opened the car door for Susan. Then they were gone.

Andrew went back inside and up to his study. He sat for a long time staring at nothing in particular. Her words kept coming back—*Games? We're not playing games, are we?* And he remembered her words on the telephone—*You've spoiled all the other men for me.* He saw the look in her eyes, the smiling lips and the serious eyes.

She hadn't said one thing in all the time she had been there for which he could call her to account. But she had left implications everywhere. With Mrs. Grimes, with Elsie Cameron, with everyone at the Inn last night. If she hadn't been playing games, what was she doing? He felt lost in a situation of complete unreality. Or was it?

CHAPTER 5

Andrew scheduled his square dance for the last Tuesday in June. Lew Sturczik said he would bring two sets from Factorytown and Janet said she had two sets from the hill, sixteen couples in all. Sturczik had asked if he could bring an accordionist to supplement the records Andrew planned to use.

It was one of Mrs. Grimes' "days," and when she arrived that morning, she was quieter than usual. She did say, "Guess I'd better clean out the corners today. I've got three speeds, the once over, the pretty good and the works. You'll get the works this time." And a little later she said, "If you'll stop at the market and get the refreshments, I'll get them ready."

"I wish I could help," Andrew said, "but I have a busy morning."

"You'd just be in the way. I see you brought some of them folding chairs over from the parish house." She went to the closet and got out the vacuum cleaner. "Did your guests have a good time?" she asked, almost too casually.

"They seemed to." He knew she would have questions to ask. "They're old friends. Practically family."

"Yes? She's a pretty girl. I was tempted to tell her she was lucky to get you."

Andrew laughed. "I'm afraid you misunderstood. I'm not engaged to Susan."

"You're not? She had that big ring on. Practically flashed it at me."

"That's a ring her father gave her," he said.

"Oh? Funny she'd wear it on that hand."

As she looked at him, he had the uneasy feeling that she didn't believe a word of it. And he thought—if I told her Sue was just making believe, she would think I was crazy. So he said, "No, we're not engaged. Sue's just—just an old friend." Even that sounded wrong.

Mrs. Grimes picked up a dusting cloth. He said, "I wish you would change your mind and come to the party tonight."

"No. I'm baby-sitting."

"Janet could bring Peter and put him to sleep upstairs."

She shook her head. "Then she'd just be a mother. Time that girl had some fun all by herself, without him to think about." She glanced at Andrew almost accusingly. "She shouldn't live all bottled up, the way she does. Anybody needs some love in their life." She picked up the vacuum cleaner. "You go ahead with your work. I'll take care of the house." And she went upstairs.

Andrew spent an hour and a half making sick calls. Then he had a wedding rehearsal, a morning rehearsal because there was a celebration for the wedding party that night. That took until eleven-thirty. He hurried to the market and got back to the parsonage just as Mrs. Grimes was finishing the big living room.

"There," she said, flicking the last windowsill with a dust cloth, "that'll have to do. Nobody's going to look too close. Take those packages in the kitchen." She sighed. "There were six phone calls. I left the numbers on your desk. I don't see how you get anything done with that dratted phone!"

He left the cheeses, the cold cuts and the crackers in the kitchen and went to his study and answered four of the phone calls before Mrs. Grimes shouted from the foot of the stairs. "I'm going, Reverend. Have a good party."

He had to attend a business men's luncheon, which lasted until one-thirty. When he returned from that, a strange car was parked in front of the parsonage, a big car on which, as he came closer, he saw the Eaton license plates. Asa Eaton was waiting for him on the front porch.

Andrew hurried up the steps, wondering what emergency had brought old Asa here.

Asa smiled and held out his hand. "Andy! It's good to see you, son. I was up this way and decided to drop in to see how you were doing."

"I hope you haven't been waiting long."

"Ten minutes," Asa said.

Asa Eaton never went driving aimlessly. Andrew knew he wouldn't have come all the way to Cameronville just to say hello.

They went inside and Asa took a quick look around. "A big place," he said, "for one man to live alone. Haven't you got any help?"

"Part time," Andrew said. "How are things at Highlands?"

"About the same." Then Asa said, "Andy, I'm worried about Hadley. What did you think when he was up here?"

So, Andrew thought, that's why he's here. Hadley. "I thought," he said, "that he hadn't quite found himself."

"Right! Andy, that boy isn't getting anywhere. You know how I went along with this theology thing. All the way. But it didn't pan out. Not for Hadley. I don't know about you, but you're the type who would make good at anything. You like it here?"

"Yes, I'm happy in my work, Asa."

"Why? This isn't much of a setup. Where do you expect to go from here?"

Andrew laughed. "There's enough to be done here to keep me busy for quite a while."

"You'd find work anywhere, Andy. You're like me." He laughed, a hearty, explosive laugh. "About Hadley, I've probably spoiled him. Susan, too. But that's a father's prerogative. I should have insisted that Hadley come into the business, but I didn't. So what do we do? Take the facts as they lie and work from there. Now look, son, you know the way I approach a problem. Get the facts, break them down, see how they add up. Then proceed."

"Yes?"

"I've got a proposition, Andy. I've come to you because in a way you're the key man. Now, any proposition has two sides; it's a *quid pro quo*, a two-way deal. I'll be honest with you. I want something. I want Hadley straightened out." Asa was the salesman, Madison Avenue selling a package, blunt and direct, at least on the surface.

"Mr Eaton—" Andrew began.

Asa lifted his hand. "Now wait, Andy. Let me present it. Get the whole picture." He began to tick off his points on his fingers. "First, you boys want to sell religion. That's what you're trained for. Second, you can't sell anything without reaching the mass market. I mean really sell. Third, there is a mass market, even for religion. A market that is hardly being touched. All right, there's the situation. The problem is how to reach that mass market. And I've got the answer. I've got all the figures." He paused for the dramatic moment and then said, "Revivalism!"

Andrew was stunned. He didn't know what to say.

Asa smiled. "I don't mean the old back-country revivalism. I mean modern evangelism, streamlined and with a tight organization and real promotion. Look, Andy, I know what I'm talking about. I've got the figures. And here's my proposition. I'll set you two boys up, you and Hadley, as a revivalist team. I'll set up an organization that will put you across, big. I'll foot the bills, back you to the last penny, till you get it rolling."

Andrew slowly shook his head. He reached for words to tell old Asa that this wasn't the answer. This wasn't the way, for Hadley or for him.

"Don't!" Asa exclaimed. "Don't make any snap decision. I want you to think this over. It's too big for an offhand answer."

"Have you suggested this to Hadley?"

"I told him last night."

"What did he say?"

Asa didn't answer the question. "Andy," he said, "if you go into it, he'll come along." Asa was pleading now, not selling.

"Don't turn me down, son. Think it through, from all the angles. It can make you, Andy. It can put you in the big time." Then he added, "Susan is all for it."

Andrew thought for a moment before he said, "When Hadley was up here, I suggested that he forget about the ministry and go into the business with you."

"You did?" Asa didn't try to mask his surprise. "You said that? What did he say?"

"He said that wasn't the way out for him."

"Andy," Asa said, "you know what the business means to me. If I thought there was any chance of keeping it in the family when I retire—why, son, that's always been my dream! I told you a little while ago that you were my kind of man. There's nothing that would please me more than to have you and Hadley, both of you, come in with me—"

"I am in the ministry to stay," Andrew said carefully. "This is my job, my life. But I appreciate the offer."

Asa sat staring at the floor. Finally he said, almost to himself, "I wish I had you on my team." He slowly shook his head and looked at Andrew with a forced smile. "I like a man who knows his own mind. But I didn't come up here to get an answer today." He got to his feet.

"Think it over, Andy. Propositions like this don't come every day."

Andrew went out to the car with him. Asa took his hand and held it while he said, "It's good seeing you, son. Come down to see us." He got into the car and started the motor. Behind the wheel, in command, he was the old Asa again. "Let me know," he said, "when you decide."

When Asa had gone, Andrew went over the things he had said. Remembered, they sounded fantastic. They were fantastic, but Asa believed in them so completely, they were so real a part of him that, when he said them, you couldn't laugh or be indignant. That idea of a high-pressure evangelist team selling religion like soap or automobiles—why, to Andrew the very thought violated all the decencies of religion! Yet, to Asa, it was not only plausible; it was the direct approach, the logical way. It was the key to Hadley and his problems; Hadley was Asa's son and he had grown up dominated by Asa's view of life. He was trapped between Asa's point of view and his own beliefs, without the strength to decide between them. No wonder Hadley was lost.

Was it the key to Susan, too? Susan, who said there were two kinds of people, the strong ones and the weaklings. The strong ones, who knew what they wanted, and took it. And the others. Was Sue like Asa? Was he, Andrew, what she wanted? If so, why?

He went to his study and made the two telephone calls he hadn't had time for before lunch. One of the calls was to George Coe, who said he just thought Andrew would be glad to know that his friend, Hadley Eaton, was going to bring his plane up for the Picnic. "Going to put on a little air show for us," George said. "I've been trying for two days to get hold of him, and I finally got him!" Andrew wondered how much of a part Elsie Cameron had had in getting Hadley to come.

The other call was from the music store and record shop. The square dance records they had promised to get had come in that morning. Andrew said he would pick them up, thinking that, while he was out, he would finish his list of sick calls and stop to visit two families that had just moved into town. Then he would come home, have dinner and get ready for the dance which was to start at eight-thirty. Janet and the Sturcziks had promised to arrive soon after eight.

Janet was the first to appear. She was wearing a full cotton skirt, a pink blouse and sandals, and she looked just about twenty years old . . . until she laughed. Then she looked younger. Watching her as she helped him get out the refreshments and arrange them on platters, Andrew thought of Hadley's words—That girl's got something. Those were words that Andrew had felt for a long time, but never said.

Janet was putting the glasses on a big tray when Lew Sturczik and his wife arrived, together with another couple. Lew made the introductions. Stella, his wife, was a slender blonde, perhaps thirty years old. Bill Hrobak, the accordionist, was as tall as Andrew, wore his dark hair in a crew cut and looked like a college senior. Grace Hrobak, Bill's wife, was a plump, shy brunette.

Janet and Stella Sturczik liked each other from the start.

Hrobak and his wife went to look at the record player, and Sturczik said to Andrew, "Bill designs players down at the plant. He's a genius at circuits."

Groups of youngsters began to arrive. Three couples from the hill were first. They were scarcely in the room when two couples from the valley came in. One of the hill boys shouted, "Hi, Stan! Hey, boy, how's the kid?" Stan, whoever he was, said, "Apathusiastic, just plain apathusiastic," and both groups laughed. Then they saw Bill Hrobak and everybody cheered.

Then they came in groups and clusters, and Andrew never did know which were hilltoppers and which were valleyites. Some came over and said "hello" to Andrew and introduced themselves. Others just made themselves at home.

A group of three came in, a young married couple and a girl of perhaps sixteen, a blonde beauty in a blue jumper dress. They were still in the doorway when some boy gave a piercing wolf whistle and someone else cried, "Yea, Patsy Hovera! How did you get out?"

Patsy, the girl in the jumper dress, laughed and said, "Pop let me come because it's the minister's house." And the cry went up, "Yea, Minister!"

While he had their attention, Andrew said, "I'm glad to see so many of you here. I hope this is the first of a lot of parties we can have. It's too warm for jackets, boys. Take them off. And pick your partners and form your sets."

As the sets began to form, Andrew went to the record player. Bill Hrobak was already there, a record ready to run. "Get your girl, Mr. Lawrence," Bill said with a grin. "I'll run this."

Three full sets of four couples each were on the floor and a fourth was forming. Somebody shouted, "One more couple here! One more couple!"

Janet was at the pantry door. Andrew called her and they joined the set.

He hadn't square danced since college, but, before the first order to swing your partner, both he and Janet were in the pattern. Janet was an excellent dancer, and tonight she wasn't the village librarian. She was a square dancer, a part of the whirling, happy pattern, caught up in the dance and the music.

When the set had ended she exclaimed, "Oh, that was fun! More fun than I've had in—in ages!" Then she said, "Oh, Andy, it's going to be a good party. It was a wonderful idea!"

Everybody else seemed to feel the same way. Andrew danced the second set with Stella Sturczik, then took over the record player while Bill Hrobak danced two sets. And then it was time for refreshments. Stella and Janet brought out the trays and Andrew brought the glasses. The boys queued up for plates and glasses for themselves and their partners, and for ten minutes all was laughter and talk. Then the boys began to chant, "We want Hrobak! We want Hrobak!"

So Bill Hrobak shouldered into his accordion straps and played and called one dance for them, a fast, intricate dance with which the youngsters seemed familiar. It ended with the dancers breathless, but in a moment they began to shout, "More!"

Bill shook his head and slid out of his harness. "After the next square," he said, "I'll play a polka."

So they danced another square to the player. Then Sturczik came over to Andrew and Janet and asked, "Do you two polka?"

"I used to," Andrew said, "a long time back." He turned to Janet. "How about it?"

"Let's try," she said.

Bill started the music, and after a few steps Andrew began to remember. Janet led through the more difficult parts. But within two minutes they were dancing like a team which had danced together for years, both caught up in the music, the flow and grace of the polka pattern. The youngsters on the sidelines watched, but instead of joining in, they began to clap in time to the music.

Nobody heard the step on the porch. Andrew did not know that anything was wrong until the clapping stopped, and the music sighed away to silence. Andrew turned, Janet still in his arms, and saw Albert Hallowell in the doorway. Albert was white-faced and disapproving. It was so quiet that Andrew could hear Albert's quick, angry breathing, like little snorts.

"Well!" Albert exclaimed. "Well, what's going on here?"

Andrew walked toward him. "I'm having a little party, Mr. Hallowell," he said. "Won't you join us?"

Albert forced a frigid little smile. "No, thank you," he said in an icy tone. He looked around the room, as though identifying and listing everyone there.

"I'm sure you know most of these friends of mine," Andrew said.

Albert turned to him again. His lips were a thin line across his pink face. "I suppose you are aware," he said, "that you have been creating a disturbance. On church property."

"No," Andrew said, "I wasn't aware of any disturbance. Music and laughter, but no disturbance."

Albert gave him that icy smile again. "We shall discuss this later, Mr. Lawrence," he said stiffly, and he turned and walked out.

The room was so quiet that Andrew could hear Albert Hallowell's footsteps all the way down the front walk. Then Andrew turned to the room with a smile and said, "I'm sorry for the interruption, but suppose we go back to the polka."

He nodded to Bill. Bill began to play again, but softly and slowly. Four couples danced, but there was no more clapping from the sidelines. The fun, the spontaneity, had all gone out with Albert Hallowell. A few more minutes and Bill let the music die away.

Andrew looked around the room and said, "All right, then, how about another square?"

There was no answer, only an uneasy silence. Andrew glanced at Lew Sturczik. Lew shook his head. Andrew went over to him and Stella.

Lew said, "It's getting late," and glanced at Stella. She said, "Yes, we'd better get home to the kids."

They said good-night, and left with Bill and Grace Hrobak. Then all the young folk queued up to say good-night to Andrew. They shook hands and said their thank-you's and quietly left.

When the last of them had gone Andrew heard somebody washing dishes in the kitchen. It was Janet. He said, "You don't have to do that. I'll clean up."

"Get a fresh dish towel," she said, "if you want to help."

He began drying plates. Janet said, "I can't understand how he could do a thing like that."

"Who?"

"Albert Hallowell!"

"Albert was just checking in."

"He broke up the party, and you know it!" She reached for another pile of plates. "And it was a good party. They loved it."

"They seemed to have a good time. Did you?"

She didn't answer. Instead she said, "You handled the situation very well. I don't see how you held your temper."

Andrew laughed. "What did you expect me to do? Throw him out?"

"The way he looked at me!" she exclaimed. "And at Mr. Sturczik!"

"For a moment," Andrew said, "I thought I was going to laugh at him. I remembered your imitation."

"I knew that's what he would say," Janet said. "But at least Elsie Cameron didn't come with him." She finished the plates and reached to take the dish towel from him. He held it back and she reached for it again, and suddenly his arm was around her. She was close to him and laughing, her face so close he could have kissed her. For just an instant she was warm and yielding. Then she drew back and slipped away.

She went to the drawer and got a fresh dish towel. When she came back, her face was flushed, but she said nothing, and she kept a little apart from him.

Andrew was trying to sort out his own emotions, but they didn't sort easily. His sudden desire to take Janet in his arms, to hold her, to kiss her, was as natural as any hunger he had ever had. It wasn't something to be sorted out and classified. It just *was*, and—

"He'll try to get you fired," she was saying.

"Hallowell?" Andrew caught his breath. "Well, I can get another job, if I have to. If I want to. Janet, I—"

"Would you leave Cameronville?"

"I was offered a job in New York today."

"Oh."

"I was also offered a traveling job."

"But—Cameronville needs you, Andy." Then she exclaimed. "Oh, I hate stuffy people and stuffy places!"

"We all hate stuffiness, don't we?"

"You don't seem to hate anybody!"

"I don't like some ideas. Stuffiness, smugness, intolerance. But it's the ideas, not the people."

"People," she said, "can kill you. Kill you inside! They can rip your heart out and ruin your whole life! You don't hate people like that?"

"You can't live with hate," he said. "I try to live by understanding. By love. Janet, I love you." He hadn't expected to say it. He had thought it, and it came from away down deep, and then there it was, in words.

For a moment he thought she was going to cry. Her lips trembled, and for an instant her eyes met his, both hurt and hunger in them. He reached toward her, but she turned and hurried to the door.

"Janet!" he called. "I'll take you home!"

But she was gone, down the porch steps, out to her car. The motor roared, the tires spun gravel. She whipped the car out of the driveway and down the street, forgetting to turn on the lights until she reached the corner.

Andrew stood there on the porch, wanting to run after her. He wanted to tell her about Susan. He wanted to tell her about the Eatons and himself and everything. And he knew, finally, that he couldn't tell her because it was all confused in his own mind. The only thing he knew without confusion was that Susan wasn't what he wanted, and that Janet was.

At last, alone there in the darkness, he murmured, "Oh, God, give me understanding. And give her peace; give her love." His hands were firmly clasped.

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CHAPTER 6

Andrew was taking the last armload of folding chairs back to the parish house the next morning when Will Bradford, the editor, stopped by. Bradford greeted him and said, "I hear you had a dance here last night."

"Yes," Andrew said, "we did. How did you hear about it?"

Bradford smiled. "You didn't exactly try to keep it a secret, did you?"

"No," Andrew said. He set the chairs inside the parish house, and he and the editor walked back across the grass to the parsonage.

"What happened?" the editor asked.

"Nothing in particular," Andrew said. They went inside and sat down.

"You seem to have created a bit of a disturbance," Bradford said.

Andrew was annoyed, wondering if the editor was taking the same stand as Albert Hallowell. "It seemed to me," he said, "that it was a very orderly party."

Bradford grunted. "There are various kinds of disturbances," he said. "The chairman of the church board phoned me this morning. He wanted to call a board meeting for tonight."

"Oh," Andrew said. So Albert Hallowell wasn't going to discuss it with Andrew; he was going to take action through the board, and do it quickly. "Thanks for telling me," he said. "I'll keep this evening free."

Will Bradford smiled. "You needn't. Albert has put the meeting off till Friday. Tonight's my busy night." Bradford's weekly newspaper, the Cameronville *Courier*, was printed Wednesday evening for distribution early on Thursday morning. "Now tell me, Andy, about your party. Just the facts. It's news, you know."

Andrew gave him the essential facts, and when he finished, Will Bradford said, "The party broke up about ten o'clock, you say. That seems kind of early." There was a twinkle in his eyes. "What happened?"

"Nothing," Andrew said.

"Andy," Will Bradford said, "you'll be a New Englander yet. Getting downright laconic, aren't you?" He chuckled. "Well, I've got to get back to the office. Have to write my editorial. Got any good ideas?"

"No," Andrew said with a smile. "I have enough trouble getting ideas for sermons. Which reminds me that I have to plan next Sunday's sermon today."

Will Bradford was about to leave. "Maybe," he said, "you've already got a text, but there's one that I always liked. In Timothy somewhere, I believe. Just four words. 'Fight the good fight.'" And he turned and walked out the door.

Andrew went up to his study. So, he thought, Albert Hallowell was going to have a showdown. Well, probably better now than later. But it did seem absurd to bring matters to an issue over such a minor matter. Of course, it did involve much bigger issues, basic points of view. Strange, that was so often the case. You differed with a man's economic theories or religious beliefs, but he accused him of beating his wife or neglecting his children. A little group here on the hilltop wanted to keep the church exclusive, so they accused the minister of creating a disturbance in the parsonage.

Andrew pushed such thoughts aside. He had a day's work ahead of him. The board meeting wasn't until Friday night.

He began to block out the sermon he had half planned, a sermon on the Christian influences on the Declaration of Independence and the original purposes of this nation. Sunday would be July third, the day before the Picnic. But by eleven-thirty he had to talk to Janet. He telephoned her.

Her voice was cool, impersonal. He asked if she had heard anything about last night.

"I heard," she said, "that they are after your job."

"Yes," he said. "I heard pretty much the same thing. Janet, I'd like to talk to you about it."

She hesitated. Then she said, "I'll be at home this evening."

"I may be late," he said. "I have a dinner with the young parents' playground committee. I can't get away till around nine."

"I'll be at home all evening," she said.

It wasn't until late in the afternoon that Andrew realized that if Albert Hallowell made this an opportunity for the board to censure him, Elsie Cameron would find equal excuse to strike at Janet. Elsie wasn't a member of the library board, but she had her ways of exerting pressure.

That thought was more rankling than Andrew's own situation. If Janet should be made the victim of his actions—that would be injustice of the first rank. There was no reason why she should have to face that, along with everything else. She needed the library job.

Then he thought: She doesn't need the job. I want to take care of her. Her and Peter.

Then the further, unemotional thought: It's that job, the daily contact with people, that has brought her thus far. If she is driven out of it now, she may retreat into herself for good, deeply hurt again, this time by a whole community.

And he knew that her problem was important. Janet, not he. Janet's life, Janet's happiness.

He went to the playground committee's meeting still haunted by this threat to Janet. About twenty couples were at the meeting, nearly all of them members of his congregation. They were engrossed in their own problems, centered in their children and a plan to set up a new playground. As the meeting dragged on, Andrew lost all interest in it. There was no reason for his being there beyond the fact that he seemed to be drawn into every group activity on the hill. But he stayed till the end.

He didn't get to Janet's home until almost nine-thirty. She was wearing the same pink dress she had worn the evening he and Hadley had stopped by, but tonight she had a white cardigan over her shoulders. She had iced coffee and sweet crackers waiting.

"Well," she said, "you don't look to me like a Christian martyr. Not like the pictures in the books, anyway." She was cool and calm, as though nothing had ever happened.

"I don't intend to be a martyr," he said. "And I don't want anyone else to be. Janet, have you thought that you might lose *your* job as a result of that square dance?"

She smiled. "I never thought I had that job for life."

"It's important, though."

She shrugged. "What have you heard?"

He told her about Will Bradford's visit.

"And that's all?"

He nodded. "Nobody mentioned it at the wedding this afternoon, naturally. And the meeting tonight was all playground and children. But it's in the air. What have you heard?"

"I had a phone call this morning. From Elsie Cameron. And—"

"What did Elsie Cameron say about the matter?"

"Oh, just about what you would expect."

"Then she is going to try to get you out of the library?"

"Probably . . . Andy, you said last night that you might go to New York."

"No, I said I'd been offered a job in New York. But I've got a job here, and I have never yet left a job unfinished."

"You mean you are going to stay here, regardless of what happens?"

"There's a job to be done. If Albert Hallowell can get enough support to take the church away from me I may go down to Factorytown. Lew Sturczik suggested some such thing a little while back. There are churches down there that I probably could take over."

"Oh, Andy, would you?" Her eyes lighted up for the first time that evening.

"I've thought of it."

"Of course," she said, "I may have to get a job down there myself."

"No, you won't! I'm going to tell Elsie Cameron that you didn't have anything to do with the dance. You were my guest."

"You needn't," she said. "I told her this morning that I helped plan it and I was proud of whatever part I had had in it."

"You didn't have to do that!"

She smiled. "How can anybody stand off and not take sides in something like this? You have to take a stand for what you believe in."

"*You* don't have to."

"Of course I do. I believe in certain things, too, and when those things are at stake, I'm going to stand up and be counted."

"Janet," he said quietly, "I think you are very courageous. I think you are a very splendid person. I told you last night—"

"This," she interrupted him, "isn't the time to exchange compliments." She toyed with her glass for a moment. "Regardless of what happens, Andy, I want to say this. When you first came here, I thought you were a little like the church—standing apart, on a hill, your head in the clouds. But you aren't." She got to her feet. She smiled at him, the impersonal smile he knew so well, and she said, "You've had a hard day, and the strain of this fantastic situation hasn't helped."

"You had a hard day too," he said.

"Yes."

He said, "Good night, Janet," and he left.

He drove back to the parsonage and put his car away. He went to his study and sat for a long time, thinking. Not of his early years, or of Korea, or of Cameronville, or of Albert Hallowell. Thinking of Susan Eaton, and of Janet Ross.

At last he went over and looked at the one picture on his study wall, the enlarged snapshot of Hadley and Susan and himself. What, he wondered, would Susan have said to him this evening if she had been here in Janet's place? What would he have said to Susan?

He looked at the picture and he thought—Sue's the Eaton, the one like her father. Then he remembered her laughing words last spring—"If I were married to you, you'd look success and talk success and be a success!" What was success?

And he remembered Janet's words— "You have to take a stand for what you believe in . . . When those things are at stake I'm going to stand up and be counted."

What did Susan believe in? He wasn't quite sure, but he was sure enough not to go into it any further. Susan thought Elsie Cameron was the person whose friendship and sponsorship were important.

The next morning just before nine o'clock Andrew walked down to the village post office to get the mail. The first person he met on the street, a clerk from the hardware store, greeted him cordially and with a smile. A moment later he passed the corner grocery, and the grocer, at the doorway, said a hearty, "Good morning, Mr. Lawrence!" as though he hadn't seen Andrew in ages.

By the time he had gone another block Andrew began to wonder what had happened. Everyone he met had a warm greeting, a smile, a glad hello. All the tradesmen and small shopkeepers. As he went into the post office, the clerk at the window greeted him by name, and the postmaster looked up from his desk and said, "Good morning, Mr. Lawrence," as though Andrew had been away, or ill, or had just received some special honor.

Andrew took the few letters and his copy of the Cameronville Courier from his box. He glanced at the front page of the newspaper. It all seemed to be devoted to the Fourth of July Picnic—banner headlines, news stories, boxed lists of events, pictures. Then Andrew's eye caught a small headline at the bottom of the page: SQUARE DANCE PARTY. It was the only item on the page that didn't deal with the Picnic.

It was only a brief item, saying that the Reverend Andrew Lawrence held a square dance at his home on Tuesday evening for a group of Cameronville's younger couples. "Chaperones included Mr. Lawrence; Mrs. John Ross, the librarian; Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Sturczik and Mr. and Mrs. William Hrobak. Mr. Hrobak furnished accordion music for special dance numbers. Lemonade and sandwiches were served."

That was all. Andrew tucked the paper under his arm and went back to the parsonage, thinking only that the item wasn't of first-page importance. And puzzling over that first sentence. It said the party had been held "at his home" instead of speaking of it as the Community Church parsonage.

At his desk he opened the letters, none of them important. Then he looked at the paper again. There was a boxed story about Hadley, who was going to put on a flying demonstration, "for which we can thank Mr. George Coe, who made the arrangements."

Andrew turned to page four to see what Will Bradford had written in his editorial column. It was always salty, and often it was important. This week it was headed: HAVE WE FORGOTTEN HOW TO LAUGH?

"For years," it began, "we have advocated change. We wanted to clean up the brook and make a community park down there. We wanted to rid the Green of that eyesore monument. We wanted to build a community hospital. We like to think we have wanted to make life easier, prettier, cleaner and maybe more fun. Now we want to hear some laughter. Why? Because some of the most ridiculous antics in our town's history have been going on.

"The other evening a man we brought to this town to help us along the way to a better life held a party. His guests included quite a number of your young people. Then went to his home, at his invitation, to have fun. The only places they've had, up to now, to have fun have been dumps and dives which we permitted to continue because they were out of sight from our sacred hilltop. The kids who have gone to those places haven't, up to now, become a howling pack of juvenile delinquents. But they could, very easily.

"So this man held this party, and the young folks went because they'd rather go to a decent place than to a dive. A whole houseful of them went. They were chaperoned, they danced, they drank lemonade and they had fun. We hear there were even a few sounds of laughter from them.

"Then somebody broke up the party. We don't know why, except that it was fun, and some people think fun is bad, and there was laughter, and laughter is sinful. We say that on the word of a few Stalwart Citizens—self-appointed, by the way—who have been leading us around

by the nose for years, telling us that change is bad and fun is worse. Anyway, the party was broken up. And now there is a movement afoot to censure the man who held this party.

"Now isn't that ridiculous? Isn't it absurd? If it happened somewhere else, we would laugh our heads off. But not here! We have forgotten to laugh at our own antics.

"Or have we?

"We still have hope. We believe that when the good people of Cameronville hear the truth of what happened they will remember how to laugh.

"All right, start laughing. And applauding. There's life in the old town yet!"

Andrew read it through to the end, then went back and read it again.

So that was why so many people had greeted him so warmly this morning! They were applauding, just as Will Bradford had asked them to. He didn't know whether they were laughing at Albert Hallowell, but that didn't seem very important.

For a minute or two he had an inner glow of triumph. Then he thought of the board meeting the next night. Greetings on the street didn't mean support among the members of the board. Albert Hallowell could still control a majority. And he doubted that Will Bradford's editorial would mollify Albert Hallowell.

Andrew put the paper aside and tried to put the whole matter out of his mind. It was Thursday and he had a busy day. He thought of Elsie Cameron and Janet and the library job and decided this was no time to take a hand in that problem. Nothing had really happened yet. Nothing was going to happen until the board meeting the next night.

The late afternoon mail brought a letter from Susan. A short note, as hers always were, saying only that she was driving up Sunday afternoon, that she had had a darling note from Mrs. Cameron, that Greenwich was dismal and that "of course you know that Hadley has agreed to fly up to your Picnic. Apparently he is going to be quite the hero. . . . I'm dying to see you. We have so much to talk about." And, "My love, darling. S."

He didn't want to see Susan now. In fact, Janet was the only person he wanted to see. This evening or this weekend.

But he didn't go to see Janet. He didn't even telephone her. He ate his dinner and plunged into a revision of his sermon, forcing all other thoughts aside.

He was still there, working, when the telephone rang at a quarter of ten. It startled him. His first thought was that it was Janet. He picked up the phone, hoping it was she.

Instead, Will Bradford's voice said, "Hello, Andy. I just thought you'd sleep better if you knew that your friend has decided to call off that board meeting. You've won your case."

"What's that?" Andrew asked, trying to focus his thoughts.

"Hallowell has called off the board meeting."

"Till when?"

"Indefinitely."

"Why?"

Will Bradford chuckled. "I make no attempt to fathom the turbid depths of some men's minds, Andrew. I suspect, however, that hidden in most minds is a spark of reason and common sense, not to mention both pride and charity."

"Oh," Andrew said, unable to rally further.

Will Bradford hung up.

Andrew sighed with relief. Then he knew he had to tell Janet.

The phone rang several times before she answered. Her voice was sleepy.

"Did I wake you up?" Andrew asked.

"It doesn't matter," she said. "What's happened?"

Andrew told her in a few sentences what Will Bradford had just said.

"Oh, Andy!" she exclaimed, and he wasn't sure whether there was a choke in her voice or she was still only half awake. "Oh, I'm so glad! For you."

He wanted to go on talking. He wanted to hear her voice.

He said, "We've stood up for what we believe in, and we won. Janet."

"Yes. . . . Thanks for calling me."

"And it looks now as though we've won."

"Yes. . . . Good night." She hung up.

CHAPTER 7

It was almost 3:30 on Sunday afternoon when Susan pulled into the driveway at the parsonage. Andrew had begun to worry about her during the past half hour. He wasn't eager for her visit, but he was relieved when he saw her and went down to the car.

She took off her sun glasses, made a face at the light, took the silk scarf off her hair and smiled at him. "Darling!" she cried, "I did get here. Ugh! Drivers, Sunday drivers!" She got out of the car, held up her face for a kiss and said, "Bring my bag, like a dear. I have to freshen up. I'm beat."

He took her bag to the guest room, then came back downstairs and waited. She's like a cousin, he thought. A temperamental cousin. I was worried when she didn't get here on time but if it had been Janet, I'd have been frantic.

But he refused to follow that thought. He sat down and waited, wishing Hadley was going to be there that night. But Hadley wasn't coming until the next afternoon, flying in just for the Picnic. Andrew and Susan would have dinner alone at the Inn, and the whole evening together. There was not even an evening service at the church to break it, because it was a long-standing Cameronville custom to suspend evening services in summer.

Then Susan came downstairs, fresh and crisp and cool in yellow linen, daffodil yellow. She paused for a moment on the bottom step, smiling at him. "Now," she said, "I feel almost human. I *look* almost human." She came over to him. "Why, you're more bushed than I am, you poor dear! You were worried, weren't you? Let's get something cold to drink. I'm parched."

They went to the kitchen. She told him about the drive up. Ghastly! Everybody on the road; simply everybody. The air stifling. There were two bad accidents.

As they returned to the living room she said with a laugh, "You can do all the driving when we are married."

Andrew caught a quick breath, almost winced. "Sue," he said, "Stop playing that when-we-are-married game! It isn't funny any more."

She laughed again. "Stop being a dour old grandpa!"

"I mean it, Sue. Stop it. Especially with other people."

"What do you want me to do?" she asked, an edge on her voice. "Act like a total stranger you just picked up down at the corner drug store? After all, we are very old and very dear friends, aren't we? Andy, I refuse to fight with you."

"I don't want to fight. I just said—"

"Then stop it !" She made a face at him. "Tell me what you've been doing that's interesting."

"Nothing in particular."

"Neither have I. I've just been sitting and waiting to see you. Highlands is simply dismal." She talked for several minutes about Highlands.

Andrew wasn't really listening, and at last she said, "All right, so I'm boring you. You're no A-bomb yourself, you know." The brittle, sophisticated, edgy Susan. "Let's go over to Elsie Cameron's and get me checked in. *She* thinks I'm amusing."

And Andrew wondered how Elsie was going to receive him. In church that morning she had sat stony-faced all through his sermon, and at the door she had barely said, "Good morning, Andrew." He wondered what she would say to Susan.

Then they got in the car and Susan softened again. "Oh, darling, it's just the heat. I'm tired and touchy, and you're worried about me, and *you're* touchy. Let's not squabble. I hate scenes."

Elsie Cameron greeted Susan effusively and gave Andrew a polite, impersonal greeting. She led Susan upstairs and Andrew returned to the terrace. Elsie let him wait a full fifteen minutes before she and Susan reappeared, arm in arm.

Elsie said, "I do wish you would have dinner with me, but Susan says you've made arrangements at the Inn. And I know how seldom you see each other." Andrew knew she had no thought of having him to dinner. Not tonight. Elsie smiled at Susan and said, "Run along. And come in any time tonight. The door will be open, and if I'm not up, just make yourself at home."

Andrew started the car and Susan sat silent for several minutes. Then she said, "So you got the whole place stirred up. Holding a dance at the parsonage and letting a gang of kids create a disturbance. Of all the idiotic things to do!"

"So," Andrew said, "that's the story."

"Yes," she said, "that's the story. You might have warned me. You might have given me some hint, at least, of what was up before I met Elsie Cameron. I felt like a fool. . . . Why didn't you hire a hall?"

"Why should I?" he asked. "One doesn't hire a hall to have a group of friends in for an informal party."

"Friends!" Susan laughed. "Who picked them? Janet Ross?"

"Susan," Andrew said quietly, "I have always chosen my own friends, and I shall continue to. Janet Ross is one of my friends. I asked her to be one of the chaperones at my party. She graciously accepted the invitation. Criticize me if you want to. But leave Janet Ross out of it. She was my guest. I have no apologies. To anyone."

Susan sat in icy silence until they reached the parsonage. It was almost five-thirty. She sat down and picked up a magazine. She leafed through it and then tossed it aside. "Andy," she said, "go put on another tie. A bright one. And let's go have dinner." Her mood had changed.

"Go on," she urged, laughing. "Pick a tie with yellow in it to go with my dress."

He put on another tie, and they went down to the Inn. Susan was, outwardly at least, gay and full of girlish charm. And Andrew thought of her father. Old Asa Eaton could be a bear, growling and snapping, and five minutes later he could switch completely and be as gracious and companionable as your best friend. But the switches in old Asa were never without a purpose.

Susan glanced around the dinning room, appraised the other guests in one look and said, "You order, darling. You know what I like. You know me better than anyone else in the world." And when the waitress had taken the order. Susan said, "Andy, I was upset for you, darling. You know I've always said you have a wonderful career ahead, and I just couldn't bear to think of its being ruined. You won't be here forever, but the name you make here is very important. . . . Daddy came to see you, didn't he?"

"Yes."

"With that idea, that ridiculous evangelist idea." She laughed. "But give him credit. He does have ideas! That's what got him where he is."

"Did you know," Andrew asked, "that I suggested that Hadley go into the business with him?"

"It wouldn't work now. I've got a better business head than Hadley. I never faced that until recently. Hadley always meant so much to me that he *had* to be perfect. . . . Andy, your church means everything to you, doesn't it?"

"Yes."

"But there are going to be other churches. Big churches, with lots of prestige. And Andy, you won't ever have to worry about money. When we are married, we'll have plenty." She laughed, the eye-crinkling laugh.

"Why," Andrew asked, "did you ever think you'd like to be a minister's wife?"

"Because you are a minister, silly." She was still laughing. "What better reason? You should have been a business man. But you aren't. So—" She shrugged. "What does it matter? I have the business head."

Andrew thought of old Asa again, Asa presenting one proposition, getting the reaction, presenting another. Gauging his way, shifting with the result each time.

"Why," he asked, "did you break your engagement to Rodney Canfield?"

"I told you why, on the phone. I don't want to talk about it. . . . Andy, as well as you know me, you don't really know much about women, do you? No man does. That's what makes us fascinating. If you knew all about us, there wouldn't be any allure left. What fun is there in a puzzle when you already know the answer?"

"Marriage isn't a game, Sue. Not to me."

"Of course it isn't! If it were, you wouldn't be you. Oh, darling, you're still moody. Can't you just say I was shocked, afraid for you? It was quite a jolt, hearing that somebody I always counted on, the one person I felt would always do things the right way, had got into a stupid jam

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like that. But it's going to be all right. I can handle Elsie Cameron, and you know the weight she has around here. Forget it, dear." Andrew silently wished he could.

After dinner they drove out into the country. It was almost cool, and the quiet of the open country seemed to be soothing, even to Susan. Or she sensed his reserve and respected it. But at last she said, "We'd better go back. I want to get in early, for appearance's sake. And I want to have a talk with Elsie Cameron, a woman-to-woman talk."

About me, Andrew thought. He took her back, told her he would pick her up at nine o'clock the next morning for the parade and left her at Elsie's door.

The parade started from the high school at ten o'clock in the morning. Andrew and Susan and Elsie Cameron and a dozen others watched from the steps of the church. The sun was already hot, but the Legion drum corps, the high-school majorettes and the high-school band skipped and strutted and blared Sousa. The Boy Scouts marched in good order; the fire trucks snorted and clanged. Then the floats came past, the Minute Man, the Liberty Bell, Miss Columbia, the Iwo Jima statue and all the others, rustling crepe paper, flaking gilt and papier-maché.

With the pauses at the reviewing stand and the wait at the Green while George Coe intoned the Declaration of Independence, it was almost noon before the parade ended. Elsie had arranged one of her "little luncheons" before they went to the Picnic grounds for the afternoon. "Just a snack, my dears, because we'll eat far too much at the Picnic. We always do. It's the tradition!"

It was after one before they finished the snack, which actually did consist of only a little food, but much ceremony. Elsie had warmed toward Andrew, and she was pretty much her usual self, with only an occasional chiding remark. "We'll give him this big piece of fried chicken, shall we, Susan? Just to show that we really love him, though perhaps I shouldn't." Susan was thoroughly pleased with herself and attentive to Andrew.

Dozens of cars were at the Picnic grounds when they arrived, parked in double rows behind the backstop. Every youngster in town seemed to be there. Most of them were gathered around the Legion booth, where a big paddle wheel was spinning out free prizes for anyone under the age of twelve. At the other booths women were arranging displays of baked goods, aprons, pot holders and assorted needlework for sale. Susan exclaimed, "It's like a country fair!"

They walked along the row of booths. Everywhere, people greeted Andrew. They seemed proud of him. The succession of greetings seemed to puzzle Susan, and though Elsie kept her smile, she was, Andrew sensed, faintly annoyed.

Down by the Legion booth Andrew saw Lew Sturczik and his wife. Lew nodded, saw Susan and Elsie, and started to turn away, but Andrew signaled him. He took Susan and Elsie over and introduced them.

Elsie gave them her fixed, polite smile, and Susan was reservedly cordial. Lew said, "I guess we'd better get the kids' games going pretty soon so they'll have time to swim."

"How about two o'clock?" Andrew suggested.

Lew nodded. "I'll tell the announcer."

A boy with Lew's square face and a snub-nosed little girl with taffy hair ran up to them, shouting, the boy with a cap pistol, the girl with a doll, prizes from the Legion booth. Lew smiled and introduced them, and the children stood bashfully quiet. Lew nodded to Susan and said, "Glad to have met you," and Mrs. Sturczik gave her a polite smile. They moved away.

"And who are they?" Susan asked. "She looks pleasant, and he's almost handsome. I didn't catch the name."

Elsie drew her close and whispered, "Sturczik. He's a labor leader, an agitator. You understand, dear."

"Oh." Susan took Andrew's arm again.

"Lew and I," Andrew said, "are in charge of the children's games."

The crowd eddied around them as they started back down the line of booths. More and more grownups were arriving, and each car seemed to bring another bucket of potato salad, another pan of sandwiches, another chocolate or coconut cake. The heaps of food were carried to a long line of trestle tables under a row of maples at the side of the field, where women in aprons set the pails of salad in pans of water to keep them cool. On one table was a pile of paper plates stacked like clusters of white chimneys.

They met Mrs. Hallowell and Mrs. Coe, the first plump and cordial, the other slim, severe and reserved. Mrs. Hallowell's cordiality deepened and Mrs. Coe's reserve softened. After a moment Elsie said to Susan, "I've walked enough for now." She patted Susan's hand and a look passed between them. "You and Andrew run along." Elsie had things to say to Mrs. Hallowell and Mrs. Coe.

Andrew and Susan had just got clear of the crowd when Andrew saw Mrs. Grimes leading Peter Ross by one hand and carrying a pail of salad in the other. Peter saw Andrew, wrenched his hand free and dashed to him. Mrs. Grimes followed, laughing.

"Well," she exclaimed, "ain't this a day for the Picnic, though! God never made a better one."

"Perfect," Andrew said. "This is Miss Ea—"

"Oh, I met you," Mrs. Grimes said. "Peter, stop pawing the Reverend. Wasn't that a pretty parade, though? I love a parade. Peter, I'll tan your bottom if you don't behave."

Peter was trying to swing from one of Andrew's hands. Mrs. Grimes reached for him, and he dodged around Andrew.

"All right," Mrs. Grimes said. "Stay." To Andrew she said, "Janet'll be along in just a minute. She found a parking place in the fourth row, but she had trouble getting in. I ought to be over at the food counter." She smiled at Susan. "See you at chow time!"

Susan smiled at Andrew. "Peter seems right at home with you." Her words were light, almost teasing, but her voice had an edge.

"Andy!" Peter said. "I'm going to win a prize! Did you know that? I'm going to win a race!"

"Of course you are," Andrew said.

"I can run fast," Peter said. "I can run awful fast!"

"So you are Andy with him," Susan said. "How sweet."

"Stop it," Andrew said to her.

He saw Janet hurrying across the field not fifty feet away. She was wearing the same skirt and blouse, the same sandals, she had had on at the square dance. She saw Andrew and Peter, then she saw Susan. She hesitated, started to go on, then turned and came resolutely toward them. "Peter," she said firmly, holding out her hand, "come on."

Andrew said, "Janet," and she looked at him, as though surprised.

"Oh, hello," she said, and her face became a mask. "Peter! I thought he was with Mrs. Grimes."

"Janet," Andrew said, "I want you to meet Miss Eaton, Mrs. Ross."

Susan held out her hand. "So you are Janet Ross. I have so wanted to meet you."

Janet shook hands with her. "So glad to know you," she said, looking Susan squarely in the eyes. Andrew had never seen quite this degree of hauteur in Janet. She was icy and smiling and in perfect command of herself. But she waited for Susan to make the next move.

"I've heard so many things about you," Susan said.

"Indeed?" Janet said with a cool smile. "I'm afraid I've heard very little about you."

Susan laughed, not a real laugh at all. She turned to Andrew. "Have you been keeping me a secret, Andy?"

"Mr. Lawrence," Janet said, "hasn't any secrets, I'm sure."

Susan said. "You must tell me about him, some time when he isn't around."

Janet smiled. "Stop in at the library any dull afternoon. I am the librarian and a sort of ex-officio Keeper of Consciences."

"I thought that was *your* job, darling," Susan said to Andrew. "Or have you farmed it out?" She turned to Janet. "You look very cute."

It was so unexpected, and she said it with such a patronizing tone, that Janet flushed. She said. "Thank you. . . . Come, Peter," and turned and walked away, head high, back straight.

Susan watched her go, then turned to Andrew with a laugh. "She does look cute. But I'll bet she never sees twenty-seven again."

Just then the loud speaker blared the announcement for the children's games. Andrew took Susan over to Elsie and Mrs. Coe and Mrs. Hallowell. George Coe and Albert Hallowell were with them. Both men greeted Andrew, Albert with stiff formality, George with his usual bluff cordiality. It was the first time either of them had spoken to him since the square dance. Then Andrew went back across the baseball diamond and joined Lew Sturczik at the race course.

They ran off the races with a minimum of confusion, a great deal of shouting and prizes and satisfaction for all the youngsters. Peter Ross took second prize, a brand new fifty-cent piece, in the dash for boys six and under, and brought it to Andrew to keep for him.

The games finished at last, the announcer blared that the children could now go swimming. Boy Scout lifeguards led the milling crowd of youngsters across the pasture to the brook, the smaller boys leaving a trail of multicolored T-shirts behind them as they ran. A few of the parents went along, but most of them stayed to watch the softball game.

Two captains were named to pick the teams, and Andrew was asked to flip a coin for first choice. Someone in the group of players shouted, "Pick a union team and a management team!" Lew Sturczik said sharply, "Pipe down on that stuff," and no more was said. Both teams, as finally chosen, were about evenly divided between hilltop and valley.

Andrew was chosen to play second base on Howard Enright's team. Howard ran the sporting-goods shop on the hill. Bill Hrobak was the other captain, and he chose Lew Sturczik as his pitcher.

For two innings it was a pitchers' duel. Then the crowd began to chant, "Let him hit it! Let him hit it!" The pitcher eased up on one pitch and Lew Sturczik, the batter, hit the ball to the farthest outfield—a home run. After that it was a free-for-all.

Between innings, along about the fourth or fifth—Andrew had lost track—Andrew went to the refreshment counter for a drink. John Cowdry was there, and as Andrew turned to leave the old farmer said, "Reverend, they've been giving you a hard time."

"They've sure been hitting that ball!" Andrew said, laughing.

"I mean in church," John said, and he put a friendly hand on Andrew's arm. "Some of the board." Then he said, "I always thought you had guts. I'm glad to see it." And he turned and walked away.

Andrew was the next batter. One man was on base. Howard Enright said, "You're the tying run, Andy. Bring him in!"

Lew Sturczik grinned at him at the plate and took an elaborate windup. Andrew swung from his heels, barely ticked the ball, and Lew doubled up with laughter. Lew shouted, "Sucker!" and sent the next pitch in straight and hard. Andrew knew as his bat met the ball that it was a long hit. As he rounded first base he saw that it was almost as long as Lew's earlier home run. That tied the score.

One more out, and Andrew's team took the field. The first batter was at the plate when the loud speaker blared, "Attention, please! Attention, please! You kids over at the swimming hole, too! Hear this! The airplane is coming in! It's coming in from the south and will be over the field in just about two minutes!"

The game stopped. A shout rose from the swimmers at the brook. Youngsters began to run across the meadow toward the crowd around the baseball diamond. The speaker blared again. "You kids! Come straight to the ball field! Don't go out into the meadow! Come straight to the ball field! Lifeguards, see that they all come over here!"

Andrew looked up and off to the south. Far off over the treetops he could see a dark speck that glinted from time to time. Hadley was coming in high.

Lew Sturczik came out onto the diamond beside Andrew. Andrew pointed, shading his eyes with one hand. "Yeah," Lew said. "I just hope he puts on a good show. For the kids."

Hadley came in, closing fast but still high. He came directly over the field and fell away and did a roll. The crowd cheered. Hadley climbed again and did an inside loop. The bellow of his motor was like a throb inside the head for a moment or two. Then he climbed in tightening spirals, and Andrew thought of Hadley saying that when he got up there, away up, there was just he and the plane and then just he and God.

He climbed till he was a distant speck, then nosed over and came down in a roaring dive, leveling off at about a thousand feet over the far end of the field, where he disappeared behind the trees.

George Coe was out on the field now, too. He said to Andrew, "That boy's good. I knew he would be." He glanced at Lew Sturczik and said, "I was the one who got him to come." George was bragging like a small boy.

There was a roar behind them. Hadley had circled and was coming in, low and fast. He was a hundred feet or more up, but he seemed just overhead. There was a snarling "Wrrrr!" as he shot past, down the field and over the trees again.

Andrew turned angrily. That was a fool thing to do! But maybe Hadley didn't know where the crowd was. George Coe saw Andrew's expression and laughed. "Scare you?" he asked.

Hadley made his turn and came in at the far end of the field. Andrew thought—he's coming in too fast. Then he thought—he'll pull up and make another pass, a slower pass. Then the plane seemed to waver and Andrew thought—he's fighting the controls!

The plane was halfway down the field. One wing dipped. Hadley was trying to slip it aside, make a wing turn. He couldn't do it! Yes, maybe he could! The wing dipped. The plane began to veer off.

Then the wing-tip touched the ground, flinging up a puff of dust. The plane seemed to bounce off the wing-tip and hesitate. It was less than a hundred yards away now. Andrew had one flash of Hadley's face, terrified, desperate. Andrew dived to one side, knocking Lew Sturczik down with him.

There was a screaming rend of metal, a roar, a crunch, a scream. Something big and dark flashed over Andrew's head. The plane struck the ground just in front of the backstop, leaped like a frightened thing. The ground shook. There was the scream of the propellerless motor, a crash of metal on metal. Then silence.

Andrew was on his feet in a smothering cloud of dust. Somewhere nearby someone was moaning. The moaning stopped. Beyond, where the cars were parked, there was the tinkle of falling glass. A baby cried.

Andrew started to run toward the cars. He stumbled and fell over something. It was George Coe, sprawled on the ground and looking loose and relaxed. Andrew saw his

face, what had been George Coe's face. George had never known what hit him.

Andrew started to go around the backstop, then saw that the backstop wasn't there. Beyond, where the cars were parked, was a gash as though a giant plow had ripped through. In the fifth row of cars was the broken fuselage and part of one wing of the plane.

The dust was settling. Men and women were moving about, dazed. Women were on their knees beside other women, beside children in swimming trunks still wet from the brook. But it was like a silent, nightmare world, not a cry, not a shout; it was all dazed, numb.

The engine on the fire truck across the meadow bellowed. The truck lumbered toward the ball field and Andrew remembered that the firemen had a respirator and other first-aid equipment. He thought of the first-aid kit in his own car and started for it. But it seemed so inadequate.

Dr. Collcott was kneeling beside a man whose blue shirt had a creeping wet sheen, listening to his chest. Dr. Collcott looked up, his face gray and grim, and slowly shook his head. As he got to his feet he saw Andrew. "God knows," he said, "how many were trapped in those cars. My bag's in one of them." He stopped a dazed woman walking past, holding her right arm against her with her left, tears streaming down her face. "Arm?" the doctor asked. She couldn't answer. The doctor felt of it with his fingers. "Broken," he said. "Go lie down on the grass. We'll get to you."

She shook her head. "I've got to find my little boy. I've got to find my little boy." She wandered off.

Ed Wilser, another doctor, hurried up to them, his bag in his hand, his stethoscope around his neck. "Collcott!" he exclaimed. "What are we going to do with all these cases?"

"Take care of them," Dr. Collcott said grimly.

"Where?" Dr. Wilser cried.

"Wherever we can."

"There's no place big enough," Dr. Wilser said. "The Legion hall's the biggest, but it's upstairs."

"Can you use the parish house?" Andrew asked.

Both doctors looked at him. "Yes!" Dr. Collcott said.

"Use it," Andrew said.

"Tell the firemen," Dr. Collcott ordered. "They've got the stretchers. Wilser, you'd better go up with the first group and get things ready. And have someone call every doctor you can reach. We can't handle this alone." He turned and picked his way in among the crushed cars.

Andrew ran toward the fire truck. He met four men hurrying up with stretchers and blankets. "Take the injured to the parish house," he told them. "We'll set up an emergency hospital there."

The men looked at him with stricken eyes. One said, "Yes." two nodded, and the fourth just looked, dazed.

Andrew turned toward the tangle of crushed cars. Half a dozen quiet forms lay on the grass, already covered with blankets, in an orderly row. Janet's car was in the fourth line of cars, Mrs. Grimes had said. Andrew forced his way in. There it was! Janet's coupe, the whole top sliced off as with a giant cleaver. *Please, God, please,* he thought. *not Janet!*

The car was empty. But Peter's shirt, a crumpled heap of cotton print, lay there on the seat. Andrew thought again—*please, not Janet.*

Then Janet appeared, as if in answer, on the other side of the car. "Andy!" she cried. "Andy, here they are!"

He climbed over the car. Under it, stretched full length, was Mrs. Grimes. Peter was with her. "We're all right," Mrs. Grimes said. "Peter, crawl out. Watch your head."

"Are you sure you're all right?" Andrew asked.

"We saw it coming and dived under here," Mrs. Grimes said. "I skinned my knees and tore my dress half off, but I'll live. Peter ain't hurt. Go help the others."

Peter was crying in Janet's arms. Andrew put his arms around both of them and Janet cried against him for a moment, in relief.

Then she said, "They need you." and Andrew left to help two firemen ease a woman from another car and onto a stretcher. Then Janet was gone and Andrew forced his way toward the broken fuselage of the plane.

Susan found him there. "Andy!" she cried. "He's still in there! Get him out! The doctors won't do anything! They've *got* to do something!"

He climbed up on the crushed cabin. Hadley was unconscious, one arm up over his face, his blond hair wet with blood. He was crushed against the twisted instrument panel, wedged there by the seat and a giant fold of the fuselage. Andrew tried to wrench the door open. It might as well have been welded shut. He tried to reach in to force the seat back. It was hopeless.

Susan shouted, "Doctor! Doctor, come here!"

Andrew looked around and saw Dr. Collcott. His face was white and old and very sad.

"Get my brother out of there!" Susan ordered.

"I can't get him out of there," Dr. Collcott said gently. "We'll have to wait for a wrecker, crowbars, tools. I've given him an injection. He's unconscious." He turned to Andrew. "Mr. Lawrence, I wish you would go up and help Dr. Wilser get things organized." He started away.

Susan caught his lapels and cried, "Doctor!"

Dr. Collcott loosened her hands. "Please be quiet," he said. "You are in the presence of the dying."

CHAPTER 8

Dr. Wilser was giving an injection to a man on a blanketed pallet when Andrew reached the parish house. A dozen men and women were already laid out on pallets, quietly awaiting their turn, several of them unconscious, only one or two moaning. Three women, still in their picnic dresses, were acting as nurses.

"What do you need first?" Andrew asked Wilser.

"Drugs," Wilser said. "Frank Case is getting them. He's down at his pharmacy now. We need plasma. There are a lot of shock cases."

Albert Hallowell came hurrying in. "Did you make those calls?" Dr. Wilser asked.

"I got hold of five doctors," Albert said, "and the State Police. They'll convoy them in." He glanced at Andrew. "I used the parsonage phone." He was almost apologetic. "It was the closest. What next?" he asked Dr. Wilser.

"Cots," Wilser said. "Cots and blankets."

Another group of victims was brought in on stretchers. Wilser was drawing the last drop of morphine from a small bottle into his syringe. Without looking at Andrew he said, "Get them organized as they come. We'll need every inch of space. Damn it. Collcott's been fighting for a community hospital for ten years!" He thrust the empty bottle into his pocket and turned to the next pallet.

Andrew took charge of the incoming patients. Just behind them came Stella Sturczik and Grace Hrobak. Stella came to Andrew and said, "I used to be a nurse. So did Grace. Where do we start?"

"Go over to the parsonage," Andrew told her, "and bring all the sheets and blankets you can find. That's the first thing you can do. Please hurry!"

Dr. Wilser was calling him from the end of the room. He nodded toward a patient in the first row and said quietly, "He's going. He knows it, and he wants you."

Andrew leaned over the man, a gray, seamed face already beginning to relax—a garage mechanic who had worked on Andrew's car. The man whispered, "Pray," scarcely a whisper, and he looked at Andrew with pleading eyes. Andrew put a hand on the man's reaching hand and held it. He said, "Merciful Father, ease this man's suffering. Bless him, sustain him. In Thy name—"

The man's hand was relaxing. Andrew saw peace in his eyes, and thanks. Then nothing. Slowly, gently, Andrew drew the blanket up over the tired face.

He stood up, deeply shaken. He had seen men die before, in battle—but never, it seemed, so needlessly.

Stella Sturczik and Grace Hrobak were back with armloads of blankets and sheets. They began making new pallets. Dr. Wilser called, "Bandages!" and took a sheet from Mrs. Hrobak. With a jerk of his hands he began tearing it into strips.

"I'm a nurse," Mrs. Hrobak told him.

"Come on," he said. He handed her a syringe. "Give this woman with the deep scalp wound two cc's."

Frank Case, the druggist, came in with a carton of drugs. "Where do you want them?" he asked.

Andrew indicated a long table he had pushed against the wall. The druggist put down the carton and went back for another. Andrew set up the bottles on the table.

Albert Hallowell was at the doorway, carrying one end of a pile of folding cots. A trucker from Factorytown was carrying the other end of the pile. "Where?" Albert asked, and Andrew indicated a place. Two other men began to set them up, and Albert and the trucker went back for more.

The next group of stretcher cases was put on the cots. As the bearers eased one burden onto a cot, one of them said to Andrew, "I'm afraid it's too late." His voice broke. "Poor kid!" Andrew looked, saw the lovely blonde hair, the sweet young face—Patsy Hovera, the girl whose father had let her come to the square dance because it was at the minister's house.

A State trooper came in, carrying a carton of plasma. A doctor from a village twenty miles away was just behind him, bag in hand. The trooper glanced at Andrew, who nodded toward the table of medicines. The doctor stripped off his jacket, opened his bag and began to work without a question. A few minutes later two more troopers, also with cartons of plasma, and another doctor arrived.

Andrew didn't see Janet come in. He did not know she was there until he saw her holding a pan of hot water for a strange doctor. During a lull a few minutes later he found her in the big parish house kitchen with Stella Sturczik. They were sterilizing instruments. Janet had a bandage on her arm.

"What happened?" he asked.

"Just a scratch," she said, putting another panful of instruments into the boiling water. He didn't learn till later that Janet, single-handed, had got two small children from a crushed car.

"Where's Peter?" he asked.

"At the parsonage. Mrs. Grimes is running a kind of nursery over there. I told her to. It's all right, isn't it?"

"Good! How's Mrs. Grimes?"

"Bruised, but stubborn."

Somebody called, "Instruments!" and Janet took a steaming panful of freshly sterilized instruments out into the big room.

When Dr. Collcott arrived, soon after, he looked around the big room approvingly. "Six more stretcher cases coming," he said. "And the ambulatory ones. Better set up a place to handle the ambulatory cases in the side room, Mr. Lawrence. How are you doing, Wilser?"

"Four have died since they came up," Dr. Wilser said. "There are six others who are still touch and go."

Dr. Collcott's face was grim. "We sent eight to the morgue from the field." He turned to Andrew. "Let's move those that are beyond help before you bother with that other room. Two ambulances are on their way over from Townley." Townley, forty miles away, had the nearest hospital.

Andrew asked, "Hadley Eaton—the pilot—is he—"

"We got him out," Dr. Collcott said, "just before I came up. Had to cut the wreckage all to pieces. He's still unconscious. I doubt that he has much chance. I understand he's a friend of yours."

"We were in Korea together." Silently he prayed—*Dear God, don't let him know what he did.*

Then he and Collcott and Wilser and two stretchermen went down the row of patients, singling out the four whom Wilser had mentioned. Quietly they moved them out and sent them to the morgue.

They were just removing the last of the four when Andrew heard a disturbance at the doorway. A woman's voice, Susan's, was ordering, demanding. Andrew went to the doorway. Two men were lifting a stretcher from a truck. Susan was saying, "Not in there! Take him to the parsonage!"

One of the men said, obviously for the fourth or fifth time, "This is the emergency hospital, ma'am."

"I tell you, take him to the parsonage!" Susan cried.

One of the men saw Andrew. "Reverend, get her out of our hair, will you, please?" he begged.

Andrew took Susan by the arm. "Andy!" she pleaded, "Tell them to take him to the parsonage! Get the doctors! They've *got* to take care of him!"

"Susan," he said, "this is the hospital. The only hospital we have." He nodded to the men at the stretcher. "Take him in there," he said, and they started inside.

Susan fought Andrew's hold. "I won't have it!" she cried. "You didn't even stay with him! You didn't help get him out! You don't care whether he's taken care of or not! You—"

Dr. Collcott was at the doorway. He took Susan by the other arm and shook her. "Stop that!" he ordered.

Susan subsided for a moment and then began to cry. "He's my brother," she pleaded, "and everybody ran out on him! You've got to take care of him! Andy, tell him he must take care—"

"He will take care of Hadley," Andrew said. "Give him a chance."

"Do you know how many injured we have here?" Dr. Collcott asked her. "Close to a hundred."

"I don't care how many there are!" she cried, trying to free herself again. "What do they matter?"

A State Trooper stepped out of the group beside the doorway. "Trouble, Dr. Collcott?" he asked.

"Officer," Susan said, "I am Susan Eaton. My father is Asa Eaton. Does that mean anything to you?"

"Not much," the trooper said.

Dr. Collcott slid away, and stepped back inside the parish house.

"My brother, Hadley Eaton," Susan said to the trooper, "is in there, dying. They won't let me be with him."

"That's not exactly the way I heard it," the trooper said, taking her arm. "Now why don't you calm down and let them take care of your brother?"

Dr. Collcott came back, a syringe in his hand. He reached for Susan's arm. She drew back. "I won't!" she said.

"Trooper," Dr. Collcott said icily, "I may have to ask you to arrest this woman for creating a disturbance."

"You'll what?" Susan cried.

Dr. Collcott said, "We have no time for hysterics. Now let me give you this sedative, and get hold of yourself."

She submitted. As he withdrew the needle Dr. Collcott said to the trooper, "Take her in hand for a while. She wants to make some phone calls. Let her phone her family, then bring her back here when she's through."

"Can't I see him first?" she pleaded. "Andy, I've got to see him!"

Dr. Collcott led the way. Andrew and the trooper, Susan between them, followed. As they walked down the row of cots, Andrew saw her look at the men, the women, the boys and girls, on the cots and turn her eyes away.

Hadley was at the far end, in the corner. Grace Hrobak, shy, plump Mrs. Hrobak, was gently cleansing the deep gash in his scalp with a cotton pad. Hadley's face was ashen but almost placid. Dr. Wilser was bending over him with his stethoscope. Andrew could see Hadley's light, fast respirations.

Susan stared at him for a moment and began to cry softly. "Andy," she whispered, "pray for him."

Andrew bowed and said a silent prayer which ended, "Merciful God, You know best."

Susan stood there a long moment before she said, almost in a whisper, to Dr. Collcott and Dr. Wilser, "Don't let him die! You can't let him die!"

"His life," Dr. Collcott said gently, "is not at our disposal."

She turned away. Andrew and the trooper followed her to the doorway. She waited there for the trooper and together they walked through the silent crowd outside.

An hour later they were just getting well started with the ambulatory cases in the side room. The broken arms, the deeper gashes, the lesser scalp wounds. Three out-of-town doctors were there, and four nurses. It seemed that every woman in town who had ever had nurse's training had come, unbidden, to help.

Two of the doctors were working at the long table that was substituted for an operating table, setting a boy's arm. The boy lay on the pad of blankets, his eyes blinking slowly, his small jaw knotted. Andrew looked again. It was Lew Sturczik's son. One doctor gently pressed the bones into place, the other began the bandaging. The first doctor looked at the boy and smiled, a forced smile but one of encouragement. The boy gulped. "You're a good patient, son," the doctor said. The boy blinked and bit his lip. A nurse tore a square of cloth and made a sling. The doctor helped the boy sit up, and the nurse adjusted the sling.

As the boy stood up, one doctor asked, "Is your father outside? Or your mother?"

The boy nodded. Andrew went with him to the doorway. Lew was there waiting. He took the boy's hand and they walked away.

Ten minutes later Lew Sturczik came back, a steaming pot of coffee in one hand, a stack of paper cups in the other. "Who wants coffee in here?" he asked. Several motioned to him. When he had served them, Andrew asked him, "How's the boy?"

"He's a lucky kid. All he got was that broken arm."

"Where is he?"

"At the parsonage." Lew gave Andrew a grim smile. "You wouldn't know your house. A crew in the kitchen, making coffee and sorting sandwiches. A nursery in that room where we had the dance. Kids bedded down everywhere. Man, are they organized!"

"Who organized them?"

"Elsie Cameron."

It was almost eight o'clock. Andrew had gone to look at Hadley again. Dr. Collcott, nearby, caught Andrew's eye and anticipated his question. "No change," Dr. Collcott said.

Andrew was just turning away when the trooper who had gone with Susan returned. He came to Dr. Collcott and said, "Miss Eaton wants to know if she can see her brother."

"How is she?" Dr. Collcott asked.

"Behaving herself."

Dr. Collcott nodded. "Let her come."

A few minutes later Susan came in, the trooper close behind her. Her face was drawn and gray, but she wore fresh lipstick. She went directly to Hadley's cot, stood there a moment, and then went on her knees beside it. "Hadley!" she said. "Hadley, speak to me, Hadley!"

There wasn't a stir of muscle or a flicker of an eyelid.

She touched his hand. It lay unfeeling, unresponsive.

She fought back the tears, then got to her feet, turned and went out. Andrew had been within five feet of Hadley's cot. She saw him, but it was as though she were looking at a total stranger.

The man on the cot next to Hadley's whispered, "Reverend! Reverend, why did it happen?"

Andrew turned to him. He was the grocer from whom Andrew bought most of his food. "I don't know, Charley," he said.

"There must be a reason," the grocer said. "There has to be a—a reason for things."

"Yes, Charley," Andrew said, "there is a reason, a purpose, behind all of us."

"If there wasn't," Charley said, "the question wouldn't matter." And Charley closed his weary eyes.

Andrew had heard men facing death ask such questions of a chaplain, and the chaplain never had more of an answer, really than Charley had given. Charley, perhaps with a glimpse into the beyond, came very close to the ultimate answer. If there weren't a reason—the question wouldn't matter, nothing would matter.

Andrew looked at Hadley again and thought—it mattered so much to him that he couldn't stand it. And he remembered Hadley's saying, "Maybe it should have been I instead of Johnny."

Andrew went back to the side room, to the ambulatory cases. Will Bradford was just getting off the emergency operating table. His head was swathed in bandages. He stood like a turbaned old warrior, legs braced, jaw set, eyes defiant. He took a few steps and had to stop. Then Andrew was beside him. Will leaned on him for a moment.

"Are you all right?" Andrew asked.

"I'm among the survivors," the old editor growled. He took a deep breath and squared his shoulders. "Well, Andrew," he said. "we finally got our community hospital—the parish house! What a grim way to get one!" And he turned and walked out the doorway, a stubborn old man whose steel was not even dulled by being half scalped, refusing a cot someone else might need.

It was a little after nine when a strange trooper and a tall, thin, gray-haired man carrying a doctor's bag came in. The doctor asked for Dr. Collcott, or whoever was in charge. Collcott came and talked to them for a moment and the trooper went outside. Dr. Collcott led the strange doctor to Hadley's cot. "Skull fracture," Dr. Collcott was saying, "and internal injury. I can't say how extensive. He's had plasma and—"

He stopped. Both doctors leaned over the cot. The strange doctor lifted one of Hadley's eyelids. Dr. Collcott quickly adjusted his stethoscope.

Andrew said silently—*merciful God.*

There was a stir at the doorway. Asa Eaton was coming in, followed by Susan and another strange doctor. Asa was imperious, shoulders straight, head out-thrust, eyes commanding. Susan, oddly, looked much like her father. The Eatons were coming to claim their own.

The doctor with Dr. Collcott straightened up and faced them as they came toward the cot. Dr. Collcott turned, and Asa said to him, "The ambulance is just outside. We are taking my son to New York, where he will have the best care in the world. I have a whole hospital waiting."

"It's no use," Dr. Collcott said softly.

"I've got the best doctors money can buy!" Asa said firmly. Then he caught a glimpse of what was in Collcott's face. Asa Eaton's face began to crumple.

"You can't buy his life now," Dr. Collcott said.

The other doctor said, "We are too late, Mr. Eaton."

Asa stood there, stunned. His face turned old and haggard. His cheeks sagged into long folds and only little knots of muscle at his jaws twitched.

The two doctors who had come with him leaned over Hadley's body.

Andrew saw a flash of panic in Susan's eyes. Then she turned to him and the panic slid away into anger and bitterness. "You let him die," she said. Her voice was low and controlled. "You could have saved him, and you didn't, any of you. *You* didn't care. You never cared. About any of us." Her tone turned to scorn. "You wanted to be like us. I thought you could be, once. But you couldn't be, not in a hundred years! You cheap backwoods nobody!"

She turned away, back to Asa, and took his arm. Asa's shoulders stiffened, as though some fire from her had lit his guttering spirit. The Eatons against the world.

Asa's two doctors straightened up. The tall, lean one said, "I suppose you will want to take the body back with you. In the ambulance."

"Yes," Susan said, and Andrew heard Asa's quivering sigh. Not a word from him, just the sigh. He took one last look at the cot, then turned and he and Susan walked back down the aisle between the cots. Asa Eaton was a broken old man. Susan was now the Eaton strength.

The tall doctor turned the sheet up over Hadley's face. The other strange doctor followed the Eatons. The tall one looked around the room, then turned to Dr. Collcott. "I'm sure you did all anyone could do," he said. "You seem to have done wonders here with almost no facilities. Can I be of any help?"

"I thought you were Eaton's man," Dr. Collcott said.

"I am my own man," the doctor announced quietly.

Dr. Collcott nodded toward him in acknowledgment. "If you have the time, Dr. Jode, I'd appreciate your opinion of some of these cases. We've had quite a blow."

"You've had a catastrophe, man!" Dr. Jode said. "I don't see how you handled it all."

"One at a time," Dr. Collcott said. "That's all we could do, take them one at a time."

Midnight, and Dr. Jode was assisting Dr. Collcott in an emergency trephaning to relieve pressure in a skull-fracture case. Half a dozen patients had been taken by ambulance to the hospital in Townley, but as many more were still hovering between life and death there in the parish house.

Two o'clock, and Lew Sturczik came with his fourth round of coffee and sandwiches.

Four o'clock, and Dr. Wilser came to the room for minor cases where Albert Hallowell was laying out fresh rolls of adhesive tape from a carton. Dr. Wilser came to Albert and said, "Mr. Hallowell, I'm afraid your nephew is near the end." Albert carefully set down the carton on a chair and went with Dr. Wilser to the big room.

Five o'clock, and Andrew was in the kitchen with Janet and the grade school principal's wife.

It was almost full daylight outside. Through the windows Andrew could see a group of men and women sitting on the steps of the church. The doors were open. All through the night people had napped there and wept there and prayed there. Husbands, while their wives kept vigil at the parish house; wives, while their husbands kept vigil. Older children, awaiting word of their parents. Friends. Neighbors. Half the people in Cameronville.

Janet was trying to lift a vat of water from the sink onto the stove. Andrew took it from her. "You're worn out," he said.

"I'm alive," she said. "That's what matters. You're alive. And Peter."

It was there in her eyes, the caring, the selfless caring.

Then a doctor was at the door, signaling to Andrew.

As he followed the doctor across the room with its cots of pain, the memory flashed at Andrew—Hadley, in the vast dark of the Korean hills, saying, "Andy, do you know how to pray?"

And the thought: I've learned all over again tonight, how to pray.

Six o'clock, and the living, there on the cots in the parish house, knew it was day again and thanked God that they lived. Andrew thought how night passes and day comes, inexorably; how death comes and life goes on, at God's will. Hadley, the closest friend he had ever had, was dead. Susan, the girl he might have loved and never did, was gone. The Eatons, so close to family, gone, all of them. His own loss, which was insignificant in the face of this whole tragedy. A town stricken. And yet, a town united in its trial. United in grief and fortitude. At what a price!

The tragedy slashed through the town from end to end. Hardly a family was left untouched; everyone had relatives or close friends among the dead or the injured. Albert Hallowell's nephew, Fred Hudson's wife, John Cowdry's grandson, three of Emil Schook's four children—dead. George Coe was dead. A factory janitor, a grocer, a teacher, a stenographer, a bank clerk, a merchant's daughter, a salesman's son, a garage mechanic, a postal clerk—dead. Not a group, not an area, was spared. And the list of the injured ran to more than a hundred.

Not until the night of the fifth did Cameronville know sleep, and even then there were doctors and nurses, parents or brothers or sisters or children keeping vigil, somewhat eased but far from rested by a few hours of exhausted napping. The whole town was hushed, still, in the presence of death.

By the sixth it was agreed that there should be a community memorial service, a common funeral service, the following Sunday at the church on the hill. Meanwhile, there were private burials.

The dead were laid to rest with a prayer and a benediction, and Cameronville began slowly putting back together the pieces of its life, for life goes on. Took up the routines, knowing that in routine lies reassurance, sensing the comfort of the daily task, the familiar.

Outwardly there was little change. The village's houses, its stores, its streets, its factories. hadn't a mark on them. The marks, the scars, the changes were inward. They showed themselves in little, unobtrusive ways. The shades were drawn in George Coe's law offices above the bank. In the bank there was a new face at one of the teller's windows. At the post office one bought stamps from a man who last week had been sorting mail. At the factory, Emil Schook was absent from his bench for three days, and Fred Hudson sat in his office around the clock for thirty-six hours, the door closed, then came out and asked his secretary, "What time is it? What day?"

All week long the church doors were wide open, and hardly an hour passed when someone was not there, standing in bowed silence, sitting quietly in a shadowed pew or kneeling in prayer. One evening, just after dark, Andrew saw a man, a woman and two children standing in the center aisle, mere shadows in the faint, reflected starlight. A little later they came out and got in a car and drove away, and Andrew saw the splint on the little boy's

arm. The Sturcziks. He remembered how Lew had stood praying there that night when he and Andrew had planned the program of children's games for the Picnic. And the Sturcziks were only one of many families who came from Factorytown to pray and give their thanks to God.

A dozen women and two men with pickup trucks came unbidden to remove the cots and take them back to their owners, to sort out and return the blankets, the sheets and all other needed things that had come to the parish house in a flood that night. To clean the parish house and put the parsonage back in order.

The little things, the simple routines that needed doing, were done.

And the quiet things. Women meeting on the street, strangers a week ago, saying, "You are Mrs. Koski, aren't you? How's your little girl?" and "Yes, I know you, Mrs. Brooks. Your husband got a broken leg. How is he?" and "Wasn't it a shame about that beautiful Hovera girl. Patsy? I didn't know her, but my son did."

Elsie Cameron, who owned the house where the Schooks lived, sending them a signed receipt for a year's rent and telling no one.

Albert Hallowell going to Dr. Collcott's office and saying, "Alex, we want you to sit down with us next week and discuss plans for a memorial hospital. Just tell us what you need. We'll get it built."

Mrs. Grimes saying to Andrew, "One of those sheets on your bed has got Elsie Cameron's name-tag on it, and two in the linen closet have got the Hallowell laundry mark and one's the Coes'. None of 'em," she sniffed, "are as good quality as the ones you had."

Andrew had almost no time to think or appraise. To feel, yes; to feel the grief of the whole community. To stand beside the graves and search for words of comfort and benediction. To talk, to listen, to know the loss and the hurt and the bewilderment in dozens of homes, in the valley and on the hill. To reach, to search, for understanding to share with those who asked.

One evening, after two difficult hours with a stricken family, he passed Janet's house and saw a light. He had seen her twice, but only for a few minutes, since the tragedy, only long enough to ask how she and Peter were. He saw the light, this evening, and stopped. She opened the door and saw his face and said, "Andy! Come on in."

He said, "Are you all right, Janet?"

"Of course I'm all right! Andy, you're tired out. You're ready to drop."

"I'll be all right," he said, "with a little sleep. I was going past and saw your light and—"

She led him to a wing chair. "Sit down," she ordered.

He tried to protest, but he sank into the chair. She put her hand on his forehead, then brushed it back over his hair. "You're not sick," she said. "You're just tired. Now relax while I get some coffee."

He lay back in the chair and closed his eyes. The last thing he remembered was the sound of Janet in the kitchen.

He wakened not knowing where he was. Then he saw Janet in the chair opposite him. He sat up with a start. Janet laughed.

He rubbed his eyes and looked at his watch.

"It's only eleven-thirty," she said. "You slept about an hour. I was going to waken you at midnight." She laughed again. "Or try to."

He yawned.

She went to the kitchen and came back with a steaming cup of black coffee. "This," she said, "won't keep you awake, tired as you are. It'll just open your eyes for a little while. Oh, Andy, it was good to see you relax."

"Where was I?" he asked. "What were we talking about when I caved in?"

"Nothing! We've hardly said a word. Now drink your coffee. We're not *going* to talk tonight."

"Janet, there's something I want to tell—"

"I said we're not going to talk."

"It's about Hadley. Hadley Eaton. I prayed to God that he would never know."

"So did I, Andy."

He looked at her, almost pleading. "Janet, there were three of us. There was Johnny, there was Hadley, and me. Then there was Hadley and there was me. And now—"

"I know," she said quietly.

"Why?" he asked.

She didn't answer. She sat staring at her folded hands.

Andrew drank half the coffee and set the cup back in the saucer. She still sat there staring at her hands. He got to his feet.

"Good night, Janet," he said. He went to the door.

He was outside, on the step, when she suddenly got up, ran after him, drew his face down and kissed him. Then she went back inside and closed the door.

The memorial service was set for eleven o'clock. By ten-thirty the streets for blocks around the church were lined with parked cars. By a quarter of eleven people were coming on foot from the whole community, converging on the church. At ten minutes of eleven Andrew went across from the parsonage to the vestry door. The organist was playing muted music, the old, solemn hymns.

Andrew had been up till past midnight the night before, trying to make notes. Everything he put on paper seemed to be either sententious or inconsequential. He had tried again this morning. In the vestry he sorted his note cards the best he could, knowing they were still inadequate. He thought how thin words were when you tried to communicate your deepest emotions. When old Asa Eaton had demanded, "Well, what is your religion? Ideas, a system of ethics, or what?" he and Hadley had tried to explain, define . . . And failed. Yet, when they had first come back Andrew and Hadley scarcely needed words to communicate with each other about their faith. Later it all changed.

He thought of the baffled, painful talk they had had on the porch of the parsonage. That, he knew now, was his good-by to Hadley. He hadn't gone to the funeral. One of Asa's secretaries had phoned and said, "Mr. Eaton asked that you be notified that his son's funeral will be held Friday at two P.M." Andrew asked if Mr. Eaton had requested that he attend. The secretary said, "The services will be private." And Andrew hung up with the strange feeling that Asa, without bringing himself to say it, wanted Andrew's thoughts and prayer for Hadley. Asa, not Susan. He hadn't expected any word from Susan. She had said her say.

He looked at his watch, then knelt in private prayer. He started to put on his robe. One arm in a sleeve, he took it off and hung it back on the hook. He wanted no symbolism of office to stand between him and those he was going to talk to today. Talk, not preach.

He opened the door and walked out to the pulpit, a tall, dark-haired man with a lean, tired face, a man wearing a gray suit and a white shirt and a black tie.

The organ tones hushed away. Andrew looked out over the crowded church. Every pew was filled, every seat in the balconies. Men and women were standing at the back, there beneath the choir loft, standing even along the aisles beneath the tall windows.

The organ began to play, "My Faith Looks Up to Thee," with slow solemnity. The choir sang softly, voices muted. Spontaneously the whole gathering got to its feet. Before the end of the first verse, half the people were singing with the choir. They sang all the verses, then sat down.

Without opening the Bible, Andrew began the Twenty-Third Psalm. Before he reached the phrase, "He restoreth my soul," a soft chorus of voices from all over the church was saying it with him. It was their service. They were making it theirs, without a word, a gesture, from him.

Joining him, joining each other, in a needed communion.

The psalm ended, he let the echoes die away. Then he bowed his head and began the Lord's Prayer. And again they joined him, some with bowed heads, some with faces uplifted, making it a declaration of faith, a promise and a compact with God.

The prayer ended and the people waited. Andrew glanced at the note cards he had laid on the lectern. He turned them over, face down. There was nothing on the cards for him to say. He wanted to speak from his heart, from his soul.

"Whatever we say here at this time," he began, "is only a thin echo of what we are feeling. There are no words to express the grief we know. We have, all of us, walked through the valley of the shadow of death. And we, the survivors, come here today knowing, as few have known before, the substance and meaning of humility.

"We know the face of death. We know the look and feel of suffering. They have been our companions through long days and nights. We have seen life taken from families and friends, from those who yesterday were part of our lives and our love.

"Inevitably, we ask the question, 'Why?' "

He paused and looked at the faces, in the pews, in the galleries, in the back of the church and along the aisles, all expectant, waiting for his words.

"I don't know why," he said quietly. "All I know is that there is an answer which we cannot yet understand. To me, the question itself has a measure of reassurance. One man whom we mourn today said that, if there were no reason, the question wouldn't matter to us. We wouldn't bother to ask, for the answer wouldn't be important.

"These things we know. There must be a purpose. There must be a reason. There must be a power beyond our understanding, for we turn to it when we need strength beyond our own resources. By the time we live to maturity most of us have known such crises. In some degree, we have faced a Gethsemane. Faced it alone. And known that there is a point beyond which no man can travel by himself. Then we walk with God, even if for only a little while. We know strength and mercy. Ever after, we know that there is something beyond, which we can, in extremity, touch."

He saw John Cowdry's face, and Albert Hallowell's, and Elsie Cameron's. Intent, every one of them. He saw Will Bradford, his head still bandaged, nodding to the cadence of his words. He saw Lew Sturczik, and nearby he saw Fred Hudson, both of them following every word. Then he saw Janet Ross. Janet, there in the third row, unaware of the tears on her cheeks.

"Faith," he said, "is an easy word to say. So is humility. Both are summed up in another easy word, understanding. Their meaning has been worn smooth with use. Yet what is there, finally, but faith, and understanding, and humility? In the Bible we find them stated as faith, hope and charity. Or, as some say it, and love. These three must be at the heart of any belief worth living for and dying for.

"We all must reach our own faith, our own belief, in our own way. There is no one path we all travel. We of the ministry, preacher, priest or rabbi, can only say, 'There is a door. A door that is open to you. A way to God.' Each travels his own pathway to that door."

And there was only one more thing to say.

"My friends," he said, "we, as a community, have seen death and injury on such a scale as communities seldom see except in the devastation of war. And we shall have as ours, uniquely ours, the understanding, the humility, the unity of purpose and belief that come from such an experience. That could be one reason. That could be one answer.

"If nations knew, as we have known—" He hesitated. Then he said, "Peace has a fearful price, because we come so slowly to understanding." He bowed his head.

"O God," he prayed, "be with us. Give us fortitude, to endure our pains and heal our hurts. Give us knowledge, to help us comfort one another. Most of all, help us toward understanding. In Thy name we ask it. Amen."

The organ began to play softly. The choir started, "Abide With Me," and all the people in the church got to their feet. They sang with the choir, and it was like their own prayer. Softly they sang through four verses, down to the end: "In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me." And for a long moment they stood there while the organ chords slowly died away.

Then they began moving toward the doors.

Andrew had not intended to go to the doorway to greet them as they filed out. This was their meeting, not his. He was only a participant. But, as he left the pulpit, he saw that they were waiting for him. Watching, waiting for him to come.

He went out the side door, since it would have been impossible to get through the crowded aisles, and went around to the front. And there on the platform outside the church door the people took his hand, held it for a moment, and left, one by one. Only a few said anything. Most of them wanted to thank him, silently, for words that came from their own hearts.

They filed past him, men and women from the hill and the valley mingled—many of them still in bandages—townsmen, villagers, a people who had a common grief.

Finally Elsie Cameron came to take Andrew's hand, and close behind her was Janet. Elsie's face was almost pathetic in its struggle to hold back the tears. She grasped Andrew's hand and clung to it, and her eyes were pleading. "Andrew," she said, "we learn so much, so painfully." She glanced at Janet, and her next words were plainly for both Janet and Andrew. "I've been a selfish old woman," she said, her voice a hoarse, choking whisper. Then she squeezed his hand again and hurried on past.

Andrew thought at last that all were gone. A few cars were still parked at the curb, but the church seemed to be empty. Then there was a step behind him and he turned, and there was Albert Hallowell. Albert took his hand and said, "Everybody was here, Andrew. Everybody." His voice was awed and his hand was quivering with emotion. "Your church is—is everybody's church now. The way it used to be years and years ago." He freed his hand and reached in his pocket. He handed a key to Andrew. "To the parish house," he said. "Throw it away, Andrew." Then he turned and hurried down the walk.

Andrew watched him get in his car and drive away; then he turned toward the parsonage. Yes, he thought, it's everybody's church now. They came, finding their own way.

It was midafternoon when Andrew went to see Janet. He had known ever since the service that he had to see her. Today.

Peter was playing in the front yard—as if nothing had happened, no tragedy, no grief, no agony. He was trying to build a playhouse out of two dismantled cardboard cartons. He saw Andrew and shouted, "Andy! Come help me build a house!"

Andrew paused for a few minutes and showed Peter how to make a cardboard tent, and Peter crawled inside and shouted, "I'm an Indian; I'm an Indian!"

Janet was watching them from the doorway. She came outside and she and Andrew went around to the back lawn, to the chairs in the thin shade of the old grape arbor.

"It's so peaceful," he said. "So quiet."

"The whole village is hushed," she said. "I've been listening." Then she said, "Your sermon this morning was so . . . right."

"I didn't mean it to be a sermon," he said.

"That," she said, "is why it *was* right. Oh, Andy, we *have* had our Gethsemane, the whole village."

He took a deep breath. "I spoke of humility this morning," he said. "But I didn't speak of the arrogance of experience. I've had the arrogance of my own experience, Janet, and it's a bitter thing to know."

"We all have it," she said, "in some degree. Treasuring our own hurts. Thinking they are more important than the hurts of others."

"Thinking," he said, "they made my faith somehow more deep and enduring than the faith of others. I—I almost wished they might also come to faith the same way. That's the arrogance I speak of."

"Andrew," she said slowly, "we all pay for our belief. One way or another."

"The price is too high!"

"We all pay. A mother in childbirth, a father watching a desperately-ill child. Can you judge the price?"

He was thinking. "They believed," he said. "They have always believed. In their own way."

"Was it belief you asked of them?" she asked. "Or proof of their belief?"

"I asked the proof."

"We don't all show it the same way. Or all the time."

"I know."

"This morning, at the service, you saw that we all believed, didn't you? You led us, you spoke for us, spoke the words we all felt in our hearts. We turned to you, all of Cameronville."

He smiled and shook his head. "Lew Sturczik said to me once that when the chips are down and you need something to hold onto it doesn't much matter which chaplain you turn to. It wasn't I, Janet. It was the need, the reaching for something to hold onto."

"They found it through you."

"They found it in themselves. In each other. And, through the common need, in God."

"You represent faith. You put our faith into words."

"Perhaps. But Janet, it's more than faith. It's compassion, understanding of each other's hurts and needs. It's—it's the unity of mankind in trial, turning to each other and knowing there is a compassionate and understanding God beyond all of us. That's what was there this morning, Janet."

"I know. We all felt it. Andy, all Cameronville feels it now. The barriers, the old barriers, are gone. We *have* achieved a unity, in our time of trial. You should feel triumphant."

"I feel awed. I tried to share, thinking mine was the greater faith. Arrogant, as I said, in my own experience. And now I see faith, compassion, understanding that dwarf my own. Perhaps, as you once said of me, I was remote, my head in the clouds."

"No, Andy. You wanted so desperately for others not only to believe but to live their belief as you live yours. And we can't. Not always. But, Oh Andy, we've learned! . . . I said to you once that I would find my own religion when I needed it."

"Yes. And you found it?"

Before she answered, she asked, "Hadley Eaton was important to you because of what happened in Korea?"

"Yes."

"And his sister—because of Hadley?"

"Yes."

"Andy," she asked, "was I important to you because—because of Johnny?"

"In the beginning, yes."

She looked away.

"But not now," he said. "Now you are important to me because you are you."

"I tried so long," she said, still looking away, "to live without believing in anything. In the arrogance of *my* experience."

"And it changed?"

"I found that I needed—You summed it up this morning as faith, hope and charity."

"Faith, hope and love," he said. "I found that one has to believe in love." Then he said, "It's no life alone, Janet!"

She smiled, a quivery smile close to tears.

"I haven't much to offer you but love," he said. "And a life to share. But together we can—"

There was a shout from the corner of the house. "Mother! Andy! Come play with me!"

"Darling," Janet said to Peter, "we'll play with you pretty soon."

Peter ran toward them and looked up at Janet. "What's the matter, Mommy? Why are you crying?"

"Because—" She brushed the tears from her cheeks with her hands. "Because I'm happy, Peter." She bent down and kissed him. "Now run and play, and we'll be with you pretty soon. Then we'll all have ice cream and cookies."

Peter ran back around the house, chanting, "Ice cream and cookies, ice cream—"

Andrew put his arms around Janet, and she held him as though she would never let him go.

They started toward the house.

"Oh, Andy," she asked, "are you sure you want me?"

"Forever and ever," he said. "It has been this way a long time. Didn't you know it?"

"I wouldn't admit it, darling. Oh, Andy, it's been so long. I'd given up on ever finding love."

"We both know it now," he said.

Peter was shouting at them again.

"We're coming," Janet said.

And they helped Peter rebuild his house.

. . .THE END

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